SPORT

JANUARY 50c

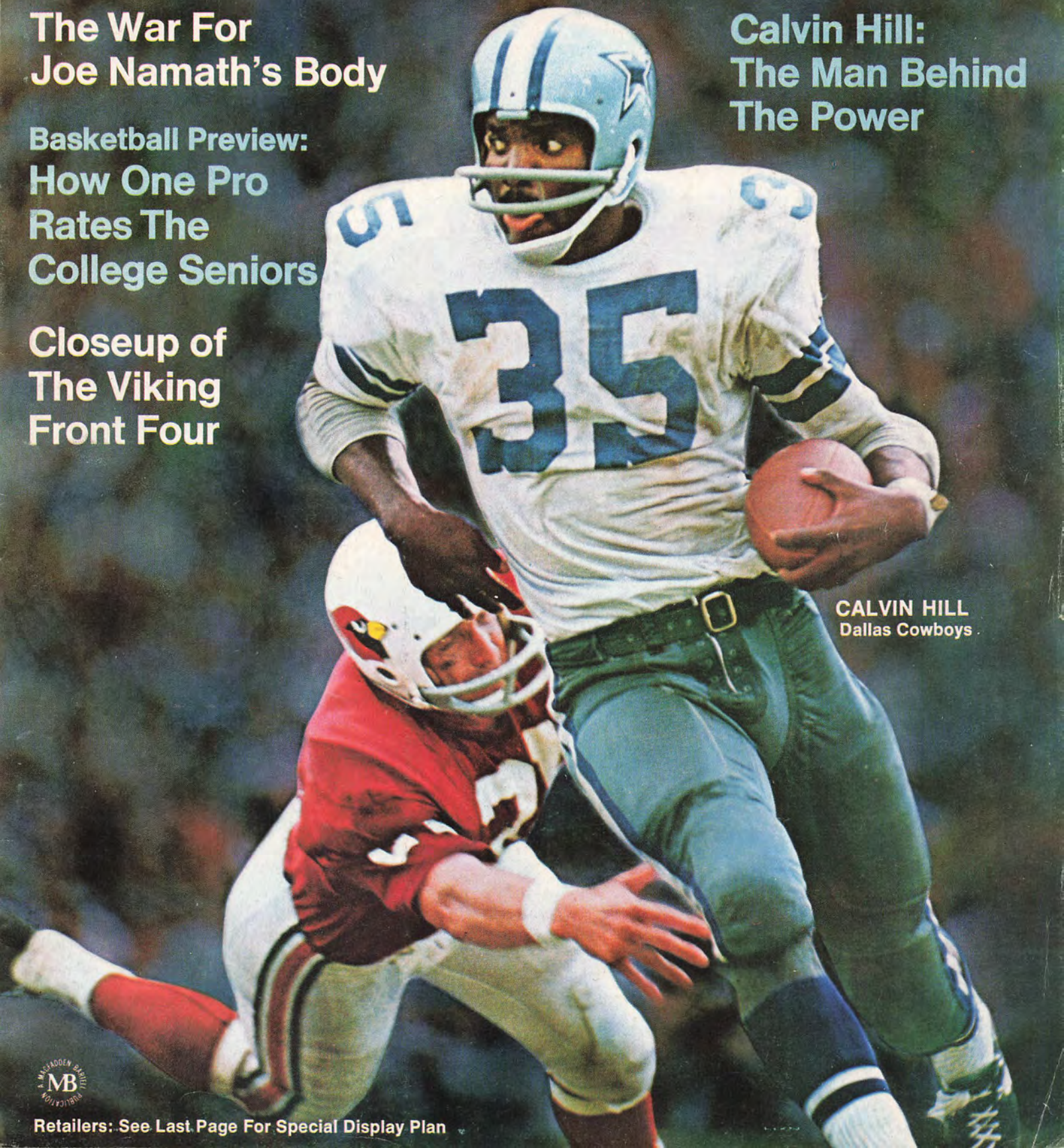
The Mets In The World Series: 3 Intimate Views

The War For Joe Namath's Body

Calvin Hill: The Man Behind The Power

Basketball Preview: How One Pro Rates The College Seniors

Closeup of The Viking Front Four



CALVIN HILL
Dallas Cowboys

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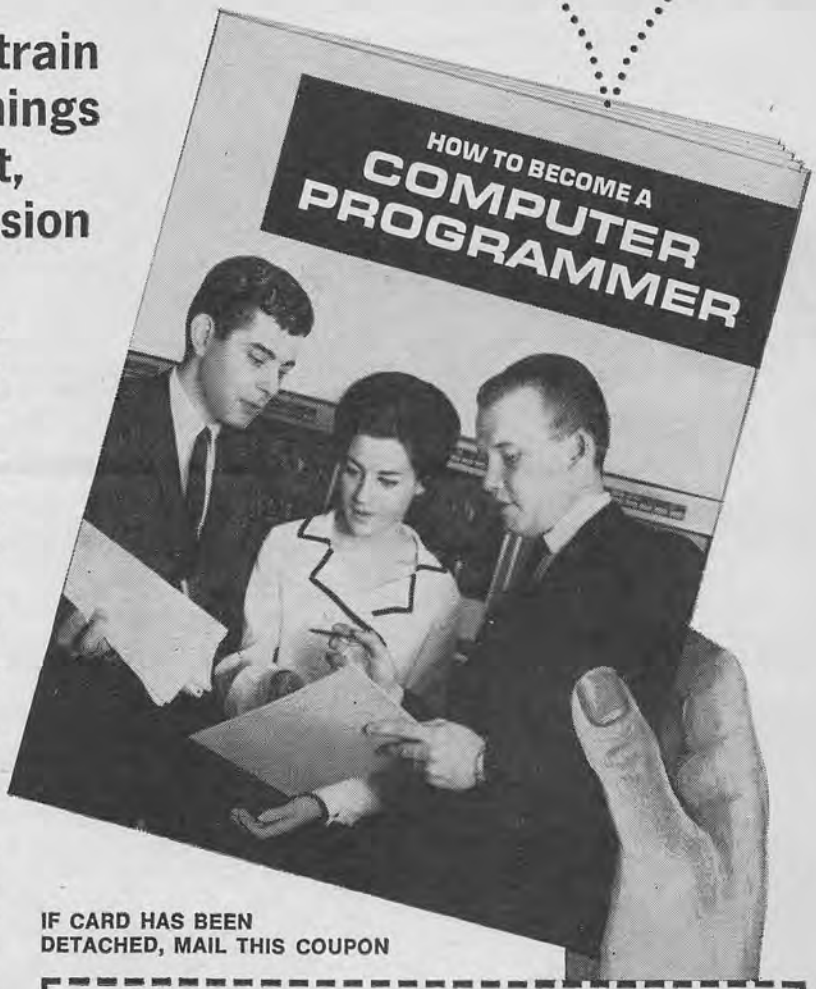

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SPORT

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SPORT, Published Monthly by Macfadden-Bartell Corporation, a subsidiary of Bartell Media Corporation, New York, N.Y.

EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. Frederick A. Klein, President and Publisher; Macfadden Publications, Inc.; Frank Cerminaro, Circulation Director; Jack J. Podell, Vice President-Editorial; Lloyd C. Jamieson, Vice President-Advertising and Marketing. Advertising offices also at 221 N. La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois, 111 North La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles, California and 8900 East Jefferson, Detroit, Michigan.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: U.S. & Possessions, one year, $6.00; two years, $11.00; three years, $16.00. Add $.50 per subscription year for Canada. All other countries, $7.00 per year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Eight weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish a stencil impression address from a recent issue. Address changes can be made only if you send us your old as well as your new address. Write to SPORT, Macfadden-Bartell Corporation, a subsidiary of Bartell Media Corporation, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage and will be carefully considered but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or injury.

FOREIGN editions handled through International Division of Macfadden-Bartell Corporation, a subsidiary of Bartell Media Corporation, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. Frederick A. Klein, President; Frank Cerminaro, Sales Director.

ENTERED as Second Class Matter July 25, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y., and other Post Offices. Authorized as Second Class Mail, P.O. Dept. Ottawa, Ont., Canada, and for payments of postage in cash. Copyright 1969 by Macfadden-Bartell Corporation, a subsidiary of Bartell Media Corporation. All rights reserved. Copyright under the Universal Copyright Convention and International Copyright Convention. Copyright reserved under the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun la Convencion Panamericana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U.S. Patent Office. Printed by the Fawcett-Haynes Printing Corporation at Louisville, Kentucky, U.S.A.

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SPORT TALK By BOB RUBIN

"I DON'T MISS FOOTBALL AT ALL"

There are many places to look these days for the fruit of Bernie Casey's labor. Glance in the window of a bookstore and you may see his first volume of poetry, "Look at the People." Go to the movies and you can see him co-starring with Jim Brown, another former football player of note, in MGM's "Tick, Tick, Tick." Or go to one of his art shows (he's had seven one-man exhibitions) and you can buy a Casey original. One warning, however—go well-heeled. Original Caseys averaged between $600 and $1000 at his latest show in Los Angeles in mid-October, triple the price they sold for only a year earlier.

The only place Casey's fine hand is no longer in evidence is on a football field catching passes for the Los Angeles Rams. After eight seasons as an outstanding flanker, Casey retired this summer at the age of 30. When we talked to Casey at midseason, the Rams were pro football's only unbeaten team and seemed to have a lock on the Coastal Division championship. Still, said Casey, "I don't miss football at all. Since I made my decision to retire—and I thought about it a great deal—I simply haven't looked back. I was getting to the point where I didn't enjoy the game any more, so rather than just playing as a mercenary—there really are more important things than money, as idealistic as that sounds—I decided to quit and do the other things I wanted to do but never found time for."

He does retain a rooting interest in the Rams. "I go to the games and sometimes even sit on the bench," Casey said. "I still have friends on the club. Actually, I find I enjoy the game more as a fan. I can watch somebody make a mistake and say to myself, 'Man, I'm glad that wasn't me.' But they're not making many mistakes this year, are they? They really look good."

So does Casey, who works out four days a week in the Hollywood Hills, running and doing exercises to keep his beautiful 6-4, 210-pound body beautiful. "After being active for so long, you cannot suddenly become inactive because you begin to feel like a chained dog unable to run," he said. "Besides, I'm vain enough not to want to become a fat ex-athlete."

Instead, he is probably the world's best-built poet and painter. We can't add actor because that's Jim Brown's profession and he still looks like something carved in stone. Movie fans who dig lots of action will get their fill in "Tick, Tick, Tick," with Casey and Brown going at each other. "I play a very militant rabble-rousing baddie, and Jim plays the sheriff who has to come get me," said Casey. "It's very apropos to what's happening now because it's set in a small southern town in a county that's almost all black. At election time they vote out a white sheriff and vote in a black one, something that happened in Tuskegee, Alabama, just last year. The movie shows the problems of this sheriff, one of which is me. The reason why I think it's going to be good is that it portrays real human beings. The whites are good and bad and the blacks are good and bad. And Jimmy is not some super nigger but just a guy who has all the vulnerabilities and anxieties of any other human being."

For Casey and Brown, their work together meant the resumption of an always harmonious relationship. "We talked about a lot of things, about our own aspirations and what we wanted to do, about the predicament of black people in America . . . about a lot of things," said Casey.

About football? "Very little."

Ex-Ram flanker Bernie Casey, who retired after eight years, is already a highly successful painter and has begun promising careers as an actor and a poet.

A RAY OF HOPE

At a cost of $175,000 per, the new Seattle Pilots were allowed to pick from a mixed bag of goodies offered by their older American League brethren in last year's expansion draft, and one of the players they selected was 31-year-old

veteran Detroit shortstop Ray Oyler. Oyler was a living baseball cliche, a good-field, no-hit journeyman (lifetime batting average going into '69: .180). But by season's end he had become much more than that in Seattle, thanks largely to disc jockey Bob Hardwick who recognized in Oyler a symbol around which the new Pilot fans could rally.

Hardwick, who has a morning show on KBI in Seattle, the station that broadcast the Pilot games all season, jumped on the Oyler bandwagon as soon as he was purchased from the Tigers. "We paid $175,000 for a guy who hit .135 last year," said Hardwick, whose affection and respect for the dedicated Oyler grew in a geometric progression during the year. "The incongruity of paying $175,000 for a guy who hit .135 the year before struck me as funny, so I told everyone that if we're going to root for an expansion club, let's go all the way. Let's root for a guy who can't hit for sour apples—but who is a great glove and a real pro—to hit .300. The response was unbelievable. The phones started ringing, the mail poured in, and we wound up with over 13,000 members in our Ray Oyler Fan Club. The Seattle Junior Chamber of Commerce began selling Ray Oyler T-shirts, sweatshirts and jackets. We started sending regular newsletters on Ray Oyler stationery. Unbelievable."

Before Oyler's first game with the Pilots, the Ray Oyler Fan Club gave its hero, among other gifts, a new car and a hunting dog. "Ray was confused at first, but as the year went on we seemed to come together and reach an understanding," says Hardwick. "It became a very affectionate thing, with even some of the town's hotshot executives joining in. The governor is a member of the club, for example. I think it's the same kind of thing they did in New York for Marv Throneberry, except Ray is nowhere the duffo Throneberry was. Ray just can't hit."

That's not strictly true. Oyler can hit; he just doesn't do it very often, which prompted some Oylerites to offer rewards when he did come through. A steak house offered a side of beef if Oyler hit a home run. The very next day he hit one. "In fact, he hit seven," Hardwick says proudly. "I got them all taped. Whenever the team got down, or whenever someone pointed out that Ray had struck out three or four times in a row, I'd play the tapes on the air. It didn't matter that he may have hit the homer a month earlier, it was still exciting to hear."

The Ray Oyler fan club held no less than four Ray Oyler Nights at the ballpark. The first drew 4500 of the faithful, who sat in the left-field bleachers and shook the park with horns, bells and pots and pans whenever Ray came to bat. "We were going to have him stand in left field and hit a home run from there, but the general manager didn't think the American League would like it," says Hardwick.

The second Ray Oyler Night featured 4000 Oylerites throwing black confetti in an effort to change their man's batting luck. "Get this—he was in a slump," said Hardwick with a chuckle. "Everyone was supposed to throw confetti when Ray came up and didn't get a hit. Well, we threw too much confetti, and the attendants got a little upset. Actually, they got very upset to tell the truth. We almost wound up in jail that night."

TS (third strike) cards were given to the faithful for the third Oyler Night. They were to be punched by two minister members of the fan club when (not if) Ray struck out. Ray didn't get a hit this night either, so Hardwick decided it was time for a different approach. "We had Pickled Herring Night," Hardwick explains. "We all brought herring out to the bleachers because Ray likes the smell of fish. We were hoping to entice him into hitting a home run. But he didn't get a hit that night, either."

Oyler's last chance to make good in front of his fans came in early September on the fourth Ray Oyler Night. Four shetland ponies were awarded to the winners of a contest in which youngsters wrote to Ray telling him how he might improve his batting. One entrant wrote: "Roses are red, violets are blue, the other guys can hit, why can't you?" Another suggested: "Don't listen to jerks in the stands who want to improve your batting average." Another summed it up in one word—"Pray"—while still another said, "Dear Ray Oyler: Practice batting more. I saw you when you hit a home run in Kansas City. Do it the same way."

The very first time Ray came to bat, he slammed a double. The bleachers, packed with 6000 Oyler fanatics, erupted in perhaps the most joyous celebration ever held for a Pilot. For a moment even Ray could forget that it was too little, too late (he finished the year with a .165 average), though he couldn't blot out his failures forever. "The fans have been great," he said after the last game was played. "That's why I feel so bad about having a lousy year. I had one good year with the bat at Syracuse one time, but other than that I haven't had any . . . ah, what you would say . . . ah . . . I don't know. To tell you the truth, I don't know why I don't hit. If I knew, I'd cure it damn quick. I'm going to try switch-hitting next year. I'm going to try a number of things."

If he really gets desperate, Oyler may even read a book he received this year. "A little boy came up to me and asked me how he could join my fan club," Ray said. "He couldn't have been more than nine or ten. I told him, then he handed me a book called, 'Bunting and Hitting,' and said, 'I'm sure this can help you. It helped me a lot.' "

CAMPUS QUEEN CANDIDATE NO. 5

Kathy Caselton, a junior sociology major at the University of Oregon, is the fifth and final candidate in our 19th annual Campus Queen Contest. Next month we will run pictures of all five of our candidates, then you will be able to vote for your favorite.

Kathy, who stands 5-7 and measures 35-24-36, is a native of Portland, Oregon. She is a member of Alpha Phi Sorority and last year was on the University's Homecoming Court. She has modeled for Jantzen, Inc. for the past two summers, but would like to go into counseling after she is graduated from Oregon next year.

(*Continued on page* 72)

KATHY CASELTON, University of Oregon

WHERE HAVE YOU GONE...**NIPPY JONES?**

A ballplayer named Jones, up at bat in the World Series, claims he is hit on the foot by a pitched ball . . . the umpire says no . . . the ball is produced, with a spot of shoe polish as proof . . . Jones takes his base, a rally is started, and his team goes on to win the Series.

It happened, of course, in 1969, with Cleon Jones and the New York Mets. But, incredibly, it also happened in 1957, with Nippy Jones and the Milwaukee Braves. As the above tableau shows, umpire Augie Donatelli is displaying the ball to Yankee catcher Yogi Berra, while Braves' coach Connie Ryan (No. 8) looks on and Jones starts toward first.

For Nippy Jones ("My real first name is Vernal, but please don't call me that"), the shoe polish incident came at the tail end of a rather mediocre career. He was mostly a first-baseman and played with the Cardinals from 1946 through 1951. He was traded to the Phillies, soon went into the minors and didn't emerge until 1957, with the Braves, for his last major-league fling. His career batting average was .267. Today he is 44 years old, lives in Sacramento, California, with his wife and four daughters, and does public relations work for the Title Insurance and Trust Company.

Nippy listened to the fifth game of the '69 Series while on a hunting trip with some clients in Idaho. "As soon as the ball hit Cleon," recalls Nippy, "I said to someone that if this thing has a chain reaction like 1957, the Mets are gonna win it. And then Clendenon hit that home run. The incident sure brought the whole thing back to me."

Nippy's version took place in the fourth game of the '57 Series, the Braves down two games to one. With the Yankees leading by a run in the tenth inning, the righthand-hitting Jones was sent up to hit for Warren Spahn against lefthander Tommy Byrne.

When a low curve hit Jones, the ball shot past Berra, bounced up against the backstop and rolled back toward the plate. Jones had started toward first but came back when Donatelli said the ball hadn't hit him. "Well," says Nippy, "I know that it did. I could see there was something on the ball, and figured it might do me some good to show it to Donatelli. But I think Yogi had the same idea, because he started for the ball, too. I just beat him to it. When I showed the ball with the black smudge on it, Donatelli waved me to first base."

Felix Mantilla ran for Jones, and was doubled home by Johnny Logan. Then Eddie Mathews homered to win the game and the Braves went on to win the Series in seven games. The ultimate victory made Nippy Jones and his well shined shoes a part of baseball history—history that would repeat itself just 12 years later.

THIS MONTH IN SPORT

Arnold Hano

We had our choice of two Arnold Hano photos. One showed him smiling and beatific; the other you see here. Obviously, we decided you would be more at home with Arnold Hano the iconoclast, the stern moralist, the man of definite, and sometimes, severe opinions. That's how most of you seem to picture him from the 72 stories he has done for us in the last nine years (including the two very fine ones—on Bobby Bonds and the Viking Front Four—in this issue). Arnold Hano is easily the most popular of our contributors. Perhaps *popular* is not quite the right word (even though he is the only one of our writers to be honored with fan clubs—he's had three in his name). One thing for sure, he stirs the blood. Most of you seem either to love him or—ecch—loathe him. Well, be advised: Arnold Hano in reality is quite a lovable man. An unusual man, too. A former New York book editor, he decided one day in 1955 to pick up and go west. So he, his vivacious wife Bonnie, their year-and-a-half-old daughter and their year-old beagle got into a car and started moseying around the country looking for a place to live. Driving in California they saw Laguna Beach from the highway. Bonnie said, "I'd like to try that." They did and they have been living there ever since. A full-time writer, Hano has written a score of books (his latest: "Why Me?" with actor William Gargan). He averages about 25 magazine articles a year and still has time to teach a class in writing at the University of California's Irvine branch. In his spare time (his what?) he dabbles in politics and school affairs. He once ran for the local school board, and lost. His current mild-mannered comment on the Laguna Beach Board of Education: "It's the worst school board in Southern California." His other mild-mannered comment on our request for a photo of himself: "Dark day in America when a magazine needs pix to hype up its text. One word is worth a thousand pictures." Now that's the Arnold Hano we know and love.

Al Silverman

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BECOME A TELEVISION OR RADIO SPORTSCASTER?

Shown above in the Shea Stadium broadcast booth is Directing Faculty Member Merle Harmon, voice of the New York Jets. With him, during the game, are two Career Academy broadcast students on a field training assignment.

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LETTERS TO SPORT

TOPPING THE TOP

Considering the Mets' rather fantastic surge to the top of baseball, don't you think you'd better give all of us voters in your "Ten Greatest Events Of The Sixties" story (December) another shot at 1969 and the entire decade?

Sheboygan, Wis. **Dwight Pelkin**
Sheboygan Press

We wish we could.

OUI OU NO?

Maurice Richard's "Hockey Was A Better Game In My Day" (November) was a treat. I wish he'd write such commentaries more often. I was particularly interested in his opinions on the curved stick, expansion and the decline of forward line play—a beautiful sight to see. The St. Louis Blues and the Minnesota North Stars do have enthusiastic fans, but hockey will never be the great game in the U.S. that it was hoped for.

St. Johnsbury, Vt. **Marion S. Hatch**

In regard to the article by the honorable Maurice Richard. I have some bitter feeling about the biased way it was told. Mr. Richard, I'm sure, was truly a great hockey player, so I'm not taking anything away from him in that respect. But everything changes in the world, and that is why expansion occurred. In my opinion, expansion didn't take one thing away from hockey as his grace, Mr. Richard, implies. If he believes this so, then he has never heard of the fans of the St. Louis Blues.

St. Louis, Mo. **Mike Sisk**

How can Maurice Richard possibly believe that hockey players of his era were tougher than the players of today? Nowadays, sticks are still being used at the expense of some opponent's head, brawls still exist, and, Mr. Richard, the penalty box is still being occupied. They're rough, and if you want proof, just come out of retirement.

E. Dubuque, Ill. **Bob Prochaska**

NEGATIVELY POSITIVE . . .

I've just finished reading "Roman Gabriel And The Power Of Negative Thinking" (November). I've been reading SPORT for three years, and that was your best story. Arnold Hano really came through for this one.

Tacoma, Wash. **Kevin Driscoll**

POSITIVELY NEGATIVE

For once I wish Arnold Hano would write a story with a title we could understand. The title on the Roman Gabriel story bears me out. Keep up the bad work Mr. Hano. Personally, I vote for John Devaney.

Port Arthur, Tex. **Gary Campbell**

Actually, Mr. Hano doesn't write the titles—John Devaney does.

AAU PROBLEMS (CONT'D)

To dissent, disagree and offer criticism is the inviolable right of students, editors and the common people. The AAU is not averse to criticism. However, I would like to issue a strong rebuttal to your "Time Out" in October SPORT.

I would say that Harold Connolly was off base in the piece he wrote for March SPORT. Connolly should have been aware that early in December 1969 nine athlete representatives were elected by the athletes at Sacramento, California, where over 500 voted, to the AAU Track and Field Committee.

As to the revolt which simmered over alleged second-class food and lodging in Germany: when a U.S. team goes abroad, travel and hotel arrangements are in the hands of the host country. In 1969, U.S. track representatives made the most extensive European tour in history, with the National team appearing in meets in Stuttgart, Augsburg and London, and individuals competing in invitational affairs at numerous places. At its maximum, the party numbered approximately 100 people. The hotels, with the exception of Augsburg, were first class and entirely acceptable to the athletes. As a former Olympian and as a member of the touring party as AAU Administrator, I think I am a fair judge of the carrying out of such responsibilities.

As to Gary Power and Bob Beamon: the latter was never told he couldn't return home. He competed in the first meet and then was only advised to discuss the matter with the coaches as to his fitness for jumping. And Power was in Europe on a vacation when the U.S. team arrived there. At the AAU Championships in Miami last June, he informed Alex Francis, head coach of the 1969 European team, that he would compete in Europe, if Francis approved, with no expense to the AAU. In Europe, Power told Francis he had run short of money. It was agreed to make him part of the team, pay his expenses the remainder of the trip, and also his air fare from New York to Stuttgart. The difficulty arose when Gary later insisted on payment of his fare from Los Angeles to New York, which I felt was an unfair demand, but then went along with.

The AAU is waging war with no one. We simply try to provide the type of program our track and field athletes desire. This year, for instance, the AAU sent over 200 U.S. athletes into international competition at an expense exceeding $500,000.

New York City **Ollan Cassell**
AAU Track and Field
Administrator

THE GREAT ONE

Thank you for the article on Bill Russell ("The Pros Tell Their Favorite Bill Russell Stories," November). Tom Meschery said that he was a very complex man. I agree and would like to state a few qualities I respect in him: His great courage in playing the last few years with injuries; his unselfishness and not being money hungry; his pride in the Celtics and in his personal play; the fine job he did as player-coach. The NBA has lost a great star and also a great man.

New York City **Ken Beyer**

REACTION TO A REACTION

"Shame on you." This is how Mrs. Rose Schweda ended her letter in the November issue, and this is how I begin mine. I say shame on her, for writing a letter without the facts. She says that the black fist was an act bordering on treason. Well, if that is an act of treason, then I do not recognize our country as one of freedom and equal rights. The raised black fist was a sign of black dignity. It was neither a sign of disrespect or treason. One had to have the nerve and the guts to stand up for the truth and John Carlos had the guts. He sees the truth, which is a lot more than many other people see. Maybe if this woman's skin was black and if she lived in a ghetto, then she could see that what Carlos, Tommie Smith and Lee Evans did was justifiably correct.

Livingston, N.J. **Patty Lea Saul**

If SPORT was glorifying Carlos for his "black fist" gesture, then it was also glorifying Mike Curtis (November) for saying, "Anyone who calls a policeman a pig should be shot." I feel that SPORT is glorifying in neither case, but simply giving the reader an insight on what the athlete is like. Athletes, like most people, have opinions on politics, civil rights, religion, etc., and these views shouldn't be censored just so no one will be offended. SPORT not only covers the achievements of an athlete, but also the *man*. I say, "Keep up the good work."

Madison, Wis. **M.E. Calden**

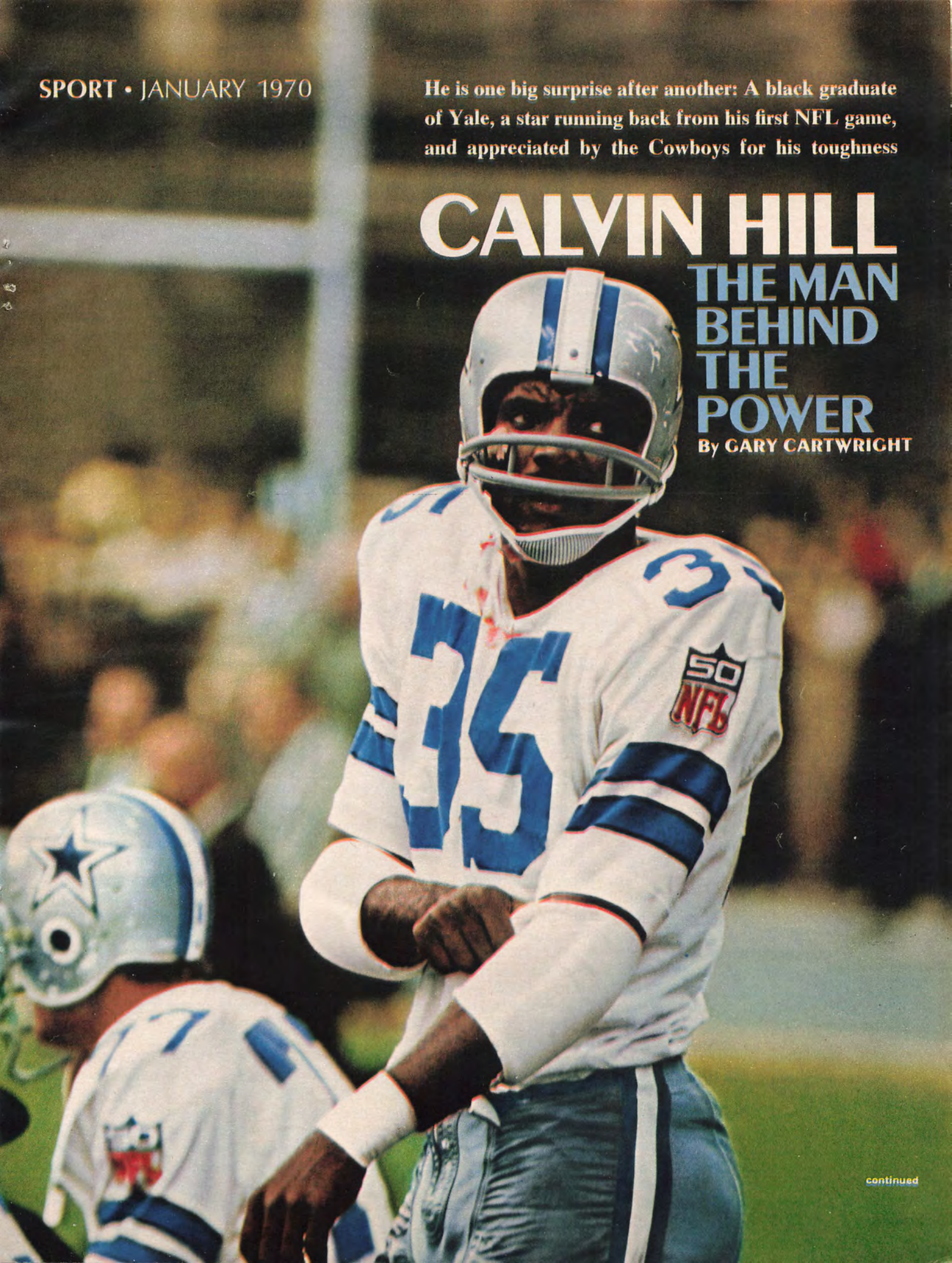
SPORT • JANUARY 1970

He is one big surprise after another: A black graduate of Yale, a star running back from his first NFL game, and appreciated by the Cowboys for his toughness

CALVIN HILL

THE MAN BEHIND THE POWER

By GARY CARTWRIGHT



continued

THREE WEEKS INTO the 1969 NFL season, Calvin Hill did something ordinary. Super Rook—as the remarkable halfback had been called since his Merriwellian debut—arrived ten minutes late for one of the weekly Cowboy Club fan luncheons. Stashing his school books under the head table and tweaking his moustache, Hill prepared to answer questions from the floor.

The first question was: *What did you do at Yale?*

It was an appropriately ambiguous question: the average Dallas fan has the idea that Yale is what you do when someone steps on your foot. But Hill took the question in stride, as he had done with everything else since the day the IBM Computer mated him to the Dallas Football Club.

He smiled and said: "Oh, the usual things. We went down to Mory's. We sang the Whiffenpoof song and carved on the tables." What did he carve on the table? Without batting an eye Hill answered: "I carved, 'If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly.' " Macbeth. Act I. Any other questions?

Hill accepted a month's supply of milk as Dallas' "Player of the Week" and sat down.

After the luncheon Cowboy publicity director Curt Mosher asked Calvin was it true, did he really carve Macbeth on the table down at Mory's. Hill said that he didn't think so. He carved something else, he couldn't remember what. His name, maybe. Or an original sonnet. "I just thought the Macbeth line was appropriate for a running back," Hill told Mosher, who went back to his office and poured a cup of black coffee into the computer.

If Calvin Hill's adjustment to pro football has been fraught with excitement, consider pro football's adjustment to Calvin Hill. Even Clint Murchison Jr., the Cowboys' wry and sophisticated owner, himself a graduate of MIT, was struck by the whimsy of the Computer Generation upon learning that his staff had plunged its No. 1 draft choice on a Baptist theological student from the Ivy League. Taking the news with a spoon of sugar, Murchison shrugged, "Okay, but don't give him a bonus unless he's a member of Skull and Bones."

Few will admit it at this late date, but Calvin Hill was *the sleeper* of the 1969 draft. At the time of the draft, when other clubs were speculating on such real estate as O.J. Simpson, Leroy Keyes and Ron Johnson, Hill must have looked like a nice piece of property squatting on a cypress stump overlooking the Okefenokee.

Not that the facts and figures were any secret. Here was a guy who weighed 230 and stood a fraction of an inch under 6-4. Dartmouth coach Bob Blackman regarded Hill as "the most dangerous back in the history of the Ivy League," and former Columbia coach Buff Donelli claimed that Hill hit harder than Jimmy Brown. He could run, block, catch and throw, and once in a scrimmage he kicked a 52-yard field goal. He had broadjumped 25-1½ and triple-jumped 51-5¼, both Yale records.

Perhaps the most remarkable item was that he was at Yale in the first place. He is the son of a construction foreman who had sprung from the black middle-class ghetto in the Baltimore steel mill suburb of Turner's Station. An assistant coach and an airlines executive urged Calvin to

No one except the Cowboys considered Hill a No. 1 draft choice, and even Dallas had some reservations about him. His total ability changed everyone's mind.

apply for admission based on his outstanding record at the prestigious Riverdale Country Day School in the Bronx: honors student, class vice-president, quarterback of an undefeated team. "It cost about $4300, a figure that my parents obviously couldn't afford," Hill recalls. "But the way they do it at Yale, you pay what you can and the school pays the rest. We had a fifth-team guard on full scholarship while our star quarterback, Brian Dowling, paid his own way."

Cowboy scouts kept turning in great reports on Calvin, but there was, as Cowboy president Tex Schramm says, one annoying question on Calvin. "If he was all that good"—and given the level of Ivy League competition—"how come he didn't gain 10,000 yards in college?"

And there was another question the computer-fed data couldn't answer. "Was he tough?" coach Tom Landry wanted to know. "Was he a hitter?"

Some cynics in pro football drew their own conclusions and decided Calvin was library paste. But the Cowboys, who would be preceded by 23 other teams in the draft, felt Calvin was a special risk they had to take. "There were a number of other players such as Pritchard, Gipson, Hinton, Hendricks, Seymour and Levias who we knew would be *good* NFL players, guys who couldn't miss," says Schramm. "But drafting that far down we had to take a gamble if we were going to get a super player, a player who had a chance to be more than just good."

The Cowboys believed Calvin had that chance, even if they had to have him change positions. "We felt he had to be a tight end, or maybe a linebacker," says Schramm. "Landry said he couldn't remember a running back over 6-foot-3 since . . . well, we had to go back to Dub Jones who played for the Browns many years ago. The super runners are like Sayers, compact with great balance."

No one was more surprised than Calvin Hill when the Cowboys took him No. 1. "I thought I might get taken by somebody in the lower rounds," he says. "Or, more likely, catch on with someone as a free agent." Chief scout Gil Brandt signed Hill at the Boston airport, then reported back to the main office the disturbing information that Hill had refused a no-cut contract on the grounds that he didn't "want something for nothing." It wasn't quite that one-sided. On the advice of Mike Pyle, the Yale alumnus with the Chicago Bears, Hill negotiated a higher salary—$25,000 a year for three years—than he could have under the terms of a no-cut. Still, in light of his record, Hill was a bargain.

Computers have played dirty tricks on the Cowboys before (ie: ex-TCU quarterback Sonny Gibbs), so Schramm was enormously relieved when Hill began knocking people around in the early days of camp. By the time Hill had established himself as a genuine running back in that dawning preseason game in San Francisco (106 yards rushing), talent hunters all around the league were saying that's just what they thought. Only they hadn't. Schramm explains: "If they were so high on Hill, why is it that Hill didn't get invited to any all-star games? When they start picking all-star squads, the first thing they do is call around the country, asking this (pro) coach and that coach for recommendations. Hill wasn't even chosen on the original College All-Star team. It was after Simpson, Keyes, Johnson and those guys refused to report that Graham called us and asked us to send Hill to Chicago." The Cowboys were already in camp when All-Star coach Otto Graham made that famous emergency call. It became something of a team joke. What Graham said was: "I need a white running back, bad." Graham somehow assumed that anyone from Yale had to be white. The All-Stars used Hill on the specialty team, as a wedge-breaker. Otherwise, he didn't get in the game.

Back in training camp Tom Landry wrestled with a complex problem. The unexpected retirement of veteran fullback Don Perkins and the recurring knee problems of halfback Danny Reeves were forcing his hand much sooner than he anticipated. Hill had had brief tryouts at linebacker and tight end, but finally all 6-foot-3 of him was returned to running back.

Hill did some fretting about his running style: "At Yale they called me a slashing-type runner. They told me I shouldn't depend so much on my moves, that when a back was closing in on me on the corner I should put my head down and run over him. But you're not going to run over people in this league. I had to leave it to my instincts." All-pro tackle Ralph Neely helped Hill to his feet after a particularly instinctive run and told him: "Calvin, you may put Yale on the map."

Other Cowboy veterans couldn't help raving about Hill, either. "The guy is tough," said Mike Ditka, the former all-pro tight end. "Do you see him sticking his head out there trying to get that extra yard? I'm glad they put him at running back—because I might not be on the club today." Echoed Pettis Norman, the starting tight end: "I have no doubt that he would be every bit as good at my position as he is at running back."

Schramm likes to recall that just before kickoff in San Francisco he addressed himself to the collective Kezar Stadium press box and announced: "On this day a star will be born!" Before the game had ended 49er fans were on their feet, clapping for an opposing halfback, Calvin Hill. "They sensed," says Schramm, "that they were watching (*Continued on page* 76)

THREE VIEWS OF THE METS IN THE WORLD SERIES

By MICHAEL C. D. MACDONALD

Hodges (facing camera, above left) jokes with the rival manager; Boswell (above) takes batting practice in cop's cap; Walt Karmazin bites nails for Mets.

EDITORS' NOTE: For one very special week this past October, most New Yorkers gladly diverted their attention from the problems of the city and focused instead on the supposed problems of the Mets, who were facing a favored Baltimore team. One in particular who became a Mets-watcher was the author, whose usual beat is politics. We asked him to view the Series through the eyes of the Mets' manager (Gil Hodges), a Met player (Ken Boswell), and a Met fan (Walt Karmazin). The result, we think you'll agree, is an unusual and intimate glimpse at one of the most amazing happenings in sports history.

GAME 1 Baltimore/October 11

One thing already seems certain about this Series: Ken Boswell will spend most of it sitting on the bench, spitting sunflower seeds. He is part of the Mets' lefthanded hitting platoon, along with his roommate, Art Shamsky, and Ed Kranepool and Wayne Garrett, and it is their misfortune that Baltimore's first two starting pitchers also are lefthanders. Too bad for Boswell. Between mid-August and mid-September he had raised his batting average from .236 to .283 and had hit over .450 during the heart of the pennant stretch; on the night the Mets finally took first place, he had knocked in the winning run; in the playoffs against Atlanta he had hit two home runs and had led the Mets with five runs-batted-in. But Gil Hodges plays a strict book, so Boswell will have to be content mainly with rooting for Al Weis, his righthanded alter ego at second base. Boswell's one moment will come in Game 3, with Oriole righthander Jim Palmer scheduled to pitch; well—consolation prize—at least Boswell will be in the first Series ever played at Shea Stadium.

I had first seen Boswell the night the Mets won the division title by beating St. Louis, 5-0—the first time the New Breed had done a crater-in with Shea Stadium's turf. I had liked Boswell at once: he'd had the openness to embrace a *sportswriter*, yelling like a schoolboy to Vic Ziegel of the New York *Post*: "Vic! Vic! We won, Vic! We won!" This in contrast to Boswell an hour later: neatly turned out in white ducks, light blue sweater and dark blue turtleneck—all ready for the East Side discotheques he enjoys.

A week later, in the victorious dressing room after sweeping Atlanta for the pennant, Boswell was talking a streak: "I'm scared. They could send us to jail right now. I mean, how many years do they give for stealing a pennant? No kidding. I'll be honest. I don't think there was a man on this team, and I mean Gil, too, who thought we'd win this thing in spring training."

Even more incredible for Boswell was the World Series itself. We were standing on the grass of Memorial Stadium, an hour before gametime, and I asked him the inevitable how-does-it-feel question. He smiled and shook his head just a bit in genuine wonder. "You know, just *being* here is so great!" he said. "It's like waking up in the middle of the night—and somebody's going to paint you!" This unexpected image was so strange and personal, that one decided then and there that Ken Boswell was for real.

A short while later Boswell watched Oriole pitcher Mike Cuellar warm up, and Ken dryly noted: "I got my licks off him when he pitched with Houston last year—he doesn't throw the screwball to lefthanders . . . There was some talk of going against him, but of course he's *tough* on lefthanders," he added with fairness and just a bit of disappointment.

Game 1 ended quickly. Don Buford hit Seaver's second pitch over the right-field wall and Baltimore added three runs in the fourth. Only a sacrifice fly by Al Weis got the Mets on the scoreboard, 4-1. During the game Boswell warmed up Seaver one inning, served as a human throne for Swoboda between the third and fourth innings, and lounged against the right-hand front of the dugout just beneath the huge NBC closeup camera. That top step in the sun was to be his usual spot during the games to follow. In the bottom of the ninth, a bi-plane, trailing a banner, flew over the field. Boswell looked up to see the message: BE A SWINGER BE A WINNER DIAL 922-5500. But his chance to swing and win the game passed by as Art Shamsky was sent up to pinch-hit with two on and two out. Shamsky grounded out and the game was over.

Afterwards, Boswell was philosophic but somewhat withdrawn as he sat in front of his locker. From his usual cheer to polite introspection is part of what Ken Boswell and losing the first Series game is about. But the mood passes. Stan Isaacs of *Newsday*, one of the bright "chipmunk" baseball writers who dig Boswell, comes by: "Gonna start tomorrow, Ken?" he smiles. "Aw, you have to ask '14' about that!" Boswell smiles back. "14" is Gil Hodges' number and Ken Boswell remembers "the one time he blew his stack at me—with good reason. It was a game we lost by one run to St. Louis and I had a hand in losing it. I was on third and came in on a shallow fly to Curt Flood. Flood can't throw well, but *there* was McCarver up in front of the plate, and I hit the dirt and *rolled* by the plate! It was a *terrible* slide and I was out. Hodges came out to argue with the umpire and then, on the way back to the dugout he tells me, 'Look, you either have to run over McCarver or slide—you can't *roll* on by!' You know something, after the game he didn't say *anything* to the papers!" Boswell shakes his head and smiles and just then writer Dick Schaap walks by with his tape recorder: "Hey Ken, you giving him the phone numbers of the 46 stewardesses in your apartment building?" "There are only *35*" corrects eligible bachelor Boswell, grinning.

GAME 2 Baltimore/October 12

On Columbus Day, Gil Hodges has a New World to conquer: the Orioles. But his Scylla and Charybdis lie ahead: the lurking press, closing in for the

daily batting practice conference. It *is* rather a whirlpool effect: two reporters stop him, five quickly follow and in seconds a dozen surround him. Hodges gracefully balances his 200 pounds on his right foot as his left grinds a Beech-Nut gum wrapper into the Baltimore turf. His eyes beam across the writers' heads, sweeping around infield practice while his ears half-listen to the good wood in the batting cage. On first contact, he is De Gaulle, Eugene McCarthy and the inscrutable Mao rolled into one lofty, elliptical and platitudinous whole. But closer look reveals a good-natured, extremely courteous and *very* patient man who will put up with, defer to, and attempt to answer the silliest of questions. He has intelligence, tact, dry wit and an engaging deadpan put-on. And perhaps in these pre-game press inanities, there is oral therapy. During the game proper, Hodges will watch with such fierce concentration that he is rendered suitable for framing.

So now the press conference with its Gil-questions. The strangers call him Gil, the old-timers call him Gil, the "chipmunks" call him Gil—perhaps his intimates, children and wife call him Gilbert? Anyway, Gil, what about Frank Robinson's crack in today's Washington *Star*—you know, Gil, his poke about how the Met bench looked dead in yesterday's game? Hodges looks back blankly, his voice defensively toneless at first: "Robinson's remarks are strange—but then, I think we have an advantage if we can *keep* him looking into our dugout . . ." Hodges grins now and so, with the confidence of an utter square, I ask the dumb question of the day: like when will Ken Boswell be starting? Hodges looks me dead-in-the-eye, intoning gravely: "Boswell . . . well . . . I think I can say that Boswell . . . will start on *Tuesday*—at the *latest*. Yes, *Tuesday,* I surely do expect that." He keeps the dead-pan as the writers break up.

For most of the Series Boswell (above) sits on the dugout lip, spitting sunflower seeds. (Below) Hodges shows off Cleon Jones' shoe polish in the final game.

His huge hand brushes away a hovering yellowjacket, his eyes slowly continue to take in information from the field, shifting in patient degrees like those of a cat. Meanwhile, Gil, what about Swoboda's near-catch of Buford's homer yesterday? "Oh, I though the ball carried further than it did and I am sure he [Swoboda] did too. He should *believe* he *could* catch it—that's how you've got to be—that you *could* catch it . . ." If this sounds a bit on the inspirational, Dr. Peale level, it is perhaps not without its ultimate effect. The observation has been commonly made that Hodges has gotten 25 young men to become overreachers without becoming egotists; in two words, "team spirit". One regrets being unable to cover pregame meetings during the Series; later one finds out that there had been only a single meeting—a somewhat perfunctory session before Game 1 where Hodges had gone over the batters and pitchers and then given the briefest of pep talks. The secret with Hodges is quite simple: like Eugene McCarthy and his galvanizing effect on young students, Hodges in effect says, "Go ahead, *show* me what you can *contribute*—you don't need *me* to push you!" It is this attitude that makes men of boys, and a World Series participant out of a ninth-place team one year removed.

* * *

The Mets lead, 1-0, as I talk with Walt Karmazin in the sixth inning. Walt is 18, has just graduated high

You only go around once in life.
So grab for all the gusto you can.
Even in the beer you drink.
Why settle for less?
When you're out of Schlitz,
you're out of beer.
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The Mets win and all is togetherness: Boswell and his father (above left), who came up from Texas; Hodges and original Mets manager Casey Stengel, who came in from California; and Mets fans, who came onto the Shea turf from everywhere.

school, is a runner in the stock exchange, and maintains his own apartment on New York's Lower East Side. He has been a Mets' fan since 1963 and had been planning the trip to Baltimore for the last week. Three days ago he found himself near Times Square, so he dropped by the Out of Town Newspaper Stand, bought the Baltimore papers, and read that almost 5000 seats were open for Games 1 and 2. He took a late night Friday train, slept on line outside Memorial Stadium, watched the Mets lose the first game, and spent Saturday night with his aunt and uncle who live in Baltimore. "My aunt is a Baltimore fan, so we didn't talk long. My *uncle!* He rubbed it in a bit, like 'What's the matter with *your* Mets, what's with those bush leaguers, anyway?' But then I brought up the Super Bowl—the Jets beating the Colts—and that quieted things down a bit!"

That first game had tried Walt's belief in the Mets, but at the end of the game he and 30 other Met fans scattered around the left-field bleachers got together and answered the friendly taunts of some Oriole rooters by saying, "Just wait, you'll see who will win in the end."

Now, sitting in the *right*-field bleachers for Game 2, Walt introduced me to Jerry Koosman's father, mother and a dozen of their hometown friends from Morris, Minnesota, who sat in the sun with Walt and the New Breed and were watching Jerry pitch a strong game. Now that you're one of us, Walt implied, you've just *got* to meet Jerry's folks!

The Mets won, 2-1, with Weis knocking in the winner in the ninth inning. In the dressing room after the game, Boswell is happily shouting across the room: "Weis-o! Weis-o!" And then to those around him: "I was jumping that ninth inning! That Weis is *so* great! He just isn't a utility player—it's just plain *wrong* to call him that. He's the Mets' second-baseman! Oh, I was swinging with every swing, playing every play in the ninth!"

Meanwhile, Hodges is in his semi-private dressing room, sitting with his hat tilted back, a towel around his neck, and his uniform and his Cheshire cat face still on for the sake of the reporters. It is almost an hour after the game, but still the questions come. For one more time, he ventures that 'taint much difference between playing at Shea or Baltimore—sure the New Breed is great, but it's the same two teams etc. etc. Finally, tired of replaying the game, Hodges stands up, stretches, and takes off his uniform pants as an unsubtle hint. But the writers carry on, so Hodges neatly folds his pants from the cuff down, slowly rolls them into a tight oblong and then, his tired eyes squarely focused on the writers, he hurls the rolled-up pants, without looking, into a foot-locker six feet to his side. The point is made: "Thanks Gil!" the writers chorus. Hodges nods and Cheshire-smiles: "Okee-dokee!"

Outside the dressing room, Walt Karmazin waits. In his hands is his weekend wardrobe: a shaving kit containing a razor, shaving cream, Vicks Vaporub, some aspirin and his tickets for Games 3, 4 & 5 at Shea Stadium ("I'm never letting these get more than ten feet away!"). Two days from now he will tell me how he finally got back to New York on six bucks: "One guy offered to pay

my busfare, but I don't go for handouts! A couple were flying to Connecticut in their private plane and the guy says that if he had a parachute I could bail out over Central Park! Finally, Met Traveling Secretary Lou Niss got me on the bus with the Mets' parents. Koosman's parents were on, and as we pulled out of Baltimore, Koosman was being interviewed on the bus radio about the ballgame while his parents listened in their seats. It was *nice*."

OFF-DAY Shea Stadium/October 13

Boswell is tired from the plane trip, complaining, "When I'm tired, it's bad for my timing in batting. My hands move slow and I wind up swinging *quicker*—it's just not good for tomorrow . . ." Possibly he's nervous about finally starting a game, but later he is back to normal as he fields, hatless, his hair and chatter all over the place. As the practice breaks up under a quickly-darkening sky, he runs in and grabs a bat for three extra cuts off coach Joe Pignatano. Bud Harrelson is out in right field, yelling: "Hey Bozzy, get the good wood, huh?" Boswell does just that—two long flies to right before the three men leave the deserted field.

In the dressing room, mail inspection time. A stack of fan letters for Boswell, mainly from girls. One letter, from a Sue Schmitt, has a clever collage on both sides of the envelope showing Boswell afield. "This girl writes me a lot. Isn't she *too* much!?" he laughs admiring the artwork. He remembers his own youth: catch with dad after work, Little League, Babe Ruth League, American Legion ball, the inevitable battle with his parents over whether he should play pro ball or attend college (they won and he went to Sam Houston State, and then *he* won by deliberately flunking out his freshman spring to sign with the Mets in 1965!). One vivid memory from Legion ball came from "the time we used to play at the local prison. You know something odd, they were really a nice bunch of guys. They'd feed us cafe-style: all we could eat—steak, chili and beans, salads—it was *great!* Everyone of those guys was in for statutory rape or armed robbery. One of them was Hank Thompson, who had starred for the Giants in the 1951 Series. Hank played shortstop on the prison team. He got out a few years later and died just a few weeks ago. Last summer, I saw him at an old-timers game before we played the Giants in San Francisco, and I said 'Hank, I'm sure you don't remember me—I mean I hate to bring it up but . . .' " So I told him when and where and he was surprised. He said, 'Well, I never placed your name!' He was a really good guy. When I get out of baseball and go back to Austin, maybe I'll open up a bar—the college kids there have plenty of money and all they do is drink that money *up!* For now, I'm staying in New York this winter except a few weeks deer hunting in Texas. Face it, there's going to be a lot of money here—I've hired a business manager already."

GAME 3 Shea Stadium/October 14

It is a blue sky and a happy Boswell: He's starting! "I feel real good—had a few drinks to loosen up with last night—oh . . . 15 or 20 Jack Daniels!" He winks as he snaps his bubble gum. He talks about deer hunting in Texas, points out his father, Claude, who is sitting behind home plate, and chats with Dave Johnson, second-baseman of the Orioles. Johnson and Boswell! And somewhat similar to their 18th Century counterparts. Like the eminent Doctor, Dave Johnson is scholarly, working towards his college degree in the winter. Like the *other* Boswell long ago, Ken Boswell prefers The Grand Tour while he is young: deer-hunting in Texas, money-making and the ladies in New York.

Back of home plate, Claude Boswell remembers how it all began: "Oh, he was real small. I was driving a truck for the Pearl Beer Distributing Company—I still do—and I'd get home about five and there he'd be with a ball and glove waiting on the front steps. Sometimes, when the older fellows were playing catch and didn't throw the ball to him—why sometimes, he'd just sit down and cry—so we'd end up playing catch with him!" And now, almost 20 years later, the Series and "even *Kenny* can't believe it! I was surprised by those homers in the Atlanta playoffs. Kenny only hit three all year, you know, and then two in three days! The one at Shea—well, I knew it was gone the moment he hit it! In Atlanta, the home run went 403 feet—they measure it by computer, then flash it on the scoreboard. I thought it was a pretty good poke for him . . . Later I kidded him about his sudden 'power'—and, you know, *he* didn't know where it came from!" Claude Boswell grins, with pride.

He is sitting in front of Mr. Aristotle Onassis, who is seeing his first baseball game ever, and Mayor John V. Lindsay, who is a most recent Met fan ("*Who* is Ralph Kiner?" His Honor had asked nervously a few days before). But these men are irrelevant to Claude Boswell as his son hustles out to join the starting lineup.

In the top of the first, Boswell goes into the hole to throw out Boog Powell, and later he recalls that "making that play on Powell settled me down. After that, it became just like any other game." It also will be the only fielding chance for Boswell that day.

At bat, Boswell grounds out his first time up, and in the third inning, after Wayne Garrett walks, Boswell gets good wood to right field but it is "too *high*, oh, too *high*!" sighs Claude Boswell, and (*Continued on page* 84)

THE WAR FOR JOE NAMATH'S BODY

"I looked Joe straight in the face, and I said to him, 'One day I am going to get you.'" The deadly war rages on

By JOHN DEVANEY

ON THE PASS RUSH they charge at Joe Namath with a half-ton of padded bone and muscle and, if the truth were told, they come with the kill-kill instinct of savages (although after the game, friendly and soft-spoken, they smile ruefully when they recall the primitive fierceness of their emotions on the field). They are the defensive linemen and blitzing linebackers of pro football. Most admit they come to injure the quarterback, hoping to hurt him so badly he has to leave the game. "If you can eliminate the quarterback," says Charger linebacker Rick Redman, "there is no way you should lose." "Get the quarterback," says Buffalo defensive tackle Bob Tatarek, "that's the story of this game."

The 255-pound Tatarek played it just that way in the first game of the '69 season against the Jets. Slamming into blocker Winston Hill, he spun Hill backwards. The 280-pound Hill fell against Namath, toppling him. As Namath fell, his right knee bent under him at a grotesque angle. Namath screamed. Tatarek leaped into the air, fist high, exultant, and the big Buffalo crowd roared in delight.

In the Jets' second game, against Denver, Bronco defensive end Richard Jackson careened into Namath and wrestled him to the ground. Later in the game, Denver's Dave Costa drove all 265 pounds of himself into Namath's chest, hurling Namath five feet through the air. When Namath hit the grass his legs were jerking convulsively. The mating season had begun.

For Joe Willie Namath, the quarterback with the glassy knees, the story could end in tragedy during any one of those pass-rushing stampedes. He knows it, and when he forgets, the pain in his scarred knees reminds him. And that is why he is talking about this being his last season. The people who guard him against the pass rush, they know it, too. Winston Hill has said in deadly earnest, "I protect Namath like I protect my wife." But it is the people who rush Namath who know it the most, and that knowledge affects most of them in subtle and sometimes curious ways.

Recently I talked to a number of AFL players, asking them how they viewed the battle for Joe Namath's body in what could be his last season. The majority opinion, I think, was summed up in this conversation between San Diego defensive tackle Steve DeLong and linebacker Rick Redman:

DeLong: You hit any quarterback—Namath, anyone—and you can end his career. Look at Lenny Dawson; he was in perfect shape at the start of this season and then he got hit. Now they are talking about an operation that could finish him for the season. Look at our John Hadl. Deacon (Jones of the Los Angeles Rams) grabbed him by the elbow in one of our exhibition games and almost pulled his right arm out of the socket. For a while there was worry

In the Jets' '69 opener, Namath went down under a charge from Buffalo's Bob Tatarek. A moment after this sequence was shot, Tatarek was raising a fist in joy.

Photographed by MARTIN BLUMENTHAL

We don't know who's going to lose the game. We do know who's going to lose the girl.

Don't be a loser. Use Head & Shoulders, the winner. The most effective dandruff shampoo you can buy. Head & Shoulders leaves your hair clean, neat and easy to manage, too. No wonder it's chosen by more men than any other shampoo in America.

that John would never be able to throw right again.

Redman: If Namath was that fragile they wouldn't let him go out there. Anyway there are other people with bad knees. Look at me, I've had three knee operations myself.

DeLong: When I go after him I hit him high or I hit him in the knees, wherever I can get a good shot at him. Out there you don't have time to pick spots. This is a rough game, a violent game and you got to expect that people will be hurt.

Redman: No player wants to finish Joe's career, but hitting is part of the game. It's a crime to shoot people, but if shooting people was legalized it wouldn't be a crime and pro football is almost legalized crime. *(He laughs.)*

DeLong: It's a shame if Namath can't go on because he has done so much for this league, winning the Super Bowl and all. I would hate personally to see him leave. But there is not much more he could accomplish as a football player. And he would be better off out of the game than being butchered and have to leave crippled up.

Redman: Joe has made his bread. *(He smiles.)*

Most of the players I talked to also agreed with Charger defensive tackle Bob Briggs, who told me: "No real football player goes into a game to hurt a man permanently. But if you get a chance to get the quarterback, you get him and you get him good—cleanly, without a penalty flag. You are not more careful because it is Joe Namath and he has bad knees."

There were exceptions, like Boston's Jim Hunt, a good friend of Namath, who said he would never intentionally hit Namath on the knees. Yet it can happen. When the Jets played the Patriots at Boston early this season, the 255-pound Hunt collided with the Jet halfback who was blocking for Namath. Hunt stumbled, his padded fists grazing Namath's knees. Namath threw the pass, saw it drop incomplete, then looked down at Hunt. "I stumbled, Joe," Hunt said. "I wasn't trying to take a shot at your knees."

"I know you weren't," Namath said.

In the minds of many other players there were ambivalent feelings about hitting Namath. On the one hand, they felt, it would be tragedy for Namath and the league if he had to quit at the peak of his career. On the other hand, he is the one man on the Jets most likely to beat you. "Get him out of the game and the Jets are no threat," said one Charger. In the 1968 AFL championship game, 270-pound Ike Lassiter and 280-pound Ben Davidson hit Namath at the same time. The linemen got up immediately but Namath didn't, not at once. Lassiter looked at the reeling Namath, then was said to have hollered at his bench, "We got 'im! We got 'im! He's hurt!" The cry came not out of any sadistic streak but purely from the feeling that if Namath was indeed hurt, the Raiders would win the game, and the AFL title. Unfortunately for Lassiter and the Raiders, Namath staged a quick recovery and passed the Jets to victory over Oakland.

Boston linebacker John Bramlett's attitude toward Namath seemed the prevalent one. "I would only hit him in the knees," said Bramlett, "if I had to—like if it was a case of hitting him in the knees or missing him." In a game against Boston this season Namath, seeing his receivers covered, took off on a stiff-legged 16-yard run before Bramlett knocked him down. "He dived low toward the ground just before I hit him," Bramlett told me after the game, "so there was no chance of my hitting his knees and I am sure glad he did."

No player sounded more ambivalent about Joe Namath's health than Boston's Larry Eisenhauer, who is also a close personal friend of Joe's. On the one hand, Eisenhauer won't hit Joe's knees. On the other hand, Eisenhauer is determined to knock Namath out of a game. "I looked Joe straight in the face one day," Eisenhauer told me, "and I said to him, 'One day I am going to put you out of a game. That's my job, putting quarterbacks out of the game and one day I am going to get you.' "

Eisenhauer frowned. "But the best I ever did," he said, "was put him out for a series. And now that he is talking about quitting after this season, it looks like I never will."

Eisenhauer and the other Boston veterans, it would seem, have more reason than most players to see Namath gone. In 1966 the Patriots needed only to beat the Jets in their last game to clinch the Eastern Division title. But Namath, passing brilliantly, led the Jets to a 38-28 upset. "This team has never been the same since that game," Eisenhauer told me. "Up to then we were always contenders. Since then we've been tailenders."

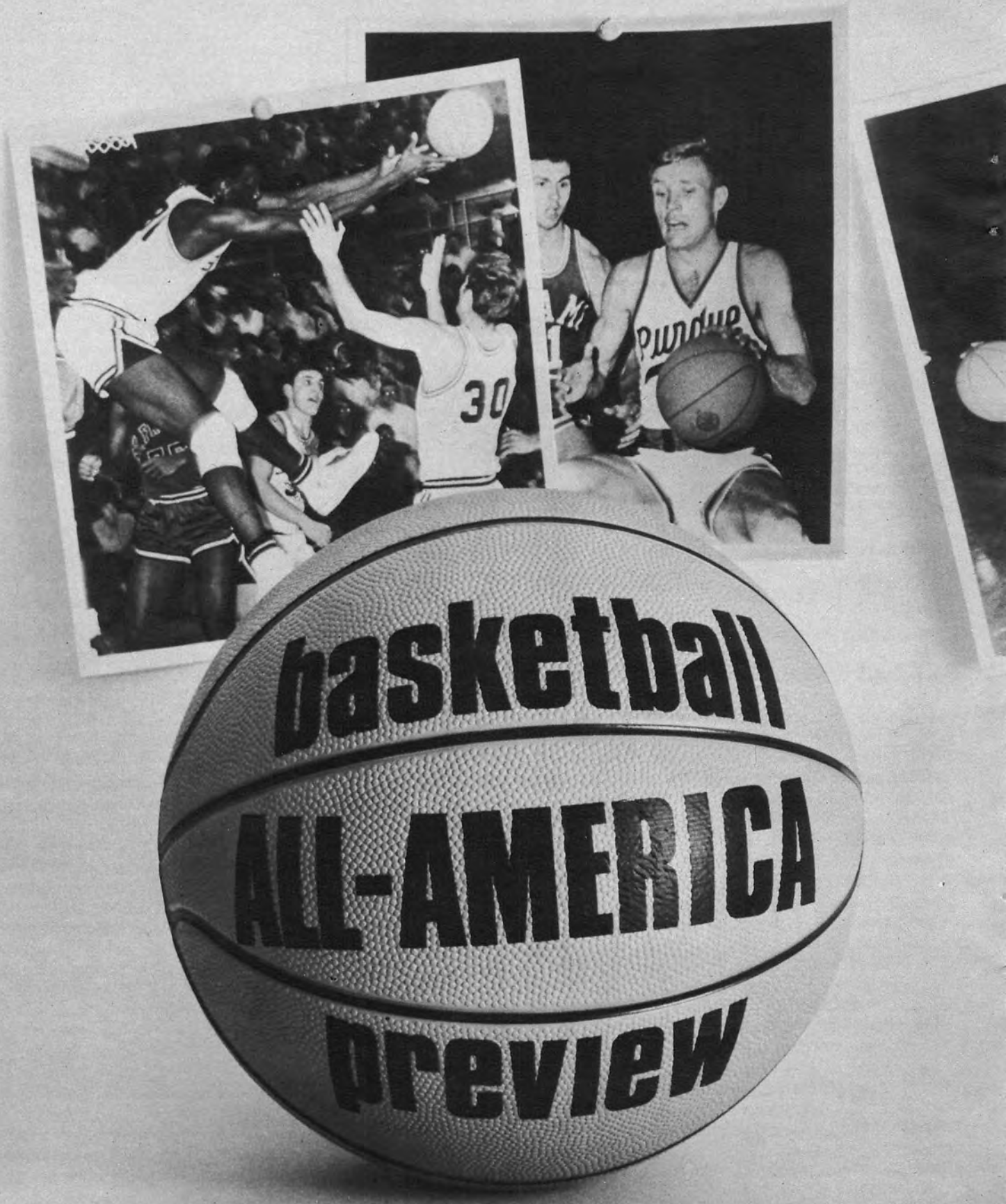
Yet of the three Boston veterans on the front-line pass rush, only one—Houston Antwine—said he would hit Namath's knees, and then only if he had to. One reason is Namath's personal popularity with most of the league's players, who admire his maverick independence and booze-and-broads approach to life. Most of the players also feel Namath lifted their salaries when he got that $400,000 bonus and he lifted their pride when he beat the Colts in the Super Bowl. Without Namath, they believe, the AFL would lose something, and perhaps they would, too.

"He really helps you get up for a game when you play the Jets," said Houston's best pass rusher, Elvin Bethea. "He puts a spark to the game." "He is the best passer there is," said Charger defensive end Ron Billingsley, "so naturally you try harder against him than against any other quarterback."

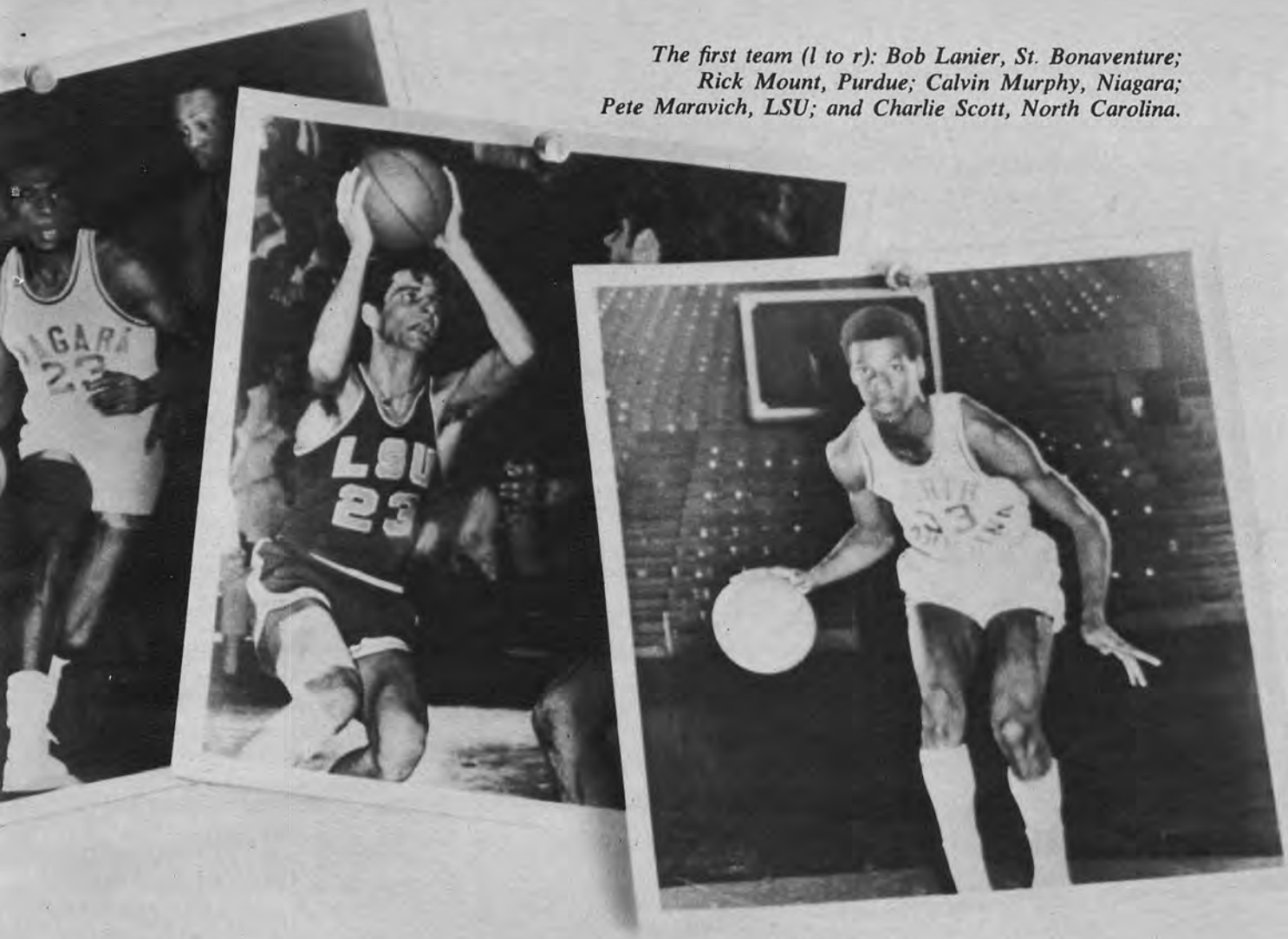
A few players thought there were some defensive linemen who tried too hard against Joe. "I think his notoriety has made him a target of cheap-shot artists who see in maiming Joe Namath a chance to get the notoriety he has gotten," said San Diego offensive tackle Ron Mix. "He gets hit late more often than any other quarterback. One of our defensive men told me"—Mix smiled—"that Namath sometimes gets hit walking back to the huddle."

The Chargers' Rick Redman agreed to a point. "There are a few guys who might not like his personality or who might be envious of him," Redman said. "It would depend on the guy. There are some fans who would like to see Joe Namath cut down and I guess there are some players who might feel the same way and would take a shot at him."

The majority of the players disagreed. "I don't think anyone would deliberately cripple Joe," said Boston's Jim Hunt. "I might be naive, of course, but we have on this club some of the meanest guys in the league and we (*Continued on page* 74)



Record-breaking Pete Maravich heads a list of high-scoring seniors on this year's team



The first team (l to r): Bob Lanier, St. Bonaventure; Rick Mount, Purdue; Calvin Murphy, Niagara; Pete Maravich, LSU; and Charlie Scott, North Carolina.

FOR THREE YEARS, anyone picking a college basketball All-America squad began, with knee-jerk reflex, by naming UCLA's all-universe center Lew Alcindor. But though Alcindor has moved up to a league more fitting his gigantic talents, don't get the idea that the caliber of this year's All-America team is something to be looked down upon. If anything, there are more standout ballplayers around this season than ever before, because the super sophomores of two years ago, whose precocity dazzled the experts then, are now mature super seniors. Pete Maravich of LSU, Rick Mount of Purdue, Calvin Murphy of Niagara, Charlie Scott of North Carolina and Bob Lanier of St. Bonaventure are the kids who grew up together and they now comprise our All-America first team.

All five are also bound together by their scoring, which adds up to a points-per-game average of 159.5. The leading individual is, of course, Pistol Pete Maravich, who led the nation the last two years. Last season he averaged 44.3 ppg, the highest in NCAA history, and the record he broke was his own from the year before (43.8 ppg). Maravich now holds six national and 14 Southeastern Conference records, and before he hangs up his droopy LSU sweatsocks, he'll displace Oscar Robertson as the all-time college career scorer.

Pete is the gun that won the South. He can—and does—shoot from anywhere, and, at 6-5 and 180 pounds, he has the size, speed and strength to maneuver his way into openings most backcourtmen wouldn't go near. And when the Pistol starts to maneuver, anything is liable to happen, because he has shots he hasn't even used yet . . . like the layup where he spins the ball off his head and up into the basket.

The Pistol is basketball's consummate showman, from the time he first appears on the court and begins to lead his teammates in a Globetrotter-like warmup drill designed to show off Maravich's remarkable ballhandling skills. Despite his swollen scoring averages and the fact that he has scored 50 or more points 18 times in two years, it is those skills—his dribbling and passing ability—that most impress the experts. Kentucky coach Adolph Rupp, not a quick man with a compliment, calls Maravich "as near a complete ballplayer as you'll see anywhere." Pete himself admits, in his typically theatrical way, that he gets his biggest kick from the passing game. "That's what I love most. Behind the back, between the legs . . . it's show time. When I hear that crowd roar, I swear I go wild, crazy!"

Like Maravich, Charlie Scott's

ALL-AMERICA

FIRST TEAM

	HEIGHT	YEAR	1968-69 SCORING AVERAGE
PETE MARAVICH, Louisiana State	6-5	Sr.	44.2
CHARLIE SCOTT, North Carolina	6-5	Sr.	22.3
BOB LANIER, St. Bonaventure	6-11	Sr.	27.3
RICK MOUNT, Purdue	6-4	Sr.	33.3
CALVIN MURPHY, Niagara	5-10	Sr.	32.4

SECOND TEAM

MIKE MALOY, Davidson	6-7	Sr.	24.5
RUDY TOMJANOVICH, Michigan	6-7	Sr.	25.7
WILLIE SOJOURNER, Weber State	6-8	Jr.	18.8
JIM McMILLIAN, Columbia	6-5	Sr.	20.4
JOHN ROCHE, South Carolina	6-2	Jr.	23.6

THIRD TEAM

HOWARD PORTER, Villanova	6-8	Jr.	22.4
DAN ISSEL, Kentucky	6-8	Sr.	26.6
DENNIS AWTREY, Santa Clara	6-10	Sr.	21.3
CLAUDE VIRDEN, Murray State	6-5	Sr.	23.5
DEAN MEMINGER, Marquette	6-0	Jr.	16.3

HONORABLE MENTION

Mike Grosso, Louisville; **Jim McDaniels,** Western Kentucky; **Rich Yunkus,** Georgia Tech; **Marvin Roberts,** Utah State; **Bob Lienhard,** Georgia; **Pete Cross,** San Francisco; **Wendell Ladner,** So. Mississippi; **Austin Carr,** Notre Dame; **Nate Archibald,** Texas, El Paso; **Will Hetzel,** Maryland; **Butch Zatezalo,** Clemson; **Dave Cowens,** Florida State; **Don Curnutt,** Miami (Fla.); **Cliff Meely,** Colorado; **Seabern Hill,** Arizona State; **Curtis Rowe, John Vallely,** UCLA; **Jeff Petrie,** Princeton; **Bobby Croft,** Tennessee; **Hayward Dotson,** Columbia; **Dave Robisch,** Kansas

SOPHOMORES TO WATCH

Almer Lee, Arkansas
Henry Seawright, Manhattan
Tom Riker, South Carolina
Steve Hawes, Washington
Billy Shepherd, Butler

greatest asset is his versatility. He is not quite as flashy and prolific a scorer as Pistol Pete, but he is a superior defensive player and, at 6-5, was good enough off the boards to play forward when the Tar Heels needed him there. He will be a swingman again this season, with coach Dean Smith trying to get maximum use out of the one holdover he has from last year's Atlantic Coast Conference championship team. In Scott's two years on the varsity, Carolina has compiled a 55-9 record, twice winning the ACC title and twice advancing to the NCAA semifinals.

Scott, who scored 22.3 ppg last year even though he averaged just 17 shots a game (as opposed to Maravich's 38), was at his best under tournament pressure late in the season. He scored 40 points in a come-from-behind, 85-74 victory over Duke that clinched the ACC crown, sinking 17 of 23 from the field. He followed that a week later by scoring 32 points against Davidson in the NCAA Eastern Regionals, sinking a basket at the buzzer that gave Carolina an 87-85 win. He was the MVP both of the ACC tourney and the NCAA regionals. (For more on Charlie see page 46.)

On the same Saturday afternoon Scott was performing his heroics against Davidson, Rick Mount was doing likewise for Purdue against Marquette in the NCAA Midwest Regionals. With time running out and the score tied, Mount got the ball, dribbled behind a two-man screen, faked to his right, came back to the left, spun around and put up a fade-away jump shot from 20 feet out. It went through at the buzzer.

For a guy who's been perfecting his jump shot ever since he was tall enough to dribble a basketball, the last-second accuracy was nothing. "A player has to have confidence," says Mount. "If you don't, you're lost. I used to take 100 jump shots in practice and hit about 80. Now I hit 82 or 83. It seems that every time I let loose of the ball, it's going in. Shooting always came natural to me."

Doing what came naturally resulted in a 33.2-ppg average last year, which made Rick the No. 2 scorer in the country behind Maravich. With Purdue losing firepower through graduation, the 6-4 Mount could boost his scoring rate a few more points this season, perhaps even to Maravich-like statistics.

The nation's third-leading scorer last year was Calvin Murphy, who averaged 32.4 ppg. It was six points lower than his mark as a sophomore, but was still good enough to make him Niagara's all-time scoring leader after only two years. At 5-10, Murphy has run into some difficulties playing against the bigger boys, but he makes up for his lack of inches by speed, hustle and tremendous leaping ability. One of the quickest guards in the country, Murphy managed to get off 700 shots last year. In one game, against Syracuse, Cal took 46 shots from various distances, making 24 of them and adding 20 of 23 free throws. The 68 points was the most ever scored against a major college in NCAA play. Murphy won 22 individual honors last year, in-

cluding first team UPI "Little Man" All-America recognition.

The antithesis of Murphy on our All-America team is Bob Lanier, a massive 6-11, 265-pounder with a surprisingly soft touch for a man his size. Lanier can move around with the ball, come outside and pop a lazy lefthanded shot over the man guarding him, or muscle his way inside and overpower him. He'll probably be relying on the muscular approach more this year because St. Bonaventure is small up front and needs Lanier underneath the basket. He is a fierce rebounder, finishing sixth nationally two years ago and 13th last year. His scoring and rebound averages in '68-69 were 27.3 and 15.5 a game, respectively.

Another center heads our second team, 6-7 senior Mike Maloy of Davidson. Despite his relatively small size, Maloy has played the low post for the Wildcats and has repeatedly outplayed taller men. Mike averaged 24.6 points and 14.3 rebounds per game last year and was named the Southern Conference player of the year. He has great speed, long arms and exceptional jumping ability. Combined with his quickness, these assets have made him almost unstoppable underneath.

Rudy Tomjanovich of Michigan is another of our second-team selections who excels under the basket. More of a physical player than Maloy, the 6-7½ Tomjanovich is one of the strongest cornermen in the country, and one of the most rapidly improving. The rugged senior forward pulled down 14.2 rebounds per game last year to lead the Big Ten and his scoring average of 25.7 ppg was up more than six points from the year before. Rudy's 48-point performance against Indiana tied Cazzie Russell's Michigan record, and if Tomjanovich continues to score at last year's pace, he could move ahead of Russell as the Wolverines' all-time scoring champion.

Both Maloy and Tomjanovich will make fine pro forwards, so they've been placed in that spot on our team. The center on our second team is little-known Willie Sojourner of equally unknown Weber State. The 6-8½ junior is the next-to-lowest scorer on our first three teams, but his combination of 18.8 points and 13.0 rebounds per game were enough to lead Weber to a 23-2 record last year. Jerry Krause, a scout for the Chicago Bulls, said Sojourner was the best sophomore he saw last season.

John Roche of South Carolina is the other junior on our second team. The 6-2 guard was the ACC Player of the Year and the conference's only unanimous All-Star selection, despite competition from a fellow named Charlie Scott. Roche averaged 23.6 points per game and led the Gamecocks in assists.

Finally, there's one of the few top New York City-bred ballplayers to stay and play in his hometown, Jim McMillian of Columbia. The 6-5 senior was the Lions' leading scorer, leading rebounder and one of the country's best defensive players. Last year he averaged 20.4 points and 9.4 rebounds per game and was selected New York's (*Continued on page* 76)

HOW ONE PRO RATES THE COLLEGE SENIORS

WHEN WE ASKED Baltimore Bullet assistant coach and scout Bob Ferry to assess this year's graduating college talent, he prefaced his choices with two observations: first, that this is indeed a bumper crop of pro prospects, and second, that pro teams no longer necessarily pick solely on the basis of who is the best available ballplayer. "It used to be that you'd pick the best player and that was it," he said. "But now you've got so many teams drafting that you have to fill your needs as soon as possible, otherwise you can get in real trouble on your own ballclub. With a number of teams drafting, and with some of them having spots which won't open up for another five years, you're forced to pick to your needs."

Ferry surprised us, and himself, with some of his choices. Here is his rundown of the senior ballplayers most likely to succeed in the NBA:

1. Bob Lanier, St. Bonaventure—"He's got the ability to make a team a winner right away. He won't be another Alcindor, but he'll be a lot like Willis Reed of the Knicks. They're similar type ballplayers. They're both lefthanders, they have the same size, they both like to shoot that soft jump shot facing the basket. With the ability and size Lanier's got, he could instantly help any team that drafts him."

2. Pete Maravich, Louisiana State—"Pete should be a better pro—though not statistically—than he was a college player. He's got the ability to complement everyone else on the floor. He can move a club. He's a better passer than shooter. There are two kinds of players—those who go out and get great statistics and those who get statistics as well as make everyone else's stats better. Maravich fits into the second category."

3. Charlie Scott, North Carolina—"He's a great shooter with the ability to penetrate to the basket. Scott can create situations out on the floor. He's a lot like Maravich in that he can make the team better while still carrying his share of the scoring load."

4. Rudy Tomjanovich, Michigan—"A great competitor, a good outside shooter and just a great athlete. Rudy is almost perfect for a pro forward. He's a great offensive rebounder and he can handle the ball very well for a man his size. But his biggest asset is quickness."

5. Dennis Awtrey, Santa Clara—"He is tough. Great timing and he's a winner. Awtrey is probably the best defensive player in college. Again, he's one of these guys who complements everyone on the floor. He does the bulk of their rebounding and some good scoring. Still, I'd take him that high on his defensive ability alone."

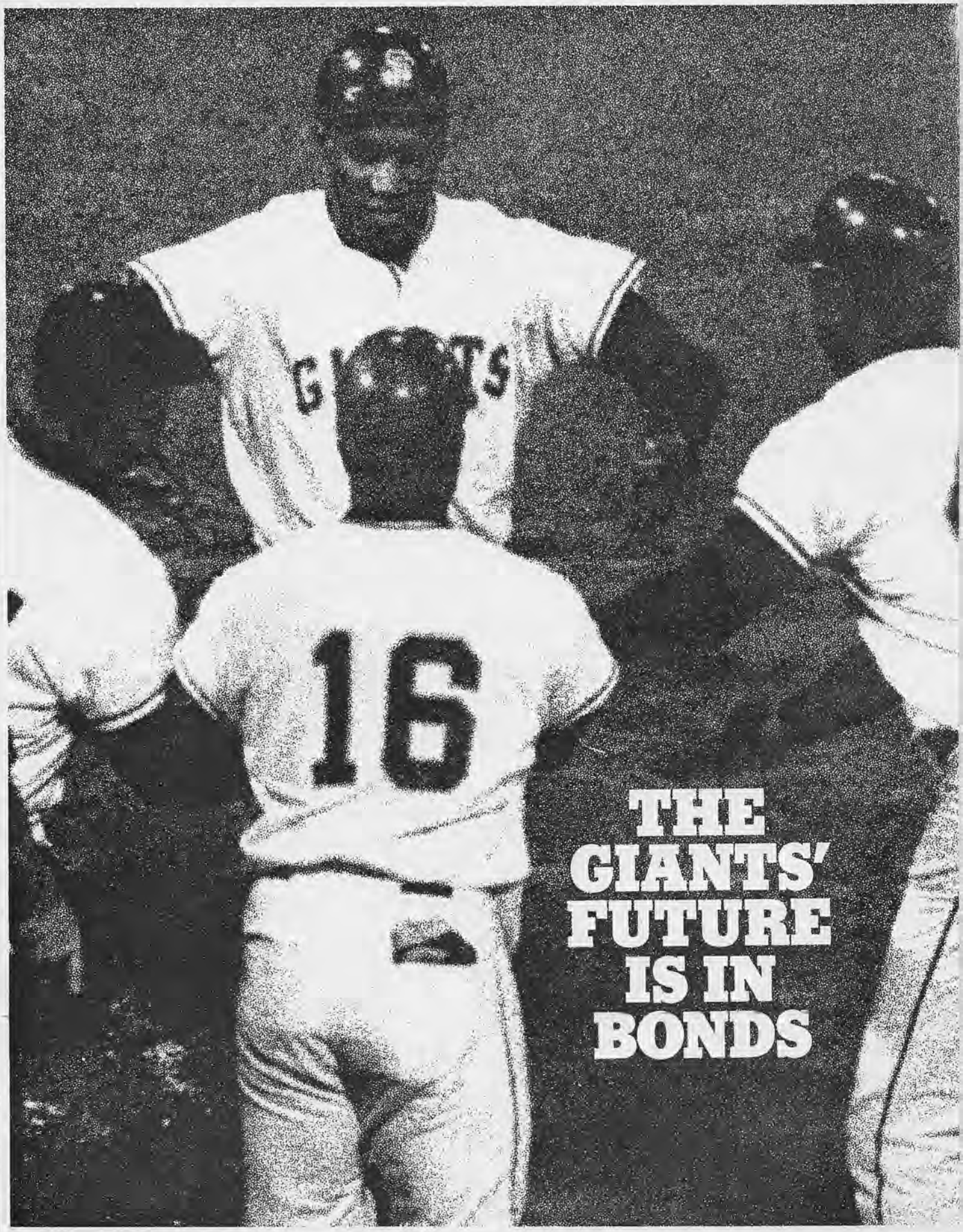
6. Dave Cowens, Florida State—"Because of the idea of drafting to fill a need, I'd make Cowens my next selection. He's agile and quick enough to play the small man on a press, and he's big, strong and can run. Another thing I like about him is that he's a fierce competitor. A real good forward prospect at 6-8."

7. Rick Mount, Purdue—"He's this low because of the need factor. He probably couldn't play much on our team, but he's definitely a pro jump-shooter. If you can do one thing well enough like he can, it's usually enough to carry you. Mount is a smart defensive player, too. On the right club, next to a good ballhandling guard, he'd be perfect."

8. Mike Maloy, Davidson—"I'm almost tempted to go with him over Mount. With his kind of ability he could play anywhere on the floor. He's perfect for the pro game because he can run. He handles the ball well enough and can shoot. He's the kind of player we're looking for. His only problem might be where to play him. Again, if he's with the right team, he's a great prospect."

9. Calvin Murphy, Niagara—"I think he's definitely a good prospect. Of course, he'd have to go to the right club, a club that could afford to match him up defensively. But he could score in our league. Size is a factor only on defense. If he had a man behind him who could help him on defense he'd be okay. He presses very well and could be a good defensive asset. There's no question about his scoring potential."

10. Jim McMillian, Columbia—"Still another guy who would have to fit in with the right team. McMillian can do so many things well. His size (6-5) is a little in between and he might have the same problem as Maloy—where to play."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THE GIANTS' FUTURE IS IN BONDS

By ARNOLD HANO

Forget the record-setting strikeouts—because Bobby will. What counts are the 45 stolen bases and 32 home runs, at age 23

ON THE NIGHT of September 22, 1969—after the Giants had beaten San Diego, 4-2, on Willie Mays' 600th home run—young Bobby Bonds sat outside the pool of a posh motel with a couple of other Giant players, laughing it up. What they were doing, says Bobby Bonds, was watching drunks. A man came down the outside stairs of the motel, with a drink in his hand. Halfway down, he fell, performing the acrobatics drunks do so well. When he landed, unhurt, he hadn't spilled a drop.

It set the tone for a laughing night. All's right with the world. God was watching the drunks, and the Giants were watching the drunks. Geometry tells us that things equal to the same thing are equal to each other. Ergo, the Giants were God.

When you are 23 years young, you can feel this way, especially when your team is leading its division, with eight days to go, and you have hit more than 30 home runs and stolen much more than 30 bases, to join the exclusive 30-30 fraternity. Only three other players had done both in the same season, and two of them were Willie Mays and Hank Aaron. Now, Bobby Bonds, in his first full year of the major leagues.

Nor was it all he did. He fielded his position with a glove like a trap, an arm like a gun, and a range like the Ponderosa. No wonder, then, Bobby Bonds sings while outfielding. The night before he had sung to himself, on the grass, "Oh, Happy Days!"

The night after Bobby Bonds had watched drunks fall down, the Giants began falling. Bonds went hitless the next game, and made an error, and the Giants lost, while Atlanta won. The next night, Bonds went hitless, and twice struck out. In his very first ballgame in the majors on June 25, 1968, he'd hit a home run with the bases full, and joined an even more exclusive club, consisting of himself and one other man. Fifteen months later, Bonds came up in the eighth inning, with the bases loaded and nobody out. This time he struck out, the Giants lost by a single run, and Atlanta won again.

So winning streaks end, division leads melt, and not all the songs are of happy days.

But this is not the story of a pennant race. It is the brief story of a young ballplayer, whose future is closely entwined with the future of his ballclub. Which way, Bobby Bonds? And, therefore, which way, Giants? Yes, Bonds hits home runs (32 in '69) and steals bases (45) and flies through the night to catch mammoth line drives; he throws baseballs great distances true to a waiting baseman. But in 1969 he also struck out more than any man in history. In the year of the hitter, his batting average was .259. He became physically tired, mentally exhausted; he played the last weeks of the campaign sick with the flu, dousing himself with a half-dozen medicines. And the Giants died in second place, the fifth year in a row.

We are talking about pressure, and how it affects men. Whether it will affect Bobby Bonds. What way it will affect him. In 1969, the pressure in the Western Division was painfully exquisite—every day, every inning, every pitch. It piled on, and men had to hunch under the weight.

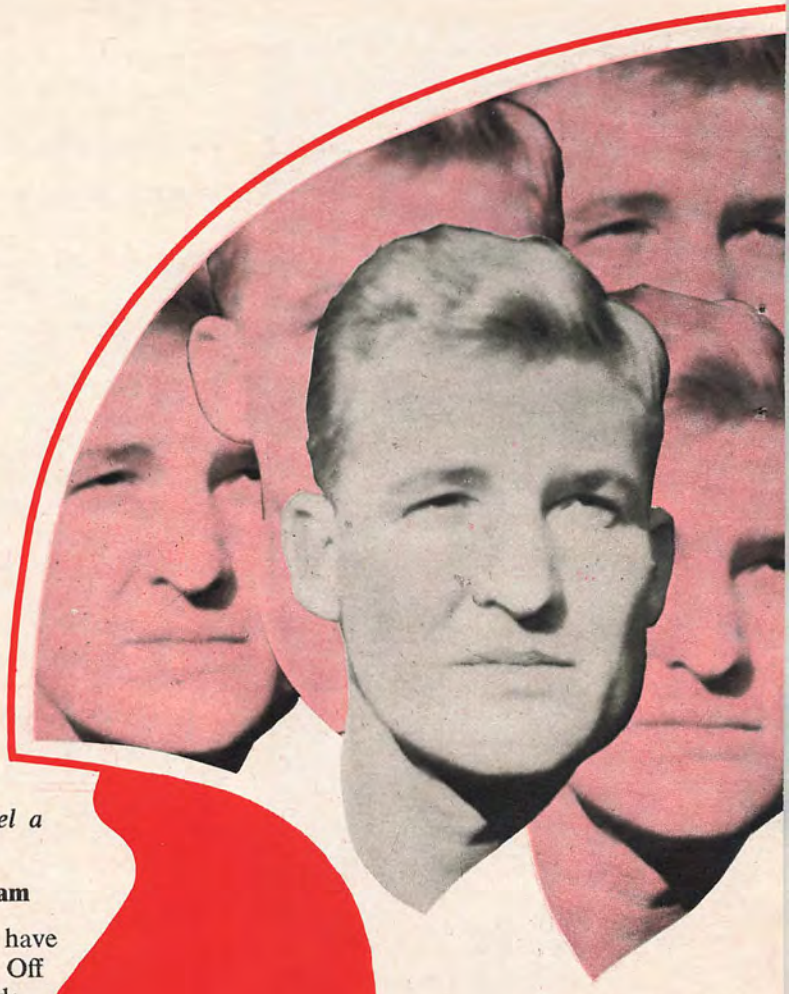
And Bobby Bonds said, sick with the flu, tired and slumping, "Tension? I take it real good. The pennant race does not seem to add any extra pressure." He said of pitchers who kept getting him out and embarrassed him in the process, "All I want is to get in there and face them again, no matter who's pitching." He said of his strikeouts, "I can conquer them."

That is what he said. Ballplayers defend themselves beautifully. You would hardly expect them to say, "I cop out every time the pressure gets great." They say words that assure the listener, and reassure themselves. But there is more to Bobby Bonds than words. And if you are looking for a young man to crack under terrible pressure, the history of Bobby Bonds suggests you look elsewhere.

Bonds' pressure pit did not spring up, fullblown, (*Continued on page* 68)

GREAT RIVALRIES No. 3

By STANLEY FRANK



BOBBY LAYNE

"I don't care if we're just playin' showdown for a nickel a hand. I want to beat your brains in." **Bobby Layne**

"I hate it when my wife beats me at croquet." **Otto Graham**

THEY EACH had a consuming desire to win, and that may have been—right there—the only attitude they had in common. Off the field their idea of fun and games was exactly as stated: poker for Layne, tap-the-ball-through-the-wicket for Graham. On the football field their life-styles followed them, and they proved that a quarterback could win either way. So Layne was the gambler and the individualist, while Graham was the Organization Man, and they became two of the greatest quarterbacks ever to play in the National Football League.

They were rivals in the early 1950s, with Layne leading the Detroit Lions of the Western Division and Graham leading the Cleveland Browns of the East. They faced each other in the championship game in 1952, '53 and '54, the only time two teams and two quarterbacks have ever met three straight years for the NFL title. And they came out of those games with the same feeling toward each other that they had going in: great respect for the other man's ability to win.

"The thing that still impresses me," Graham says today, "is Layne's tremendous competitive drive. The guys on our defensive unit used to tell me he was always encouraging his players, or chewing them out for mistakes. You could tell from the way he handled himself that he was a big-leaguer."

"His approach to the job was different from mine," Layne says of the ultra-serious Graham, "but he got it done. Paul Brown was a helluva coach, but don't forget Graham had to execute the plays."

Their rivalry was a parallel one—two generals leading their armies into war—rather than a head-to-head confrontation. Being quarterbacks, they of course had no contact on the field. And they seldom crossed paths off the field—or, as Graham says with a wry grin, "I never went to Las Vegas."

OTTO GRAHAM

Still, it was a classic rivalry because of the contrasting styles. And, fittingly enough, about the harshest word either ever had to say about the other was in regard to style. Graham always insisted Layne's one weakness was the way he gambled on the field. "He goes overboard on some of his calls," Graham wrote in SPORT in 1960, five years after he had retired and as Layne was nearing the end of his career, with Pittsburgh.

Layne agrees today that Graham may have been right, but he insists he gambled for a reason. "My philosophy was that you've got to throw away the book or they'll read you like one. You've got to cross up the defense to keep 'em guessing. Cleveland always had a tough defensive club and could afford to play a conservative, ball-control game. The Detroit personnel wasn't geared to that type of game. Don't misunderstand me. We had a damn good defensive team, but we were a more emotional bunch than the Browns and needed the kind of lift taking chances gives you."

Much of that emotionalism stemmed from Layne, who spoke with a soft, barely audible drawl off the field, but whose high-pitched voice dropped two octaves on the field and took on an imperious ring that could be heard above the roar of a packed stadium. He bossed his men with authority, and tolerated no lip from the troops. He permitted no one to talk in the huddle except to report on a lapse in the enemy defense. If one of his men missed an assignment, particularly on a pass, Layne gave him a tongue-lashing that cast doubts on his ancestry, intelligence and moral fiber.

Layne's willingness to gamble is reflected in the all-time passing statistics. He had more passes intercepted than any quarterback in pro history—but he also played 15 years, and only Sammy Baugh, with 16, played longer. To balance the picture, Layne also ranks third (behind Johnny Unitas and Y. A. Tittle) in completed passes, total yardage and touchdown passes.

Graham, on the other hand, was considerably more precise with his passing; in 1953 he completed 64.7 percent. It was a precision that Paul Brown demanded from his quarterback, just as he demanded total obe-

Layne was a strong runner when he had to be. Bobby scored the first touchdown of the 1952 title game with a two-yard plunge.

dience to the game plan. Fortunately for both coach and quarterback, Graham was the ideal extension of Brown on the field. Like Brown, Graham didn't smoke, didn't drink and was totally dedicated to football.

Brown was first aware of Graham when Otto was setting Big Ten records at Northwestern. Graham graduated in 1944, entered the Navy as an officer and played service football. When Brown began putting together a Cleveland team in the new All-America Conference, the first player he signed was Graham. Beginning in 1946, and for three more years, Graham, Brown and Cleveland dominated the AAC. Their debut in the NFL in 1950 was a huge success, including a 30-28 victory over Los Angeles in the title game.

Up until that time Graham had been permitted to call every play in the huddle, like most quarterbacks. But starting in 1952 Brown sent in a guard with each play—a system Graham swallowed like a good soldier even though he hardly agreed with it at the time.

"I think Brown introduced the messenger system," says Graham, "because he felt he was being bypassed when I spoke on the phone to Blanton Collier, our observer in the press box (and the Cleveland coach today). Once Brown started to send in the plays, he called everything with the exception of occasional automatics. The automatics had been the only area in which Brown and I had any serious difficulties. Brown thought any advantage that might be gained by hitting a vulnerable spot would be cancelled out by missed assignments when players had to change for an automatic on the spur of the moment. We argued the pros and cons for several years and Brown finally permitted me to switch when I thought it was advisable."

Graham throws up his hands at the memory. "All players at times resent the things done by the head coach," Graham says. "I'd get upset with Brown, and I didn't appreciate the planning and organization he brought to his job. Now that I'm older I realize that Brown was as good as any man who ever coached this game."

Layne shares Graham's high regard for Brown, and he's still annoyed at sportswriters who, because they didn't like Brown's high-handed manner, wrote that Layne couldn't have played for Brown because he never would have knuckled under.

"That's a crock. Brown was a great coach and I would've taken orders from him because I respected him," says Layne. "A coach can't fool his players. They know if he's competent and if they're convinced he will win games for them they'll go down the line with him. You have trouble on a ballclub only when the players have no confidence in the coach."

Layne knows whereof he speaks, because he helped lead a rebellion on the Lions against a coach the players did not have confidence in. Layne's role in the thing seemed to require more guts than brains, because he was hardly an established star. He had graduated from the University of Texas in June 1948 after an All-America career there, but had trouble finding a permanent pro home. As a rookie with the Chicago Bears he was the third-string quarterback, behind Sid Luckman and Johnny Lujack. The next season, 1949, he was traded to the New York Bulldogs, who in turn sent him to Detroit after they had won one game in 11.

Bobby became the Lions' No. 1 quarterback in 1950, leading the league in yards gained passing, but the big news that year was the forced ouster of coach Bo McMillin. The players had been alienated by McMillin's stringent training rules and by some of his choices of first-string personnel. Layne, along with Doak Walker and Cloyce Box, presented a formal players' protest to the owners and McMillin was released at the end of the season.

McMillin's replacement was assistant coach Buddy Parker, who was to

In the '54 playoff, Graham threw for two touchdowns and scored two himself—one from the five-yard line, another from the one.

Layne what Brown was to Graham. Parker, like Layne, was a fellow Texan, and neither was opposed to breaking open a bottle every so often. As long as the Lions showed up on the field the next day, ready to knock heads, Parker was willing to forsake some of the training rules.

Also like Layne, Parker was good copy. I remember asking him after the 1952 title game if he might start sending in the plays for Layne, the way Brown did for Graham. "Nah," said Parker. "There's no use telling Bobby what to do, because he doesn't listen to me."

Layne smiles today when told of the conversation. "He was putting you on," says Bobby. "Buddy constantly told me what plays would work and left it to my discretion to pop them at the right time. Maybe he didn't send them in on every play as Brown did, but he fed me a lot of good dope when the other team had the ball. I spent four times as many hours with Buddy before a game as anybody on the team, discussing strategy. After listening to him for a week, you had to be an awful dummy not to know what he wanted done.

"He was fantastic in preparing for a game. We had a lot of emotional types and Buddy was smart enough to realize he couldn't get them up for a top effort in every game. We always had all kinds of trouble with Washington and Green Bay, who were the dogs of the league then, but we generally played a whale of a game against Cleveland and Los Angeles, the team to beat in the Western Division.

"Buddy also was the best I've ever seen at pairing off personnel to take advantage of a mismatch. He always was coming up with a gimmick that caught the other team by surprise—like playing Jim Doran, an offensive end, on defense in the 1952 playoff game, then switching him back to the offense the next year."

The first of the three Lions-Browns championship games was set up when Detroit beat the Rams in a playoff for the Western title, 31-27, on a touchdown in the final 30 seconds. The Lions were a physically battered team after that game, but the Browns were in even worse shape after a meaningless last-game loss to the Giants. End Mac Speedie and running back Dub Jones would be lost for the title game, and placekicker-tackle Lou Groza sustained banged-up ribs that would cause him to miss three vital field goals against Detroit.

Before the game, Paul Brown told his players that the most important thing for them was "to stop Layne. He is the most mobile quarterback in the league. He not only throws the ball very effectively, but he's the Lions' second-best ballcarrier."

But it was the Detroit defense that would prove the Lions' ultimate weapon, once Layne got them on the scoreboard. Four times the defense stopped Cleveland inside the Lions' 25-yard line. "We had a tackle from Yale, John Prchlik, who played the game of his life," Layne recalls, "and in our secondary Jim David, Yale Lary and Ollie Cline stuck to Graham's receivers like the dew covers Dixie, but the key man was Jim Doran."

In those days blitzes were seldom seen, but Parker decided Doran, a second string offensive end, would be a good man for such a maneuver. So Parker put him at defensive left end. "Doran wasn't big," says Layne, "but he was very fast and the idea was to have him bust in there and rush Graham on passes. It doesn't sound risky now, but it was daring at the time because it left that side of the line vulnerable to runs off tackle. Doran mixed up his jockeying often enough to louse up Cleveland's blocking assignments in the backfield on running and pass plays."

The gamble paid off in the first period after Graham had briskly moved the Browns to the Lions' 17. On third down and short yardage, Doran blew in and hit Graham for an 11-yard loss to stop the drive.

Near the end of the period Detroit got an offen- (*Continued on page* 87)

THE **SPORT** BOOK BONUS

FAT CITY

By LEONARD GARDNER

EDITOR'S NOTE: When "Fat City" was published last fall, it was acclaimed as one of the finest first novels to come along in years. "In his pity and art," wrote famed mystery writer Ross Macdonald of the young author, Leonard Gardner, "he moves beyond race, beyond guilt and punishment, as Twain and Melville did, into a tragic forgiveness. I have seldom read a novel as beautiful and individual as this one." In the following excerpts, Gardner depicts the less fortunate beginnings of another young pro—a fighter working up from California's bleak tank towns.

A CARLOAD of boxers departed in the rain. They rode past the county hospital, past leafless vineyards, orchards and walnut groves, barns, chicken pens and puddle-covered fields. On the back seat, slumped between Wes Haynes and Buford Wills—both wearing small black hats with upturned brims—sat Ernie Munger. Ruben Luna was driving. Beside him Babe Azzolino rode with Bobby Burgos, a Filipino bantamweight, who was his only fighter of the night. While the two managers talked on and on, Ernie nodded, dozed and jerked awake.

"We got the winners," said Ruben. "What do you think?"

"I'd say we got the winners."

"We got four sure winners. You know what I'd like to do some day? I'd like to take these guys to England. They appreciate class over there. When I turn these boys pro I'd really like to make that trip."

In Salinas they had a dinner of chili burgers. "This guy can't fight," said Ruben, sitting across from Ernie in the booth. "You'll knock him out. How you feel? Hardly wait to get in there?"

"I'll give it all I got," said Ernie.

"You may have to go the four rounds, so don't punch yourself out. Don't lose your head."

"I won't. I'll pace myself."

"It goes fast, though, so don't hang back."

"I won't hang back. I'll give it everything I got."

"Yeah, but you want to pace yourself. Buford, your guy's been around so you don't want to let him get a good shot at you. But he's a boozer, you know how these soldiers are. He won't go the limit."

Fog was blowing above the roofs and trees when they reached Monterey. Del Monte Gardens was near the edge of town. Ruben Luna, leaning slightly backward, coat and sweater unbuttoned, shirt open at the throat, hat back and arms swinging, led the way in. Several boxers were already in the dressing room, resting on tables, undressing, moving nervously around amid a murmur of voices and tense clearing of noses. Lightheaded from hours on the road, Ernie listlessly took off his clothes. In new boxing shoes, leather cup and a pair of purple-trimmed gold trunks with a monogrammed A, he shifted about while Ruben wrapped his hands, moving with him, winding the gauze and muttering to him to keep still. With narrow strips of adhesive, the bandages were taped down and anchored between each finger. The gloves Ruben pulled first onto his own hands, pounding and kneading the padding away from the knuckles before he removed them and, braced, held them for Ernie to work on. They were smaller than those Ernie had trained with, and he shuffled in his light shoes, swinging his arms while Ruben pursued him, smearing Vaseline around his eyes and down the bridge of his nose. When his name was called through the doorway, he began wildly shadowboxing.

"Hold off. You'll wear yourself out. We got to go on now," said Ruben. "Babe, get the towels, get the towels."

"I didn't get a chance to warm up," Ernie complained.

"That's okay, you're ready. Just stay loose. Where's the bucket?"

"I got the bucket in my hand," whispered Babe.

"Got the bottle?"

"The bottle's right here in the bucket."

"You put the water in it?"

"I wouldn't bring an empty bottle."

"I'm just asking. I don't want to bring my kid out there without any water."

"I got the damn water. Take it easy. I told you I got the water."

The three went out into the crowd. The referee, a short, bald, heavy man in gray, was leaning back with outspread arms on the ropes. A towel around his shoulders, Ernie scuffed his shoes in the resin box under the blazing lights. When he went to his corner, Ruben gripped the back of his neck and tried to shove the teeth protector into his mouth. Resisting, Ernie broke away and spit out his gum.

The bell tolled in summons. Whistles, restive clapping, echoed in the arena. At last a Mexican in a brilliant red robe jogged down the aisle, followed by his handlers. Ducking through the ropes, he caught a foot, and his lunge into the ring was converted to prancing and shadowboxing, a second scurrying after him attempting to untie the robe.

"Good," said Ruben. "You got the reach."

His name was Manuel Rosales. At the scattered applause given its announcement, Ernie was uneasy; but at his own introduction there was the same tribute to his merely being here in trunks. Ruben and Babe were out of the ring now but their massaging hands were still on him. The house lights went off and Rosales faced him across the white canvas. Startled by the bell and a shove against his back, Ernie bounded forward. His opponent turned around in his corner, went down on one knee and crossed himself. He rose immediately, his hair, in a grown-out crew cut, standing up like a wild boar's bristles. The two touched gloves across the referee's arm. Ernie, embarrassed about hitting Rosales so soon after prayer, reached out to touch gloves again and was struck on the side of the head. Offended, he lashed out and felt the thrilling impact of bone through the light gloves. Stirred by shouts, amazed by his power over the crowd, he sprang in, punching, and was jolted by a flurry. He backed off. Chewing on the mouthpiece, he danced around the ring while Rosales charged after him, swinging and missing. The referee maneuvered his nimble bulk out of their way, and the opposing seconds shouted unheeded instructions.

"Jab! Throw the right! Throw the right! Jab! One-two!"

"Pegale! Tirale al cuerpo! Abajo! Abajo!"

Between rounds Ruben coached with a ruthless expression Ernie had never seen on him before, his arms sometimes punching out in demonstrations.

"Step in and nail him. Understand what I mean?"

"Hook," croaked Babe, leaning through the ropes with the tape-covered water bottle.

At the bell, Ruben's hands were at Ernie's buttocks, heaving him up off the stool, and when Ernie came back after a round of dancing and jabbing, he was hit in the face with a wet sponge. He was rubbed, patted, squeezed and kneaded. Cold water was poured into his trunks. He was harangued, he was reprimanded, and he listened to nothing at all. As he stood up, (*Continued on page* 79)

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DAVE STALLWORTH:

"I'M ONE LUCKY MAN"

. . . lucky to be playing again in the NBA, luckier still to be alive and leading a normal life after a heart attack at 25

By JAY NEUGEBOREN

THE LAST GAME of the exhibition season was over, and in the locker room Dave Stallworth was stuffing his New York Knick uniform into his travel bag. He nodded, more to himself than to anyone else, then shook his head sideways as if he didn't believe what he was saying. "I'm one lucky man," he said. His usually high-pitched voice was low, mature; in his rookie season five years before, his teammates had called it a "chipmunk" voice because of the way it squeaked. He spoke slowly now, repeating to himself: "I'm one *very* lucky man."

In three days it would be official. The teams would be introduced for the start of the first game of the 1969 NBA season, and, at the sound of his name, 14,796 fans in Madison Square Garden would rise from their seats and give Dave Stallworth a standing ovation—a crescendo of applause and feeling and admiration which would last for over a minute. At that point one of the most miraculous comebacks in all of sports history would become a fact. Two and a half years before, when he was 25 years old, after he'd had chest pains during the warmups for a game in Fresno, California, against the Warriors, Dave had been struck by what was diagnosed as a heart attack. He'd spent 27 straight days on his back in New York's St. Clare's hospital. "They tried to let me down easy," he said, remembering. "But what they were saying was that my career was over." Tests and more tests, lots of rest, no exertion, no ball, thousands of letters from fans—and, during those first 27 days, before he'd been allowed to even walk from his bed, no visitors. "That was the hardest part."

The locker room was clearing out now. Dave was unwinding, talking about himself more than he usually did. Drops of sweat still glistened on his broad brown shoulders like bits of tinsel. He'd had his best game of the exhibition season—15 points, six rebounds, three steals and four assists in 23 minutes of play; he had, in fact, started a game for the first time, replacing Dave DeBusschere. While the Bullets won, 119-108, Stallworth had played the best game of any Knick.

On the opening play of the game, he'd almost stolen the ball, and when he missed, his face contorted slightly: a grimace—as if he were cursing himself, as if he'd bitten into a bitter lemon. "Come on, Dave," you could hear him saying to himself. "Come on now. You're okay . . ." A minute later, though, he'd scored the first Knick basket on a short jumper; a minute after that, he'd hit on a high

soft one from the corner. "That was Dave Stallworth," Knick public address announcer John Condon said each time, and each time the crowd in the Westchester County Center cheered.

Dave moved in streaks, looking as if he were still the most agile 6-7½ man in the NBA—bringing the ball upcourt, crashing the boards, following his shots in, stealing the ball, moving into the pivot when Willis Reed moved out, hitting from the corners. Midway in the third quarter he'd brought the crowd to its feet with two consecutive steals. On the first he'd dribbled all the way downcourt, stopped at the foul line, faked, then taken the shot himself and scored. A second later, on a Knick miss, he'd gone so high in the air his fingers seemed to climb almost to the top of the backboard, and in mid-air he had plucked the ball out of the hands of a Baltimore Bullet player who'd got the rebound, and while the two players seemed frozen at rim-level, Dave had stuffed the ball back into the Knick basket.

I reminded him of the play. "It felt good," he said, smiling. "But I played poor. It's my legs. I asked the coach to take me out in the second half. I was really bushed. The legs aren't what they were. But I'm coming along—got things to learn. But coming along, coming along. I'll be ready for the season." He laughed then and his upper lip seemed to curl past his moustache. "I shouldn't say things like this, I suppose, but I'll tell you the truth—we played poor tonight. I mean, we played *horrible*. It'll be different, though, when the season starts. All the guys relax some in these games, but when it's for the real stuff, they'll be okay. We have a superior club, a lot different from two years ago. We're more of a real *team* now, you know what I mean? We only got one ball on the floor at a time and we know it. When the season starts, we'll be there . . ." Did he himself let down in the preseason games, the practices? He shook his head. "No, but I don't just have to prove something to others—I've got to prove something to myself."

We were the last ones out of the locker room and I remembered the first time, a few weeks before, when we'd talked. I'd driven out to the Knicks' training camp at Farmingdale, Long Island, where, in a gym set amid the cows and barns and silos of a state agricultural college, they were preparing for the 1969 season. I'd watched Dave for a couple of practices before we'd talked at any length, trying to imagine what it would be like to have a heart attack at 25, to think you could never again do the thing you loved most in the world, to be told two years later that you were 100 percent okay and could play again—but still to live with possibilities and fears that never entered the lives of others.

Running along the sideline as the ball was brought upcourt after each basket, Dave would run the fingers of

A warm ovation greeted Dave's return to Madison Square Garden in October. He had a lot of catching up to do with the improved Knicks, but quickly fit right in.

his right hand across his tongue, the way a football quarterback does. "Give it here, Clyde," he'd yell to Walt Frazier when he was open, a pained looked on his face when Frazier didn't spot him. "Here now—" He moved easily, his neck hunched over slightly, shoulders up, as if he were outside on a cold day. He seemed a bit slower than I remembered him from his first two seasons, when he'd been the Knicks' sixth man —a wild erratic streak player who'd averaged just under 13 points for the two seasons before he'd been struck. A silver medallion hung around his neck and flew in and out of his practice uniform. Dave fingered it as he moved around the court. There were sweatbands on each of his wrists. He seemed heavier than he'd been two years before—and more solid in the way he played, as if his experience had matured him as a ballplayer. He directed traffic on offense, stole the ball on defense, still wobbled his head when he faked, and—something I hadn't remembered him for—he seemed to always see the open man, to hit him with bullet passes. He was the most aggressive player in the workouts—and one of the steadiest.

If on the court, at 27 years old, Dave was living out a dream which he'd never thought possible during that first hospital stay—on the sidelines, sitting on a bench, I was living out, at 31 years old, one of the dreams I'd had when I was a schoolyard ballplayer growing up in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn, a dream to be nurtured by every boy for whom sports has for a time been the whole world. I was on my first assignment as a sports reporter—I was, that is, doing what I'd dreamed of doing when I'd been eight and ten and 12 and 15 years old: I was getting into secret practices, I was getting to meet the players, to talk with them, to sit around the locker room after games. And, at 31, it still seemed a dream, and—as I soon found out—I was still a nervous kid. I remembered the many times I'd been late for work after school during high school because I'd sat too long in the balcony of the Erasmus gym, watching practice sessions.

"They shouldn't brand a guy for life when he's so young," Dave said to me after a practice. We were eating dinner together, and we'd been talking about Connie Hawkins, and about all the other players who'd been banned from the NBA because they'd been implicated in the point-fixing scandals. Dave was holding half a chicken in his hand, chewing from it. Once the doctors had given him the okay to play, his weight had dropped from a puffy 243 to a solid 218. "What about Roger Brown?" asked Nate Bowman, the Knick reserve center who'd played with Dave at Wichita State. Dave nodded, smiled boyishly. "If we let Connie back, we got to do something for Roger too, right?" And Doug Moe? I asked—referring to another ABA star banned from the NBA, one who'd played in my own Brooklyn schoolyard, who'd been a few years behind me when I'd been a student at Erasmus. "All of them, all of them—" Dave said, grinning out from under the sleek black cowboy hat he was wearing to dinner. His smile—light flashing from a front tooth capped with a five-pointed gold star—was infectious, and we all smiled with him. "We got to let them all play, right? You shouldn't brand a guy for life so young, that's all."

We'd been talking like this for a while—about the fixes, about the Rucker tournament in Harlem where Dave had played during previous summers, about the schoolyard. "There's a lot of pride in the schoolyard," Dave said. "A lot of pride—even after you make it in college and the pros. I mean, you give something extra in your schoolyard." He laughed. "Got the weight off me last summer—it's one hundred and ten degrees sometimes in Wichita—one-ten!" He leaned across to get another pitcher of water—he'd already emptied two—then his face shifted, he became serious. "Okay," he said to me. "You can give me the questions now—"

You shouldn't brand a guy for life when he's so young: Dave's own words twirled around in my brain. Did he realize that he could have been talking about himself? I mumbled something back to him. "Come on, come on," he said, trying to loosen me up. "It's okay; let's get on with it—" But, like a 12-year-old, I froze. I couldn't ask him anything. I shook my head, felt my hands get sweaty. How, I wondered, did you ask a man how he felt about having had a heart attack?

I shrugged and told him that it was okay, that the kind of talk we'd been having was fine, just fine. If I'd been his friend, I thought, and we'd been sitting around the school-

yard, resting against a fence between games, it would have been different. I could have said what I was feeling: I'm real happy you can play again, Dave—hope you have a good season. I could have asked him how he was feeling, how things had been. But as a "reporter" I felt strange about asking such questions, and I asked myself questions about the right of men such as myself to invade other men's private lives. I saw myself as the earnest reporter on TV who's always there in the midst of tragedy—grotesquely so: "Could you tell us how you felt when you heard your boy had lost his leg, Mrs. Smith?"

Now, after the last preseason game, after I'd gotten to know Dave, I joked with him about how I'd frozen that time. "That's okay, Jay," he said, laughing. "I mean, if you could of just come on like an old pro your first time out, why that would have been—" he paused "—that would have been a *miracle.*" He smiled. "Like if I'd felt just like my old self the very first time back on the court." I told him that I still felt the same way—that there were certain things in a man's life I thought should remain private, his own. He nodded. "I'll tell you something, though—as long as I can live my private life the way I want to, everything's okay. You ask your questions and if I don't want to answer, I'll let you know, okay?"

And he began talking about March 7, 1967, and the night in which he'd first experienced the pains. "It was real sudden," he said. "No warning at all. Nothing like it had ever happened before. We'd been laying around that afternoon in the hotel, the way you do before a game, not doing anything special—watching television, I think. I had a ham sandwich and a Coke for supper." He nodded, affirming his memory. "There were only four games to go in the season, you see. Anyway, we got to the gym and it was real hot there. I remember that. We were playing in Fresno, against the Warriors, and a few of us asked them to turn the heat down. It was *real* hot. But when we came out to warm up it was still pretty hot. I took off my sweats. I felt okay, though, and I started warming up. I went to one end of the court and shot some jump shots—jump jump jump—" He moved his hands, imitating himself. "Then I took this soft easy hook shot, lefty, and—" Dave's hands fell on his chest now, palms spread wide. "—I felt this thing pulling. It surprised me. Like somebody was sitting on my chest, you know what I mean? Real heavy." He paused. I noticed a few grey hairs showing among the black ones in his beard. "Just like somebody sitting on my chest."

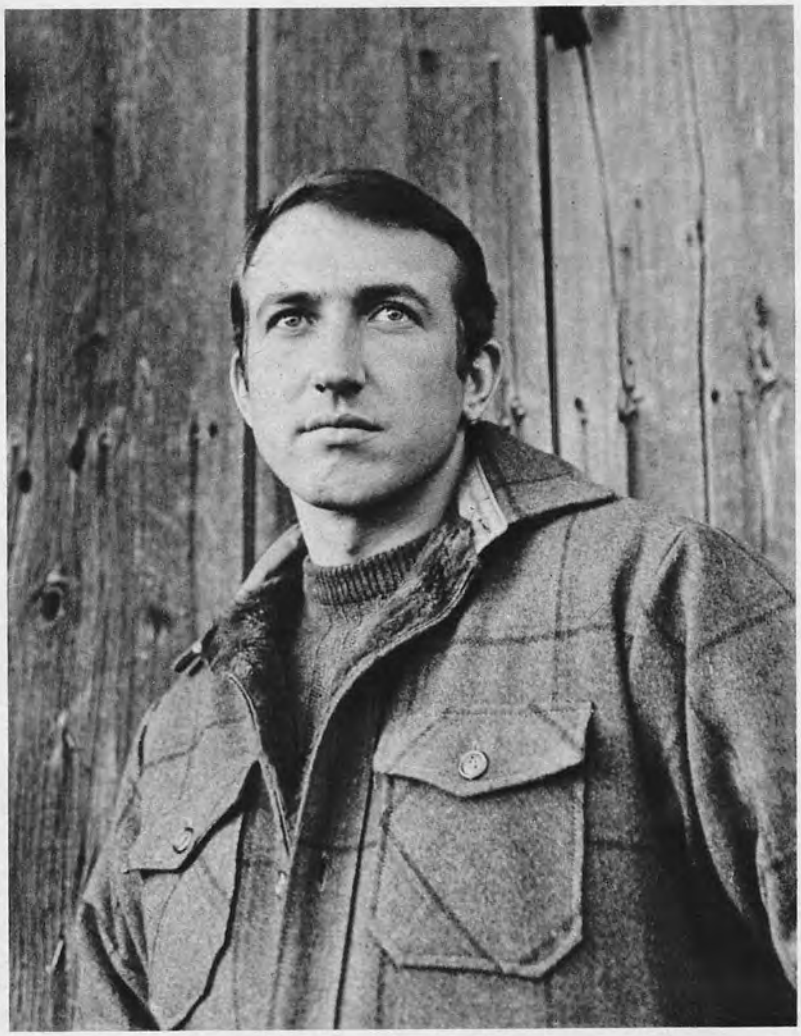
Dave sat out that game. "It didn't feel any worse than bad indigestion, you know? But the pains stayed there and the Warrior doctor, he had me take an EKG the next day just to be sure. It was negative and I got the green light to play in Frisco that night. The doctor, though, he suggested I get somebody to check on me when I got to New York. To play it safe. I played in Frisco that second night and I felt fine. I got hit in the leg, otherwise I would have played more." Dave cringed slightly at the thought: —if he'd played a full game? "Then, two days later, in New York, I went to see a heart specialist the team sent me to and he took another EKG on me; this time it was positive and man, he didn't even wait. They shipped me straight from his office to the hospital, to St. Clare's. They ran all these tests on me. They told me I'd had a heart attack—very mild." According to Knick doctor Kazuo Yanagisawa, Dave had suffered a posterior coronary. How he had made it through the two games and back across the country was only one of the many miracles and mysteries in Dave's young life.

We were at the bottom of the stairs of the Westchester County Center and Dave was suddenly cornered by a few dozen kids who'd been waiting for him. His face lit up. "Hey, one at a time, one at a time." His mood shifted almost magically, from serious to playful. It was obvious that he loved the kids. "Lay off my valise there, or I don't sign, you hear?" he said. Some of his own friends were waiting for him and they teased him. He smiled. After signing for about five minutes he walked outside. A kid ran up to him and handed him a scorecard. Dave stopped, put his bag down, set his hands on his hips and joshed the kid. "Hey, what are you—*blind?* I'm the same guy who just signed your card in there! You blind, man? I'm the same guy," Then he broke into a

When told he could play again, he felt like he could "jump over a building."

big grin and took the kid's scorecard. "What team do you play for?" the kid asked. "The Bullets," Dave answered, deadpan, and patted the kid on the head.

The rest of Dave's story makes the kind of history we all need more of. He went back to Wichita after he was let out of St. Clare's, after he'd been told that his career was over. "That was hard," he said, simply. "Real hard. That was the hardest." In Wichita he enrolled at Wichita State and took 12 hours (he still needs three more credits for his degree, something he kids himself about), played golf, did some scouting for the Knicks, and went for regular checkups and tests. He felt good, and so, without telling his doctors, he began sneaking in some schoolyard ball. He laughs about it now. "I'd be sure never to play on a day when I had a doctor's visit, you know? Man, I was something—don't know how I did it. But I'd sneak in as much as I could—going slow at first, then faster when nothing bad happened. The guys in the schoolyard, I think they were more scared than I was. They treated me like an invalid. They'd throw me a basketball and tell me to go shoot baskets by myself while (*Continued on page* 79)



SPORT FASHIONS WITH

JERRY KOOSMAN

Photographed by MARTIN BLUMENTHAL

JERRY KOOSMAN won 19 games as a rookie in 1968, but started this past season with a sore arm, raising fears that a great career might be doomed before it really had begun. Fortunately for the New York Mets, Koosman's arm came around and the 26-year-old lefthander won game after game during the Mets' successful pennant drive in August and September. He wound up the regular season with a 17-9 record, and with even greater moments still ahead of him in the World Series. The Baltimore Orioles beat Tom Seaver in the opening game and the task of bringing the Mets back fell to Koosman. The 6-2, 205-pounder responded by pitching six innings of no-hit ball to beat Dave McNally, 2-1. In the fifth and final game, Kooz downed McNally again, 5-3, and the Mets were champs.

(Left) Jerry wears a plaid, pile-lined jacket-shirt by Woolrich. The sweater underneath is by Sabre.

Undistracted (right), Jerry watches a portable transistor TV by Panasconic while wearing an alpaca-trimmed coat by Zero King and Gates Mills gloves.

Still a farmboy at heart (left), Kooz relaxes in a leather, shearlined bombardier jacket by McGregor, shirt and pants by Mister Pants and Antique Brown leather boots with wraparound straps by Rand Shoe.

(Right) Jerry's double-breasted, dynel fur coat is by McGregor, his Durene knit turtleneck by Quality Mills, leather cut-out gloves by Gates Mills and shoes by Bostonian.

For cold weather treks (below), Kooz has a belted poplin safari jacket, lined with acrylic—a Windbreaker by Van Heusen. He wears a Pendleton sweater. The radio is a Motorola TP58 portable model.

Jerry's most effective pitches are the curve and the fastball. He worked a total of 17⅔ innings in the 1969 World Series and gave up only four runs on seven hits for a 2.00 ERA

"CHARLIE FOR GOD!..."

a University of North Carolina student after Charlie Scott's last-second basket beat Davidson, 87-85

"IT JUST PROVES NIGGERS CHOKE IN THE CLUTCH..."

the same student after North Carolina's 92-65 loss to Purdue five days later

By BOB RUBIN

THE DAY AFTER the Purdue game last March, Charlie Scott sat on a bed in a Louisville motel room. A visitor had just asked him to describe himself, to sum up this black man named Charlie Scott, the first black man ever to play basketball for North Carolina.

"First I would say he is a person who responds to a challenge," said Charlie, straining for the words. "He doesn't like to lose. . . He doesn't believe he ever will lose. I would say he's certainly open-minded. . . I would say he looks for the time when things will be more peaceable between people. . . I would say he's just a person who wants to be able to go to sleep at night and not worry about what tomorrow will bring. . . "

It's doubtful Charlie Scott will ever find the peace he seeks. The handsome, slim 6-5 basketball star, whose face is long and lean like his body, has set himself upon a course that promises more turmoil than tranquility. He is vulnerable to attack from two sides. He is a target for those people who, in their exquisite bigotry, know how Negroes perform in the clutch. And, ironically, he is also vulnerable to the taunts of some black men for his faith in a system they no longer can believe in. They resent his participation in the Olympics, his pioneering at North Carolina, his ambitions of becoming a lawyer and perhaps even a politician.

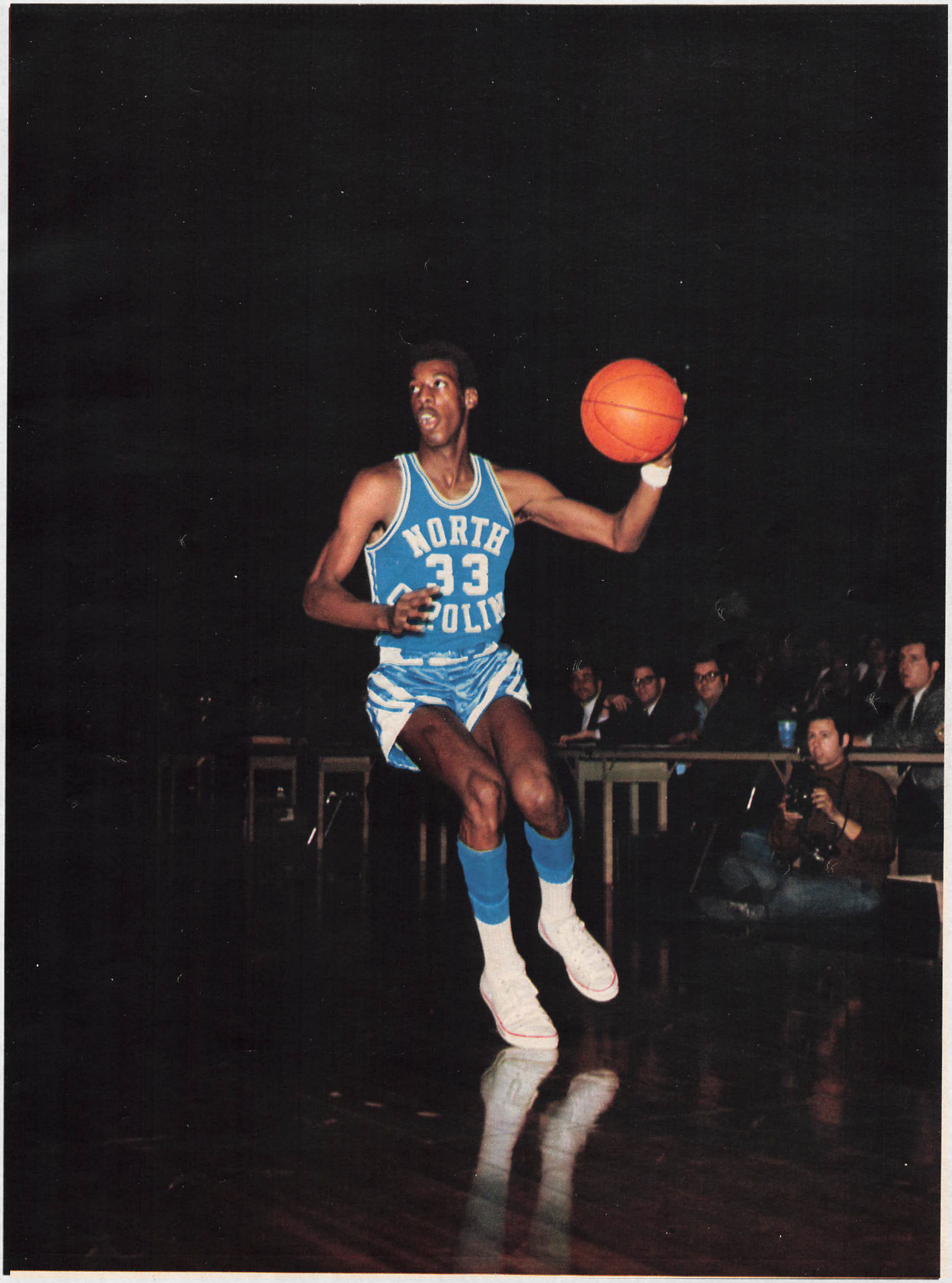
Scott did not sleep peacefully that night in Louisville. He and North Carolina had been beaten by Purdue in the NCAA semifinals and would be meeting Drake in a meaningless game for third place. Also, Charlie was still "feeling frustrated" over what he considered injustices by certain newspapermen. Two weeks earlier they had chosen sophomore John Roche of South Carolina as Atlantic Coast Conference Player of the Year. But Scott, at forward and guard, had averaged 22.3 points per game, had led North Carolina to its third straight ACC championship and its third straight NCAA Eastern Regional title, and Charlie frankly thought *he* deserved to be ACC Player of the Year. Scott also thought he deserved to be a unanimous All-Conference selection, but that honor too fell only to Roche. Then, in what Scott considered a final affront, South Carolina's Frank McGuire was named ACC Coach of the Year over North Carolina's Dean Smith.

When the writers' choices were first announced, Scott angrily denounced them as racist and said he might not return to North Carolina for his senior year. However, by the time he spoke to the visitor in the Louisville motel, he had grown more philosophical about his disappointment and had dropped the threat of leaving school. "Maybe in retrospect the awards could have gone either way," he said. "Maybe I was being selfish and egotistical and bullheaded like some people think. But I just thought we had done so much in the conference and for the conference that we deserved some special recognition. Why we didn't get it? . . . well, you tell me why.

"But I'm not sorry I spoke up, even if people don't like me for it. It's okay for sportswriters to say what they think, but for some reason people don't like to hear athletes talk up. That's why I don't think I'll ever be Player of the Year now. They'll remember this. But maybe by talking up I can prevent this from happening to someone else. I don't consider it so much an injustice to me as an injustice to black athletes and people everywhere. I'm trying to tell them that there is no prejudice in the ACC—how do I explain this? By opening my mouth, at least I focused attention on the voting. It will be watched more closely in the future."

Scott's personal feelings? He smiled an enigmatic smile. "Yes, it has affected me," he said, "it has to affect you. But when I came here I expected problems, and I'm not going to turn and run at the first sign of them. You win some and you lose some. That's life."

Scott will be put further to the test this season; for the first time in his life he seems destined to be part of an also-ran. Four Tar Heel starters and two top reserves from last year have graduated. That leaves only Charlie and a lot of question marks to help defend the ACC title against a potentially great South Carolina team. "Yes, they have to be rated favorites," Scott said a month before the start of his senior year, "but in a way that's exciting. For once we don't have the height, or the experience. For once we're the underdogs. I looked at the magazines and I can't even find us rated on the back covers. It may sound strange, but I like it. It should be fun. It's a challenge." (*Continued on page* 89)

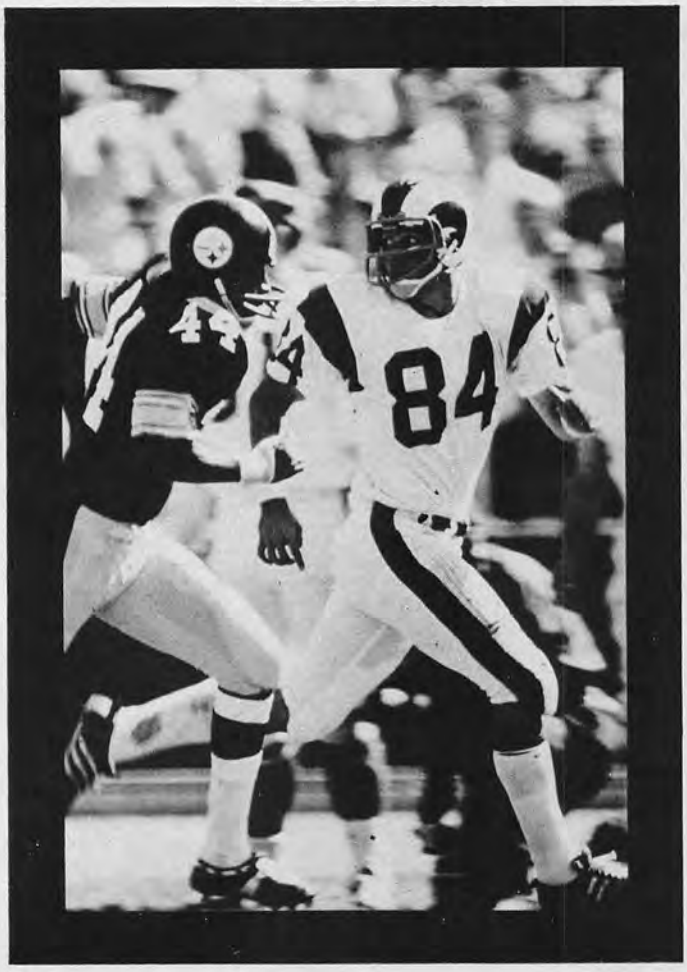


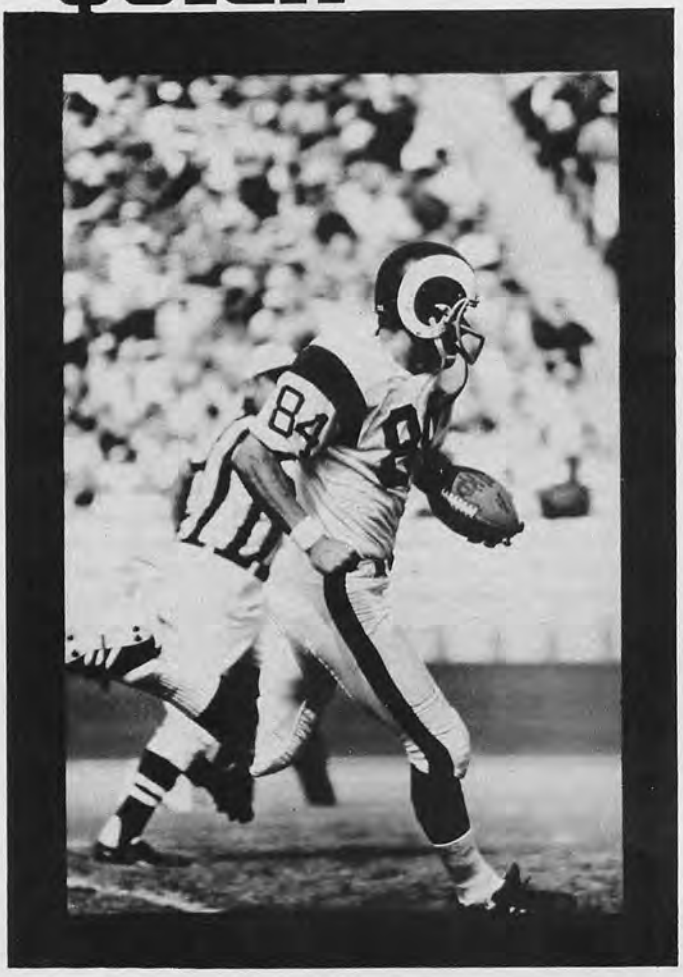
CHARLIE SCOTT, North Carolina

Photographed by MARTIN BLUMENTHAL

JACK IS NIMBLE

JACK IS QUICK





By BILL LIBBY

. . . which is what you have to be when you're the Rams' top pass receiver and double-teamed a lot

OPPOSING TEAMS ALMOST always double-team Los Angeles Ram end Jack Snow, but the New Orleans Saints decided to gamble on single coverage when they played the Rams early in October. In retrospect, Arab war bonds would have been a better risk.

The game was scoreless when LA quarterback Roman Gabriel first noticed that Saint cornerback Gene Howard was defending against Snow by himself. Gabriel's eyes lit up as he quickly changed a running play to a pass with a last-second audible. Snow angled hard toward the left sideline, cut back to the right, waved goodbye to Howard, caught Gabriel's bullet at the Saints' nine-yard line and walked into the end zone to complete a 35-yard scoring play. "Howard took my inside move and left me all alone," Snow explained later.

Exit Howard, enter the more experienced Elijah Nevett. With the Rams clinging to 12-7 lead in the second quarter, Snow took Gabriel aside and told him that he had observed Nevett playing unusually tight in the films, and that this tendency probably could be exploited. A few moments later, with the Rams in possession on the Saints' 24-yard line, it was exploited.

Gabriel called a variation of the same pattern on which he and Snow had collaborated successfully before. Snow angled hard toward the right sidelines, then faked a cut back to the middle. Nevett took the fake, while Snow hung on the sidelines, running for the end zone. Gabriel threw for the corner, Snow took the pass and tumbled over with it into the end zone.

However, the Saints proved stubborn and by the third quarter the Rams still were not safe with a 29-17 lead. With the ball on the LA 26, Gabriel saw the Saints edging two linebackers and a defensive back in close for a probable blitz. He again used an audible, again switching from a run to a pass, again with Snow as his prime receiver. Jack ran hard from the end to the middle and Roman threw

the ball 20 yards to him, leading him perfectly. Snow reached for it, caught it in stride between two off-balance defenders, and outran them 54 yards for a 74-yard touchdown play. That finally gave the Rams a safe lead.

Since coach George Allen rebuilt their roster and confidence four seasons back, the Rams have gotten used to winning, and they took this 36-17 victory in stride as they trooped into their dressing room. However, there was some excitement over Snow. Gabriel yelled, "Jack be nimble, Jack be quick," and Allen awarded Snow the game ball which the receiver happily hugged to his heart. Then the reporters swarmed all over him as he sat, sweaty and soiled and satisfied. "Usually, teams cover me with two men, but usually this is a waste because when there are two men on me, Gabriel will throw to someone else," he told them. "The Saints tried to save a man on me and it cost them. It's hard to miss with Gabe throwing, though I did miss one (the only other pass thrown to him all day). It was a team effort, really. Everyone contributed. It was just one of my given games to contribute more than usual."

Snow is a specialist, "a bomb man." The Rams, a team whose superstars are defenders, are conservative on offense, running more than they throw. And when they do throw, they throw as much to their backs as to their ends. So they do not throw often to Snow, but when they do, it usually is in a clutch situation and often when they are looking for a long gain. In his four NFL seasons before this year, he had caught between 28 and 38 passes for between 500 and 735 yards every season. Many receivers in the NFL and AFL caught more passes, some for more yardage, but few have caught more important passes or had a bigger average gain.

On the Tuesday following the New Orleans game, as Snow waited for practice to begin at Blair Field in Long Beach, he talked about his role on a Ram team many believe to be the best in all football. "We run a balanced offense, much like Green Bay's. In this offense, I'll never be among the league's leading pass receivers, just as those good Green Bay receivers seldom have been. So, I suppose, I'll never get recognition as a superstar. I really don't care. I have no ego. I have a varied job to do on this team and I derive great satisfaction out of doing that job properly for a team that is winning.

"I get thrown to three or four or five or six times a game, maybe. It all depends on the situation. Some games, my number is called a lot, but there have also been games when no passes were thrown to me. I have to fake a lot of patterns to draw defenders to me and open up other receivers. I have to do this well. I have to look for open room in case Gabe wants to throw to me as a secondary receiver. I have to block some, mostly for runs. And I have to be ready to catch at all times even if I've done nothing all day, because when I am thrown to, it's apt to be a critical time."

Snow is 6-2 and weighs 190 pounds, which is average for a pro receiver. He admits he is not super-fast. Nor is he a fancy runner. But he has sure hands, good quickness, mobility and moves. He often makes spectacular jumping, diving and/or falling catches. Every season, he catches three or four passes for touchdowns that cover 50 yards or more. He caught two for 80 yards each against Baltimore in one season. He caught one for 84 yards against Chicago in 1966 when he outran former Big Ten hurdles champion Bennie McRae to the goal. Surprisingly, he never has been caught from behind.

"Not when I've had a step on the defenders," he says with a grin. "Everyone asks me how I do it, but I don't know how. I know I study the defenses and seem to know where all the defenders are as the plays develop. I know I can concentrate to the point of self-hypnosis. I pick out a spot in the end zone or behind the end zone and I tell myself I won't let anyone or anything stop me from reaching it, and I don't. If a plane crashed in the stadium, I don't think I'd notice it until the play was over. I'm scared, scared I'll be caught. Fear makes me run fast." His grin widened. "I know I'm not as fast as a sprinter, but I'm at least a step faster than anyone chasing me."

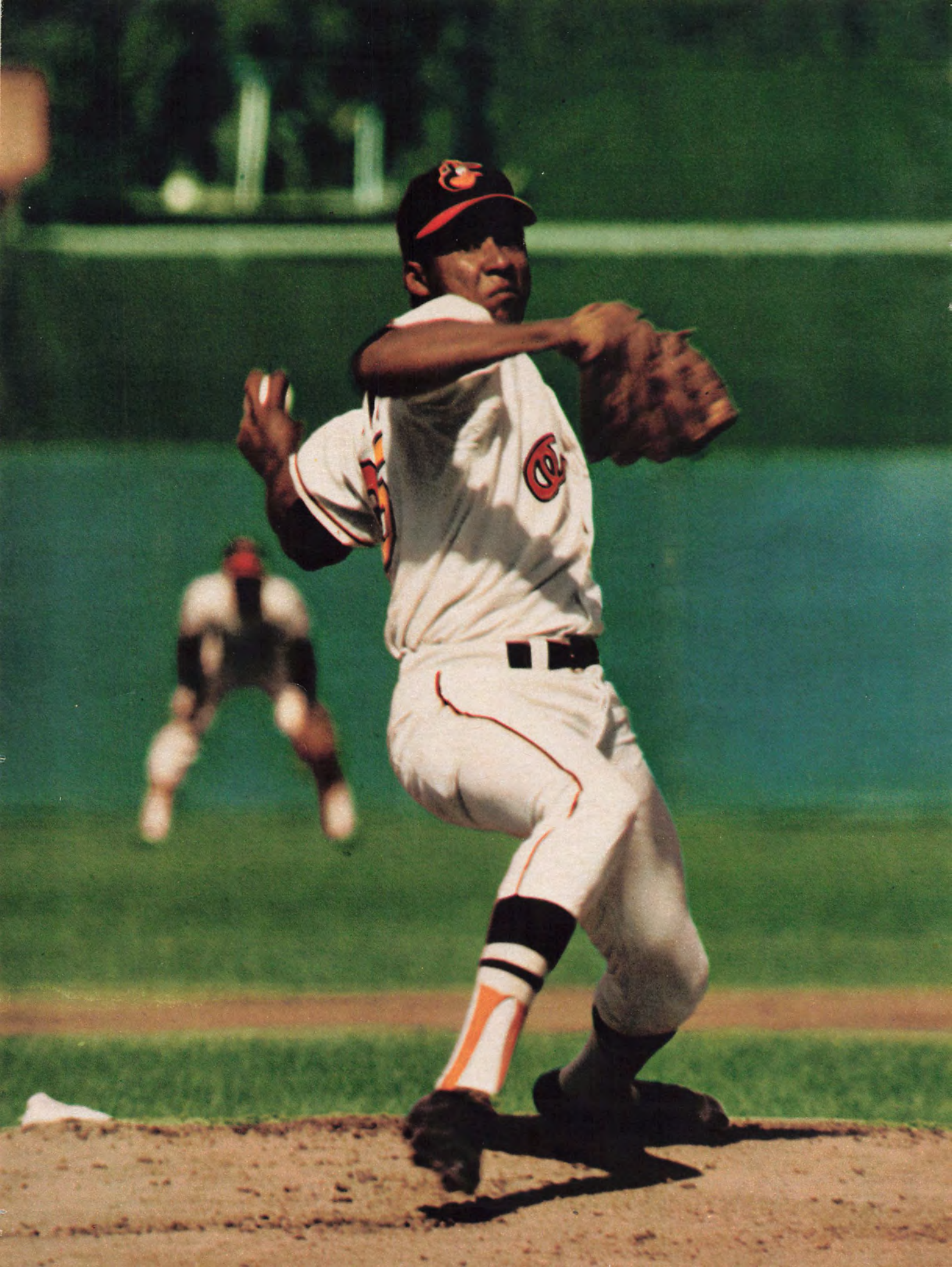
From the time he played middle linebacker and end for St. Anthony's High School in Long Beach, California, and was named the city's Lineman of the Year, Jack Thomas Snow has always stayed a step ahead of the opposition. Twenty-six schools, including UCLA and USC, offered scholarships, and a number of pro baseball teams, among them the Reds and the Angels, expressed an interest, but none of them had a chance. Jack was intrigued by the Notre Dame mystique early in life and when the Irish showed an interest, he was sold (and in turn sold his brother Paul, currently a flanker at South Bend). But Notre Dame was going through one of its rare down cycles in football, so no one heard much about Jack Snow until his senior season when Ara Parseghian came in to rebuild the Fighting Irish's faded fortunes. All summer, Snow and passer John Huarte had played catch around Long Beach, and that fall Snow caught 60 passes for 1114 yards and nine touchdowns and made All-America.

The Minnesota Vikings selected Snow on the first round of the pro draft, but Snow refused to sign with them. It was reported in the press that Snow refused to play in snow and wished to be traded to sunny Southern California. "That's silly. South Bend isn't Hawaii, you know. I swear I never said such things, but I read all that stuff and kept my mouth shut and waited," he insists, though his smile makes you suspicious. Minnesota surrendered, swapping Jack to the Rams for offensive end Jim Phillips and defensive tackle Gary Larsen. It was a great trade—for the Rams.

Snow was a rare rookie starter for LA in 1965, catching 38 passes. As a sophomore, he caught 34. His third season, 1967, he caught only 28, but gained 735 yards (a league-leading 26 yards per reception) and scored eight times. He held out for three weeks last season before signing a two-year contract at $40,000 per. Because he missed much of the preseason preparations, he got off to a slow start and finished the year with only 29 catches for just 500 yards and three scores. Having learned a lesson, he reported with the rookies this summer and got off to the fastest start of his career.

His teammates immediately noticed Snow's new dedication. "We used to have to ask him to stay after practice," Roman Gabriel comments. "This season, he's the last man to leave the field. The reason he makes such great catches and runs is he's always had more desire and determination than most guys in games, and now he's showing the willingness to make the sacrifices in practice and preparation that set up real success."

"I guess I'm maturing," Snow admits. "Football always has come easy to me. I've enjoyed easy success. But I've found you really have to put out (*Continued on page* 86)



PAGLIACCI OF THE ORIOLES

"It's no good to be too serious," says Mike Cuellar, who is half-clown and half-introvert, but a very whole pitcher

By PAT JORDAN

IT WAS THE first game of the 1969 World Series at Baltimore's Memorial Stadium, and Bowie Kuhn, Joe DiMaggio, Ted Williams, Pat Nixon and David and Julie were smiling stiffly in the flag-draped box near the Orioles' dugout. A covey of photographers, crouched before the beautiful people, were shouting instructions. The click of cameras and pop of flashbulbs crackled in the warm autumn afternoon.

Slowly but steadily the photographers began to move backward until, without looking, they bumped into Mike Cuellar who was throwing on the Orioles' warmup mound. Although they almost knocked him off the small incline, they failed to notice him. They just kept moving backwards, sweeping right past him, the cameras still clicking feverishly at the beautiful people.

Mike Cuellar looked at the advancing horde and shrugged. He saw it was useless to try to continue throwing, so he went back to the Orioles' dugout. He emerged a few minutes later, unruffled, and pitched a fine six-hitter against the Mets, which would be the only Orioles' victory of the 1969 World Series.

It was only then that the photographers—and others, including the beautiful people—began to notice Mike Cuellar.

Being overlooked is nothing new for the wiry, 32-year-old southpaw with the worried brown eyes and the stiletto sideburns. Throughout his 12 years of professional baseball he has been overlooked by the best of them: the Reds, Cards, Astros—and almost, by the Orioles. The fact is he takes comfort in his anonymity. Whenever a reporter does express a desire to write a story on Cuellar, the pitcher looks genuinely surprised at first—and then annoyed. He is like a writer who is asked to explain his latest novel, as if there could be any more explanation than the creation itself.

With Mike Cuellar his pitching record is the man—at least he'd like it to be. Even when a reporter checks the Orioles' club brochure, he comes away with only a series of half-sentences that supposedly sum up Mike Cuellar's life. ("Name pronounced Quay-yarr. . . . member of 1967 National League All-Star team. . . . originally signed by Reds in 1957. . . . talented artist, enjoys sketching comic strip characters. . . .")

But the sentences are incomplete, non-sequiturs, and the reader knows there must be more to his life than that.

There is, of course. Cuellar did once make his living in Santa Clara, Cuba, by painting cartoon characters on baby cribs. To this day he spends most of his free time drawing. On one particular flight he entertained the entire team by making an elaborate production of sketching a Playboy centerfold. "Hell, it was better than the photograph," said one reporter who saw the drawing.

Yet, as accomplished as he is, Cuellar is still embarrassed to show his work seriously. He tends to make a joke of his artistic talent just as he does of his artistic pitching.

"He's a clown most of all," says catcher Elrod Hendricks, who is probably Cuellar's closest friend on the ballclub. "Man, he's always fooling around."

Hendricks told of the time Mike hung a curve to the Oakland A's slugger, Reggie Jackson. "Reggie shot that ball over the center-field fence as if it came out of a cannon," said Elly. "For the next few pitches Mike was making these strange faces and talking to himself. Finally, I walked out to the mound and asked him what was the matter. 'Nuthin',' he said, and then he looks over his shoulder at the spot in center field and says with a grin, 'That thing come down yet?' "

"To tell the truth," Hendricks went on, "I've never had a serious talk with him, not in the four years I've known him."

(*Continued on page* 64)

Photographed by MARTIN BLUMENTHAL

CLOSEUP OF THE VIKING FRONT FOUR

By ARNOLD HANO

THE **SPORT** SPECIAL

Jim Marshall, Carl Eller, Alan Page, Gary Larsen—see how they run, see how they steamroller all in their way

FROM HIS POSITION at defensive right end, Jim Marshall sweeps across the line in a wide outside arc toward the rival quarterback. His quickness deceives you, his body so perfectly balanced he seems to glide by without effort. Once Norm Van Brocklin called Jim Marshall "the fastest animal I have ever seen on a pro football line." Van Brocklin was wrong on two counts, but right. Jim Marshall is not that fast; teammate Carl Eller, across the way, now moving in a more shallow route toward the same objective, will beat Jim Marshall in a 40-yard dash. But nobody is quicker getting off the line than Marshall. Nor is he an animal. The animal days of Jim Marshall lie far behind, the days he made book and stole hubcaps, the days he hefted "alley apples"—bricks—in neighborhood bloodbaths in Columbus, Ohio, 15 long years ago. Today Jim Marshall does not waste his energies or his rages in puerile combat. Life itself is too precious. Nine years ago Jim Marshall lay in a coma, near death, while his brain turned red and swollen under the grip of encephalitis, and life began to leave his arms and legs. He lived, and now he revels in life. One hundred and thirty times Jim Marshall has stepped from an airplane, to sky-dive through the freedom of open space. To black Jim Marshall freedom is important. "The first time I jumped was the first time I felt completely free in the deepest sense. Within."

Though he revels in life, death hovers close by. Once he accidentally fired a bullet into his own abdomen. Once his car was struck by another car, and a man in that other car died. He practices karate and judo. But do not mark him as a man of violence. Jim Marshall reads Zen Buddhism and modern poetry. He scuba-dives because it is "serene, beautiful, a quiet thing." And when this day is over, and his teammates gather in bars and clubs in Minneapolis, Jim Marshall will be deeply immersed in a chess game.

But that is later. Now he does what all the 31 prior years seem to have best fitted him to do: he moves his six-feet-four-inches and 243 pounds with such controlled grace and balance that the quickness itself is shielded. He leads the charge of the Minnesota Viking front four, football's newest glamor gang, against a rival quarterback. If all goes well, the four will meet at one spot—where the quarterback is. "He's the enemy," says Jim Marshall, "and we're out to destroy him."

This is the story of that front four. Last year Otto Graham called the four "as good as the Rams or any other front four in the league." Bill McPeak, assistant coach at Detroit, had said last year, "Better than the Rams'." And an assistant Viking coach, this year, says, "As a unit, they are better than the Rams'." You have met one of the four. Now meet the others.

Across the field, tall rangy (6-6, 250) Carl Eller—they call him Moose—begins his move from his left end spot. "If a fan were to see me for the first time," says Carl Eller, "he would say, 'Here is a guy dedicated to the art of playing football.' " The key word is *art*. Everything Carl Eller does, from playing football to wearing pink jackets or portraying heavies at Film Industry Workshop drama classes in Hollywood, is an act of creation. Even more than Jim Marshall, Carl Eller is a free spirit. The Minnesota team is a beautifully disciplined, immaculately coached machine, under the tight control of pale-eyed Bud Grant. On the road all players eat their meals together. Nobody smokes on the player bus or in the locker room. Every defensive play is sent in from the sideline. You have your assignment, and you fulfill it, and that is all that is expected of you. It is a team that seldom makes a serious mistake, but it is a team that seldom rises to the heights individual genius can inspire. This is not a team of individual genius. It is a unit. Carl Eller fits into this system as well as he can, but a tiny spot in his soul remains free and untouched, and so he plays the game with a flair, an art. He is the Moose, and he roams the field like a majestic creature of the woods. Still, it is disciplined roaming, and he moves on the quarterback in a determined straight line

In the center, the Front Four act in concert. They also act as individuals (clockwise, starting top left): Jim Marshall, No. 70; Gary Larsen, 77; Alan Page, 88; and Carl Eller, 81.

Photographed by MANNY RUBIO

that sheds blockers, sometimes two, sometimes even three. The number of men in front of Carl Eller does not deter him. In a way it spurs him on. "I enjoy making the play in face of the odds," he says. He feels he can make the play. Once he had said, "I've got to become unstoppable." And: "If I were as good as I wanted to be, I would be the world's best." Today he says, "My state of mind is the newest thing about me, a sense of completeness. Not because of my accomplishments, but because I now know I can meet any challenge, whatever it might be." And so without any thought of violence, or of destroying anyone, without anger, Carl Eller—unanimous All-Pro last season, and better this season—picks his way past men, taking the inside route, so that when Jim Marshall from the outside forces the quarterback back up into the pocket, Carl Eller will be there, to do what he enjoys so much: practice his art.

When Jim Marshall moved off the line, he left behind, at his side, right tackle Alan Page, the baby of the front four. But Jim Marshall knew he hadn't left Page behind for long. Page, too, is quick; Page is relentless. His initial charge is explosive. He does not like to play a waiting game—reading the offense to see how the play is shaping. "I like to crowd it all the time," he says. At Notre Dame, and before in high school, Alan Page played both ways—offense and defense. Today when you ask if he would enjoy playing offensive end again, he says, "Zero! There is no way you could get me to play offense. It doesn't have the same quality, the same reckless abandon." What would Alan Page—just 24 years old—like to do if he were not a football player? "Drag racing!" he says, smiling. "I'm wild about cars."

Exuberance powers through Alan Page, 6-3½, 251 pounds, thicker-bodied than his mates, stubbier-legged. But he is not only brute power, explosive charge. "I enjoy setting somebody up for a particular move. Maybe I'll take an inside charge all day, keep going inside, until I have the guard expecting another inside move Then I take a hard step inside, the guard closes down on the spot, and I go outside, nobody in my way but the quarterback." His dark face brightens at the vision of another sack.

So as Jim Marshall and Carl Eller converge from the ends, one wide, one shallow, closing a pincers on their target, Alan Page is moving up the middle, to keep his date.

At the defensive left tackle spot, blond Gary Larsen, a Paul Bunyanesque figure from these northwest woods, also hits straight ahead, with even more shocking force than Page. Larsen, at 6-5¼ and 255 pounds, is the strongest man on the line. He is also the angriest. Before the game, in the locker room, Gary Larsen gets himself high emotionally; he talks to himself, sitting inside his dressing cubicle, priming himself for the task ahead. "I always tell myself, 'This is my livelihood. That guard in front of me is going to take bread out of my kids' mouths if he beats me.' I hate to say I hate anybody, but he's standing in the way of a championship, and I don't like that." Gary Larsen is the force man of the front four, a step slower off the line, but the equalizer lies in his shocking strength, the impact of his drive. Gary Larsen hurts people when he hits them. "Friends ask, 'What does it feel like before a game?' I can't describe it. I am nervous. I can't eat. You know how a wolf paces in a zoo? That's how I feel. I am caged in the dressing room. I want to get started. It's violent. It's the closest thing to war we have. I am going to go out there, in combat. Then I get that first hit, and it's over, and I feel great."

So Larsen accepts the hit, and returns it, and up the middle he comes, next to Page, a half-step behind, the four men converging.

It is all as Jim Marshall conceives in his mind's eye. "We complement each other. I go the wide outside route, Carl a little shallower, Alan very tough, right up the center, Gary a step behind Alan. It is all covered. I force the passer back up into the pocket, where Carl can get him, or force him to Alan. If he gets by Alan, then Gary has him. That is how we work."

Not quite. That is how the four work. Meanwhile, on the bench, watching the charge off the line is Paul Dickson, the fifth man on this front four, the man who steps in for Larsen or Page when either man needs a breather. Once Paul Dickson dreamed of being All-Pro. Now he dreams of playing on a championship team. He has become team-oriented. On the bench, he stays tensed-up, at a playing pitch. Before the season began, Paul Dickson was tabbed as a starting tackle. He had appeared sharper and in better shape than Gary Larsen in camp. Then, in the last exhibition, eight days before the regular season would begin, Cleveland's Dick Schafrath blocked Dickson and a muscle ripped in Dickson's hip area. Larsen took his place; Dickson sits the bench. "Sometimes I think fate is looking over my shoulder, perhaps unkindly," Paul Dickson says. That is how he talks. He reads Kahlil Gibran's *The Prophet;* he reads *Psycho-Cybernetics,* Walter Benton's *This is My Beloved, Zorba The Greek,* the Bible. But at college he was a math major, and for all the poetry and philosophy that infuse his being, his mind remains a machine-tooled instrument.

On the bench, Paul Dickson has become the seeing eye for the four linemen in the game. Paul Dickson reads the offensive guards; he sees men tipping their stance, he sees how Alan Page is being cut by his man, he listens to the tension in the voice of the opposing quarterback, to see if he can anticipate the snap. He looks for a telltale heel to rise up on an offensive lineman's foot, to give away the pass play, the lineman getting ready to back up to protect the passer. As soon as the ball changes hands, and the defense trots off the field, Dickson will tell Alan Page and Gary Larsen what they are doing, and what they ought to be doing. He will speak to Jim Marshall—the team's defensive captain—and tell him he has to get across the line even quicker.

Paul Dickson has a dream, now that he knows he will never be All-Pro. It is a dream of team victory. "The greatest experience of my life," says Paul Dickson, "is to see a group of guys who believe they can go all the way."

But—asks the observer—what happens if they don't go all the way?

"Try next year! Don't quit halfway up the hill. Life can kill your dreams and your plans, but if it can't stop

you, you'll go on. You'll find another dream, or keep going and achieve this one."

So he watches at playing pitch from the bench, as Jim Marshall, Carl Eller, Alan Page, and Gary Larsen work their brutal magic.

For decades, defensive linemen were just a nameless crew of men, shoving and wrestling in the dust and mud, anonymous giants who strained to bring down the more glamorous men—the runners, the throwers, the receivers. You played on the defensive line if you were too slow, too fat, and too dumb to play anywhere else. But the game evolved, and to match the high-scoring offenses, sophisticated defense was born, linemen who were not simply big, but quick, not simply tough, but smart. Linebackers began to roam the secondary or leap into the line; defensive backs could run as fast as receivers and bring down fullbacks. Fans began to appreciate the defense. In the '50s, you cheered the defense as it came off the field. Soon your heroes had names like Robustelli, Marchetti, Modzelewski, Katcavage, Nomellini, Atkins, Huff, Richter, Bednarik. Every team began to build its front four—its defensive line—and on the West Coast, where such things always happen, a public-relations man fastened a name on a particular front four. The defensive line of the Los Angeles Rams became the Fearsome Foursome. Though the personnel within that foursome keeps changing—just two of the original four are playing regularly—the name remains.

Other foursomes now grab attention. In Dallas (the "Doomsday Defense"), in Chicago, in St. Louis. Now, suddenly, in Minnesota. Now, suddenly, they are the Viking Vultures, the Four Norsemen, the Purple People Eaters. Suddenly—because for most of its very brief history Minnesota was not known for its defensive prowess. You can find the Vikings in the record book—most first downs allowed, season, 291; most yards allowed season, 5593; most touchdowns rushing; most first downs rushing, and so on.

They had laughed when the Vikings first sat down in 1961 to play with the big NFL boys. For good reason. They were funny. Stan West, the team's first line coach, had said of his charges: "They are not big, but they are slow." Norm Van Brocklin, an offense-minded coach who had been a premier passer for 12 NFL years, said later of that first year: "We had 'watch-out' blockers—guys who missed the block and then turned and yelled, 'Watch out!' to the quarterback."

So you didn't notice much in the way of talent being developed. Yes, you noticed the quarterback, Fran Tarkenton, the man who learned to scramble when the blockers yelled "Watch out!" But you saw little else. People came and went. Of the 36 Vikings originally drafted, 24 were gone the second year.

Two of those who remained were Jim Marshall and Paul Dickson. Marshall came a long and painful way. He quit Ohio State after his junior year (where he'd been named All-Big Ten tackle) to join the Canadian Football League in Saskatchewan in 1959. The next year the Browns drafted him, but they hastily unloaded him when Marshall almost died of encephalitis in training camp. The Vikings—who else would sign a man out of

Eller: "My state of mind is the newest thing about me, a sense of completeness . . . I now know I can meet any challenge, whatever it might be"

the shadow of the grave?—picked him up. Underweight and weak, he somehow stuck. And stuck. He has played every game in the Vikings' nine years, an endurance mark among the longest in NFL records. Underweight and weak, he did more than stick. He stuck out. In 1962, Jim Marshall turned mammoth Colt All-Pro Jim Parker every way but inside out. "I couldn't keep him out of our backfield," said the befuddled Parker, later. "I asked if he would just slow down during the game. Marshall is one of the most improved players in the league."

Norm Van Brocklin said of his new star in that 1962 season: "Nobody in football is faster coming off that defensive line than Jim Marshall. The man is sudden, that's about all you can call him."

Well, you could call Jim Marshall lots of things. Skinny, for one. That same 1962 he ran out of steam, the big boys tossing him around at the end of the year, his weight down to a skeletal 215. You could also call him a financial risk. To himself. He spent those early years in debt. Jim developed many of his moves—one observer said—escaping his creditors. But by 1963, some of the problems began to disappear. He reported at 240, played at 235, and stayed strong all season. Heavier than he'd ever been, he was—Marshall insisted—just as fast. (Today, at 243, he still seems just as fast. But there is a limit. In 1968, Marshall reported at 257. He quickly shed the blubber; he wasn't just as fast.) But you still could call him names. Like careless. In January of 1964, he tried to unload a revolver in the front seat of his car, and succeeded in unloading one round into his abdomen. He kept the gun in his car, he said, because he frequently carried large sums of money. Hearing that explanation the creditors attacked. Call him broke. He recovered nicely, and in that 1964 season Jim Marshall seemed to have acquired a final name for himself. Flake. Screwball. Whathaveyou. In a game against San Francisco, 49er quarterback George Mira looped a safety valve pass to Bill Kilmer, who was tackled, the ball fumbled loose. Jim Marshall picked it up and rumbled

66 yards to score. A player ran over to Marshall in the end zone, and hugged him. It was the San Francisco center, Bruce Bosley. Marshall had just run the wrong way.

Marshall celebrated the event, a luncheon thrown for him in Dallas. Marshall took the wrong plane, and ended up in Chicago. His wife, Anita, a model, said along about then, "I guess I ought to take tranquilizers." That was before Marshall took up sky-diving.

Paul Dickson, who also joined the Vikes in 1961, had likewise put in his traveling days. Two years earlier he'd been the No. 1 draft choice of the Los Angeles Rams, after a fine college career at Baylor. The Rams let him go in a draft-rights swap with Cleveland, and Cleveland traded him to the Vikings. Dickson hit hard off the line, moved quickly and read defenses uncommonly well. But he didn't have the moves, the agility, the finesse to make you remember him, and he didn't run footballs the wrong way or shoot himself in the belly. Paul Dickson knows his limits. "My moves are mechanical," he says today, "not fluid. It is the difference between the bull and the deer. My moves are stilted. I work on it. I try to keep my feet under me. I don't have the footwork of a Jim Marshall or a Deacon Jones, but I work on my moves. I can't bowl men over with my strength alone. I'm not a Roger Brown or a Merlin Olsen. The passer throws within three to four seconds. I can't be flattening the damn guard all that time. So I work on my agility." The key word, here, is *work*. Paul Dickson works hard today; he worked hard then.

Thus, in an unassuming way, a great defensive line was slowly being welded, starting with a brilliant but erratic end and a steady but stilted tackle. Who'd have known?

The Vikings' course was equally unpredictable. For three seasons, they took their lumps—winning ten games, losing 30, tying two. They were outscored by 359 points those three years. Then in 1964, the Vikings had a fine 8-5-1 season and things were looking up. The next year, 1965, the club was back at .500, and things were looking down, or at best sideways. The defense again yielded over 400 points. It looked like a long, hard pull, before Minnesota would put together a truly solid club.

Still, for our purposes, the growth continued. In 1964—that first winning year—the Vikings chose for their first draft choice a rangy youngster from the University of Minnesota, an All-America defensive tackle but tabbed by Van Brocklin and his staff as an NFL defensive end. One of the incumbent Viking ends, Don Hultz, said in training camp to Jim Marshall, "I see they're going to play Carl Eller at end. You may be out of a job." A month later, Don Hultz was released.

The first year Carl Eller reported, he played at 265 pounds. Yet at 6-6, his body a broad lean blade of bone and muscle, he seemed not to have an excess ounce of flab. Today he has pared down to 250 pounds, feels just as strong, and is apparently a little quicker. He always was fast enough, a man who ran the 40 yards in 4.5 seconds when he checked in to the Viking camp. That's faster than Mike Garrett's best time. It may be the fastest of any defensive lineman in football, although Deacon Jones runs somewhere in that neighborhood.

Carl Eller had been raised in the tobacco country of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, where his father worked as a cement finisher. Carl Eller was an only child, a bit pampered, very close to his father. "It would be easy to get him to buy me things," Eller said years later. Things always came easy. He was a big kid, who stood out in sandlot football. "I really liked it. It was my encouragement." He played high school ball, standing 6-4 and weighing over 200 pounds in his sophomore year. He made High School All-America in 1960, and the University of Minnesota rushed to assure the southern boy he really wouldn't mind the northern snow that much. He didn't. Minnesota, says Carl Eller, is "a clean and wholesome fairyland." His sophomore year he had more fairyland stuff; Minnesota went to the Rose Bowl, where it whipped UCLA, 21-3. His junior year, Eller got some All-America notice. The next year he got it all.

The Vikings paid him a lot of money to sign. But things stopped coming so easy. In a scrimmage against the Bears, he beat his tackle, only to have the man reach around and grab his knees, as a Bear back ran by.

"Man," wailed Eller, "you can't do that."

"Man," the Bear tackle grunted, "I just did."

So began the long learning process that is the National Football League's way. Carl Eller learned. Sometimes it seemed he needed a push, a needle, to become aggressive enough. Anger is the last thing in Carl Eller's heart. "I look at it this way," he once told Merrill Swanson, the very fine football writer for the Minneapolis *Tribune*. "The quarterback has a talent and I have a talent. It's just a matter of matching my talent against his." Animosity was for other men, not for Carl Eller, who didn't step out of airplanes and fall through space, but who managed to free-wheel his way through life. He married once. It didn't work. He resumed the field. His face is darkly glowering, not a handsome face, but it exudes character. He wears his helmet over a budding natural hairdo (coach Bud Grant would not permit more than just a whisper of a natural, but then Carl Eller is not likely to want a traditional natural; he is his own man), his mustache a subtle delicate wisp of a thing, as compared to Jim Marshall's rich brush. But it all adds up to a man of dignity, strength and gentleness. With just enough savage to keep you on your toes. Carl Eller has the trademark you see stamped on the brows of many football players, the stigma of the profession. A tiny lump grows dead center on Carl Eller's forehead, where the helmet presses too tightly against the bone of the brow. On Eller it looks like a vestigial horn, an antler tip. He is truly the Moose. Or perhaps it is Pan's horn, the god of the forest and meadows who dallied with the nymphs but who also inspired such sudden fear by his appearance the word *panic* became part of our language. The panic is the other guy's. The pleasure is Eller's. He has just moved into a five-bedroom house in northern Minneapolis—five bedrooms for a bachelor—and he has recently bought a Cadillac limousine which, naturally, he doesn't drive himself. He has a chauffeur to do the driving. If life harbors a single insidious trap play for Carl Eller, you cannot tell.

Other men on that front line read poetry. Carl Eller writes it.

So the defensive four grew. Gary Larsen came along the next year—1965—another Ram draft choice let go for other draft rights. Larsen, of the four, or five, is the only one without a big-college career behind him. Larsen, who would appear truly at home in the Minnesota fairyland—and who has instead moved to sunny southern California—was born in Fargo, North Dakota, and raised in Moorhead, Minnesota. He attended small Concordia College for one year, and then took off for the Marines.

"Call it corny, but I loved the dress blues. I also wanted to see if I could take it. It was harder than I thought. but it helped me a lot more than it hurt. Pro football is not much different physically from college ball. The mental part, that is what is tough. Forty men can make the team, and 65 to 70 try out. Always, one guy ready to take your job. You may have all the talent, but you have to be mentally tough. You have to shrug off a lot of stuff. Some rookies can't. They sneak out of the dorms in the middle of the night. The Marines helped my mental toughness."

After three years in the Marines, he went back to Concordia, where his coach, Jake Christensen, called him "the strongest boy in the world." The Rams drafted him No. 10. He started one game for those 1964 Rams, playing against Green Bay, head to head with Forrest Gregg. Larsen lived through the afternoon; the Rams tied the Packers, 24-24, and then Larsen moved on to Minnesota where for a year he played mostly on the special teams before muscling into the Viking starting lineup.

Larsen came along slowly; he was strong on the running play, but troubled by the pass play. He had to speed up his charge on the pass rush, he had to refine his moves. The strongest boy in the world discovered he wasn't playing boys any more, but men. He started some games, rode the bench on others, but gradually he learned, he refined, he speeded up. Soon he and Paul Dickson were the starting tackles. Then it all changed in 1967.

In February of 1967, Van Brocklin resigned and quarterback Fran Tarkenton asked to be traded. The Vikes shipped Tarkenton to the New York Giants and received back a flock of first draft choices. In that 1967 draft, the Vikings grabbed off Clinton Jones and Gene Washington, to pep up the offense. They landed Alan Page, an All-America lineman from Notre Dame. (They also picked up Bob Grim, Bobby Bryant and John Beasley, important members of the current Viking squad.) A month after Van Brocklin resigned, the Vikes had a new coach, Harry P.—nobody calls him Harry—Bud Grant. Another traveling man. Grant won eight varsity letters at the University of Minnesota, four in football, two in basketball, and two in baseball. He made All-Big Ten end as a junior and senior. But his first pro team was basketball, the Minneapolis Lakers; he played on the 1949-50 title team with George Mikan, Jim Pollard, Slater Martin and Vern Mikkelsen. He spent a second year with the Lakers, and then shifted to pro football, where the Eagles had drafted him first in 1950. Grant broke in as a defensive end; in his second season he

Marshall: "Our aim is to be as good as we can potentially, to strive to improve ourselves, and to become better and better until we are the best"

shifted to offense, catching 57 passes for 997 yards, the No. 2 receiver in the NFL. When you ask Bud Grant today which he enjoyed more, offense or defense, he pauses, a bit surprised by the question. "I was probably a better offensive player," he says, "so it probably gave me more satisfaction." But he isn't sure. Pleasure—joy—is not an isolated frivolous feeling in Bud Grant. Frivolity has no place in Bud Grant. You must relate it to results. The end not only justifies the means, it defines the means. Grant kept moving, this time to Canada, where he caught 216 passes the next four years for the Winnipeg Blue Bombers, when he wasn't playing defensive halfback. In 1957, Allie Sherman quit his job as Winnipeg's head coach to join the Giants, and Bud Grant, at 29, took over.

Grant remained at Winnipeg for ten years. In March of 1967, Vikings general manager Jim Finks, and today vice president of the club, tapped Grant as his new coach.

Grant's first year was also Alan Page's. Before joining the Vikings in camp, Page played in the College All-Star game against the Packers. He calls the experience "sobering." The Packers surprised Page, not because they were so big and strong, but because they did not bother to use their size and strength. "Nobody tried to overpower me. They didn't hit me that hard. They just got in my way." He sighs. "They handled me like I was nothing."

The learning tree. Just one of its branches.

Page had other things to learn. He'd heard so much about the size of pro players, he arrived in camp ballooned up to 276 pounds. And with his blubber he played. He became a starter in the season's fifth contest. "We had been searching for a long time," said a Viking official that first season, "to find someone who could exert pressure in the middle of our line against the run and on the pass rush. Page not only gave that to us, but he made each of the other three men on the line much more effective."

So it was Jim Marshall and Carl Eller at the end posts and Alan Page at one tackle. But what about the other tackle spot? Paul Dickson and Gary Larsen had been the two regular tackles. Now one would lose his starting job. All things being equal, the remaining tackle would have been 30-year-old Paul Dickson, exactly the right age for Bud Grant, who once said, "The big man whose head is screwed on right will have his best years from 28 to 32." But things are never equal. Fate had been casting those unkind looks over Paul Dickson's shoulder. Over his whole anatomy. In 1966, he developed a ringworm infection and missed a good portion of training. Not in the best of shape when the club opened against San Francisco, Dickson hurt his back. The compressed disc condition lingers to this day. Still, he played, with Larsen. But the next year Page came along, to violate all the rules about youngsters beating out mature vets. Dickson, the more experienced veteran, stayed in the starting lineup, in 1967, and—according to Bob Hollway, defensive coach of the Vikings—had the best season of his career. The following camp, however, Dickson again hurt himself, this time snapping a muscle in his calf. Gary Larsen moved into the lineup, and Dickson has become the swing man, making his time on the bench pay off for the others. When you ask Alan Page today who has helped him most to learn the pro game, he answers quickly: "Paul Dickson."

So the front four became very much a front five, the swing man Dickson getting into every game, besides playing on the special teams. Alan Page is quite a swing man himself. When Carl Eller suffered a knee injury in July of 1967 and had to undergo surgery that kept him out of the pre-season games, Page shifted to end. Nor does it matter to Page which side of the line he plays. He usually takes his stance next to Jim Marshall, on the right. But if Dickson replaces Larsen, Page moves cheerfully to the left spot; Dickson can play only on the right side.

So Bud Grant's first year found the front four more or less assuming its present constituency. Not that constituency is the whole answer. The 1967 squad, under Grant, won one less game than did the 1966 team, under Van Brocklin. But even with a 3-8-3 record, you could see some glimmering. The Vikings gave up 294 points, lowest in their history. The team split two games with Green Bay, and played ties with Baltimore, Detroit and Chicago. And Bud Grant was bringing his own personality to bear on the team.

That personality was exactly the opposite of Norm Van Brocklin's, who once said, speaking of discipline, "I don't like regimentation." Bud Grant worships it. He draws his analogy from the military. "In the Army, you don't practice marching drill to learn how to fight, but to learn to take discipline, to work together. I don't impose a no-smoking rule in the locker room because I don't like smoke in the locker room, but because it is part of discipline." (Grant also hates smoke in the locker room.)

Few teams are so totally under the control of a single man. Grant does not allow magazine writers on the road to speak to players on the plane going home after a game. "A man has two or three beers on the plane, and he's going to say things when he's relaxed I won't want him to say." Grant does not like to have his assistant coaches quoted directly. If there are any authoritative quotes to come from the club's coaching staff, they should come from Grant. Grant says, "I don't want one of my assistants forced to back up something later he shouldn't have said in the first place."

During a game, Grant does not pace the sidelines, like most pro coaches. He stands more or less in the same spot, barely moving, Marine-straight, watching the game out of a pair of the coldest, palest eyes this side of Raymond Burr. Nobody on the team, nobody on the staff knows what goes on behind Bud Grant's ice-cold eyes. He is a man who keeps his private self totally private. The night before the Minnesota-St. Louis game, he unwound slightly and joined a group of people in a dark bar in downtown St. Louis, where he drank two beers, sitting in the same Marine-stiff way, eyes straight ahead, while everybody around him tried very hard not to blow smoke in his face. After his two beers, he got up and left, and everybody relaxed.

He is a remote person but he is a modest person, too. He is extraordinarily modest about his contribution to the Vikings' success. "We'd like to take a lot of credit for the defensive line, but these men served their apprenticeship before we got here, all but Page. Assuming a coaching staff utilizes people in the best possible way, we still can't take credit for Jim Marshall's ten years. We've been here just three. These men have now reached the maturing age for defenses. Top defenses have an average age about what our defense is now. (The Viking defensive line's ages: Dickson 32, Marshall 31, Larsen 29, Eller 27, Page 24.) The big man doesn't mature until he's 27 or 28. Carl Eller is a good example. Carl was an in and out player, with some great moments in the past but no consistency. Now he has his great five years ahead of him." Eller will be 28 in February.

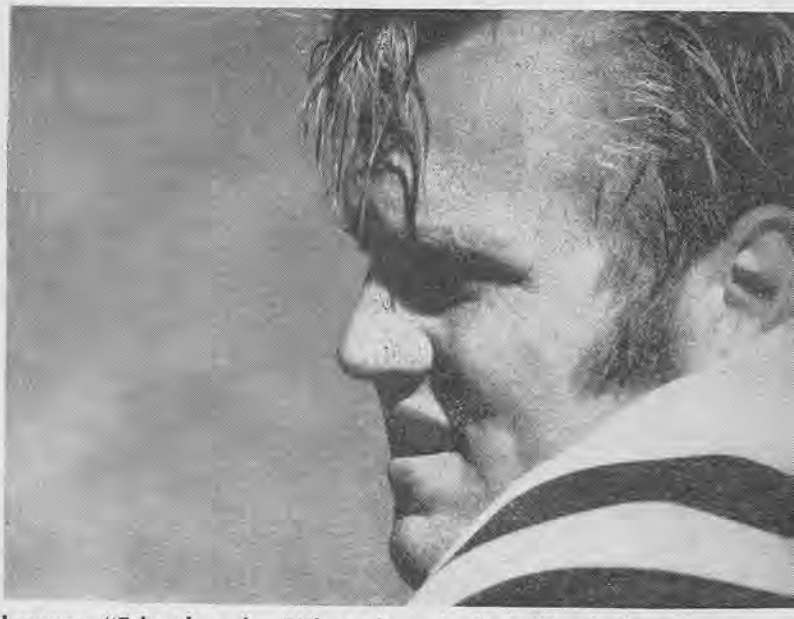
Grant, of course, knows that age alone will not produce a great wine. It has to have pretty good grapes going in. "You must have talent. These are good, agile athletes, quick, with balance. Not just big men. Eller, Page, Marshall—you always see them downfield running someone down."

Grant has given the front four neither the long years of apprenticeship, nor the talent. But he has given them the discipline. Hair can't be grown too long or shaggy. Sideburns can only come to here. "We get challenged a little bit," says Grant. "But they get the message." They get the message through a system of fines. "I could give them the evening before a game to be off by themselves. But if we eat together, they must be at a certain place at a specific time." Discipline. The discipline would seem to work. The Vikings have excellent team spirit. You ask Alan Page who is the leader of the defensive line, and he looks puzzled. "Leader? Jim Marshall—I guess. *If* there is a leader at all. We've got five people." Out of team spirit and discipline emerges a rapport for each man on the squad. Deep into the fourth quarter of the St. Louis game, with the Vikings leading by 17 points and obviously home free, Gary Larsen was called for a clip on a punt return that Charlie West had run in for a "touchdown." Immediately after the play, Larsen—who had never been called for a clip in his five-plus years in the NFL, and who felt strongly that he had not clipped

on this play—went over to West and apologized. Said Bud Grant: "I would hope Larsen had apologized. It's important that the penalty bothered him." The old Army game. If it hurts, it's good.

The Grant Army system works—this is the best Viking team ever—and yet one wonders. You can't argue with the results. In 1961, the Viking defense allowed 29 touchdowns rushing. In 1968, Bud Grant's second season, the defense permitted just eight touchdowns rushing. In 1961, the defense gave up 5593 yards. In 1968, just 3758. Bud Grant has taken the club a long way from that maiden year. He seems to be taking them further this year. And he is doing it with defense, the way the great Packer teams, the Colts, the old Giants did it. But somehow there is a difference. The Packers, the Colts, the Giants, the current defense-minded Rams all thrilled you. These Vikings do not. You watch the Viking defensive line and it comes off all together, just the way Vince Lombardi used to howl at his Packers—"All together! Not like a typewriter, but all together!" Yet when the Packers left all together, you could spot the individuals in the mass. When the Rams leave the line, you know who is Deacon Jones and who is Merlin Olsen. With the Vikings, Carl Eller stands out. He has individuality, flair, on a front four that generally lacks flair. When you suggest this to Bud Grant, his pale eyes get even colder, and for a moment a hard-edged anger creeps into his voice. He chooses to misunderstand what you are saying. "You come out to see them get the quarterback. You can't get the quarterback when the other team uses a short-rhythm passing, a quick release." Grant is right about this. The Viking pressure is so vast these days, teams have been forced to give up the long-pass game, and rely on quick releases, five- and six-yard advances. The opposition keeps its running backs in the backfield, as blockers, which means fewer men downfield in the pass pattern. The opposition keeps its tight end as a blocker on the line, which means another man who is not out there as a possible receiver. So the Vikings' rush effectively throttles the opposition. What else do you want?

So Grant is right, except that is not the point. Nobody denies the efficacy of his method. One simply quibbles with the dullness of execution. The comparison that is being made these days is to the Ram line. There is a basic difference. The Rams play what is called a "reading defense." They come up to the line, loose and unstructured, and they read the offense as it spreads itself. Then it immediately adapts its tactics to what it reads in front of itself. The Vikings use a designated defense, a set defense, with little reading. You are assigned your role by a signal from the sideline that reaches linebacker Lonnie Warwick, who passes it on in the usual brief defensive huddle every team employs. Then you come out of that huddle and do your assigned job. The results—as we keep emphasizing—are not much different. The Rams do pretty much to the opposition what the Vikings do—tear it apart, throttle its power, hurry the passer, force a near-total change of tactics. But the Rams do it with elan, with a razzle-dazzle that makes the game they play not only a winning game, but an entertaining game as well. The Ram foursome, particularly Jones and Olsen, move in and out of position, stunting, looping,



Larsen: "Friends ask, 'What does it feel like before a game?' I can't describe it. You know how a wolf paces in a zoo? That's how I feel"

with the precision of trapeze artists and yet with the murderous efficiency of—well, of the Viking four. The difference is Bud Grant; his men operate under a master plan. Once in a while you see the Rams' Jones or Olsen burned badly, a play run right on by for a whopping gain. You seldom see the Viking defenders burned this way. There are few peaks and valleys in the Viking style. If a Viking defender is burned, as will happen, the zone-type defense in the secondary quickly plugs the gap and remedies the burn. Again, it must be repeated—the Grant system works. Every man in his place, and a place for every man.

It works. When it is permitted to loosen up a bit, to become more like the Rams and less like the Vikings, it works less well. In the only loss the Vikings suffered through its first half of the season, a 24-23 heartbreaker to the Giants, the Vikings decided on a safety blitz—a rare move for this club. On came the safety, but the Giants picked up the rushers, and Tarkenton unloaded a bomb to Homer Jones, all by himself. That is how the Vikings were beaten.

Not that the Vikings are robots. They are people. You see how much like people they are the 24 hours before a ball game.

On a weekend in October, the Vikings flew into St. Louis, arriving late Saturday afternoon. The team, naturally, ate their dinner together at the hotel—a choice of roast beef or lobster. Alan Page says of the meal: "Lousy food, lousy service." Which probably sums it up, but the point isn't the quality of either food or service. Any food, any service the evening before a game, would be lousy.

After the meal, men drifted off to the movies—*Easy Rider*, down the street—or up to their rooms, to rest or watch TV or play cards or do nothing. Outside, a steady dispiriting rain pelted down, promising a sloppy field the next day. Alan Page went up to his room, which he shares on the road with defensive back Bobby Bryant,

Page: "There is no way you could get me to play offense again. Zero! It just doesn't have the same quality, the same reckless abandon"

a white man from South Carolina. It is one of the few black-white arrangements in all of professional sports. To Page (and to Bryant) it seems natural. "We played together in the East-West Shrine game," says Page. "We came to the Viking camp together. He was the only person I knew. Later, our wives became quite friendly. So we started to room together."

At ten that Saturday night, everybody is back in the hotel, down in the lower gallery, for a team meeting. The feature of the meeting is a highlight film of last year's St. Louis games. The men are bored. Last year's highlights are entertaining, perhaps, but they do not teach you much, if anything. "It is just a matter of controlling the players," says one Viking. "I could have gone to bed early—8:30 or 8:45. This way, I am kept up to 10:30, 10:45, before I get to my room."

Curfew is 11. The men sleep until 8:15, and then are routed out, for a team breakfast at 9. This time it is cereal, steaks and eggs. Few men touch their food. Surprisingly, there is not a cloud in the sky. Nobody admits it, but this is a relief. On a sloppy field, things can get out of hand. The Vikings—favored by a touchdown—do not like things to get out of hand, ever. The field will be dry.

On game morning, noises begin to lessen, and pressures build. On the team bus, at 11:50, less than five minutes from the downtown stadium, it is very quiet. In the dressing room, Carl Eller wraps bandage and adhesive around his right knee, operated on in 1967, and very firm ever since. It will not bother him this day. Gary Larsen turns toward his dressing space, and begins to talk to himself. Alan Page's stomach has started to stir. He turns to Carl Eller, and the two men talk briefly. Paul Dickson continues to pass through his mind the ever-baffling, never-ending search to understand himself. He has worked out an elaborate linear-scale method of evaluating his worth. "If I give a positive ten for best, and a negative ten for worst, where do I stand?" he likes to ask himself. "Right in the middle. A big goose-egg. Zero. There is not a damn soul any better than I am, nor any one worse than I am." He worries about his back. "For 18 or 19 years I had a simple identity. I was a football player. Then my back was hurt and I felt the game was almost over. I began to lose my identity." He set out to find it. He has no real answer as yet, but he plays with answers. He will say: "I am a unique being. I am possibly a drop of water in the sea, or a grain of sand on the beach, and there ain't a hell of a lot I can do about it because of my numerical insignificance. But it doesn't mean I can't be the shiniest drop of water, or the most polished grain of sand." He will carry this problem of philosophy right into the game. In the locker room, he is deep in thought. "It is up to me to move my life anyway I choose—positive, if I work hard, negative if I am lazy." Through most of Paul Dickson's career, he played on losing clubs. But, he says to himself, "I have never felt I was a loser." It is as a winner, inside, he will go onto the field.

Jim Marshall is quiet, controlled. Once when he was a kid back in Columbus, Ohio, he had run away from a fight, a bunch of tough kids facing him down, the boy fleeing. His father, a truck driver who later ran a bar, said, "I don't care whether you get whipped or not, you go back there and fight." He went back, and whipped the gang. Alone. The idea of doing things alone has always attracted Jim Marshall—sky-diver, scuba-diver. But football is very much not a loner's game. "Our aim," he says, "is be as good as we can be potentially, to strive to improve ourselves, and to become better and better until we are the best." It is logical. "When we are the best, we'll win the championship. I foresee this in the very near future."

Carl Eller takes each game as it comes. "I can't wait to beat the next team we play as badly as we can. Establish our superiority." His frame of mind is good, and getting better. "The most sacred thing to me is to be comfortable and confident." Eller has his own notions of comfort and confidence. "I do things entirely to please myself. Not the outside world. If I like the way I feel, if I am pleased with myself, as opposed to conventional standards, then I am happy."

Gary Larsen feels like a caged animal. Alan Page is, he says, "ready to panic." The team takes the field, and bends in a huddle, with Jim Marshall, as defensive captain, bent down in an attitude almost of prayer. But it is not a prayer huddle. It is a holler huddle. The men holler, to loosen the tension. Then they break up, and the Vikings kick off, and St. Louis gets ready to put the ball in play.

On the bench, Paul Dickson watches the front four take its stance. The ball is snapped to quarterback Charlie Johnson, and Jim Marshall, who once ran away from a fight because he was alone, no longer must worry. He has his own gang right there. Carl Eller, Alan Page and Gary Larsen. Jim Marshall sells mobile telephones, for $2495 each. Carl Eller is an actor. Alan Page recruits college youngsters for a computer firm. Gary Larsen sells insurance. Paul Dickson is a banker. That is what they are, individually, except during the football season. Then they are the front four of the Minnesota Vikings.

Jim Marshall begins his wide outside arc. . . .

CLENDENON WINS DODGE CHALLENGER

WHO WILL WIN SPORT'S SUPER BOWL CAR?

SUDDENLY, NEW YORK-based athletes are beginning to divide the spoils among themselves, especially in the matter of SPORT's annual Super Bowl and World Series Top Performer automobile awards. Last January, it was quarterback Joe Namath who sparked the 17-point underdog New York Jets to a fantastic victory over the Baltimore Colts in the Super Bowl. And then came New York Met first-baseman Donn Clendenon, who earned the Dodge Challenger as the World Series' Top Performer for his clutch slugging in the most improbable World Series of them all.

Preseason 100-1 longshots, the Mets swept everything before them—first the Cubs and Cardinals and everyone else in the National League's Eastern Division, then the Atlanta Braves in the playoffs and, finally, the Baltimore Orioles in the World Series. And Donn Clendenon, 34 years old, who joined the club in June after a brief retirement and a briefer tenure with the Montreal Expos, was the big Met hero among a team of heroes. His home run in game No. 2 helped the Mets to a 2-1 victory over the Orioles. His home run in game No. 4 came in another 2-1 Met victory. But his third home run in game No. 5 (which set a record for home runs in a five-game World Series) was the most important blow of all. For the Mets had fallen behind, 3-0, going to the last of the sixth when Clendenon came up with Cleon Jones on base. With the count two-and-two, he bombed one to the face of the auxiliary scoreboard in left field and that closed the gap and it was all the Mets needed. They went on to beat the Orioles, 5-3, and win baseball's world championship. And Donn Clendenon was the ballplayer, who through his overall performance, was judged to have done the most for his team.

Now it is Super Bowl time again and can a New York player win a 1970 Dodge Challenger? Maybe, but first the Jets must get into the big game. We'll soon see.

Cournoyer finished sixth in the league scoring race last year with 87 points.

HOW THE LITTLEST CANADIEN FIGHTS BACK

By STAN FISCHLER

Yvan Cournoyer stops NHL bullies with a booming slap shot

THE MINUTE YVAN Cournoyer skates onto the ice to take his place as right wing of the champion Montreal Canadiens, he is at a disadvantage. A built-in disadvantage. Cournoyer is 5-7 and weighs only 169 pounds, which leaves him at the mercy of the far larger, might-makes-right bullies of the NHL. "Many times," he admits, "I wish I was bigger because there are some guys I'd like to lick."

Guys like Glen Sather of the Boston Bruins, who regularly takes pot shots at Cournoyer and some of the other smaller Canadiens. After one game last December in which Sather had taken a number of liberties with Cournoyer and the rule book, Sather put the Canadiens down, saying, "You can intimidate those guys. I talk to them all the time. Cournoyer, all of them. I tell them they better not turn their backs on me. Things like that."

Sather went after Cournoyer again in the opening game of the Boston-Montreal Eastern Division Stanley Cup playoff series last April, bloodying his nose before the game was two minutes old and sending him to the infirmary for the rest of the period. But if tactics like these are designed to intimidate, then Cournoyer insists they're not working. "All they do," he says of his tormenters, "is make me mad. And when they get me mad, I play harder. Sure, they might take care of me in a fight. I'm used to that. It really doesn't hurt my game. No, I don't care too much about it."

It would not seem wise to rile Cournoyer and make him play harder, for he is formidable enough when he's at peace with the world. His game is offense, and his arsenal includes roadrunner speed, excellent maneuverability, and, most important, a slap shot that has a velocity above and beyond the call of his smallish physique. Last year that shot accounted for 43 goals, which with his 44 assists gave him 87 points and sixth place in the scoring race. And despite all the bullying, Yvan played in all 76 regular-season and 14 playoff games, hardly the kind of stamina possible from a man with a delicate constitution.

Occasionally, Cournoyer dishes out his own physical punishment, though it's with his slap shot rather than his fist. In a Stanley Cup championship series meeting with St. Louis last spring, he almost put the entire Blues' defense out of commission with a series of sizzling drives.

Cournoyer swept in toward goalie Glenn Hall and let fly. Down went St. Louis defenseman Al Arbour, writhing in pain as if he had been struck by a bullet. The puck slid back to Cournoyer. His stick blurred again, and this time defenseman Barclay Plager toppled over. The puck slid back to Cournoyer once more, and he chopped it past the suddenly lonely Hall before the All-Star goalie could move. It was vintage Cournoyer, good enough to make Blues' managing director Lynn Patrick strain for superlatives. "The best goal-scorer on the power play I've ever seen was Camille Henry," Patrick said. "But now I have to say that this little Cournoyer is just as good."

You can hear similar praise all around the league. "His (Cournoyer's) shot is right up there with Bobby Hull's," says Pittsburgh goalie Joe Daley. "The thing about Yvan that worries me is that he can put the puck all over—high, low, you name it—and with terrific accuracy."

At 26, Cournoyer's future looks bright, indeed—with one obvious reservation. "If he can manage to take the abuse without cracking," says one veteran observer of the Canadiens, "then he could be a 50-goal man like Bobby Hull and the Rocket." The

Rocket is, of course, Maurice Richard, who still has demigod status in Montreal. Often a critic of today's hockey and today's players, Richard admits that Yvan could hold his own in any era. "He's not too big, but he shoots on net all the time and he's very fast," Richard said.

Shooting and skating have been Cournoyer's main interest in life since he was a kid growing up in the French-speaking town of Drummondville, Quebec. When he was 14, his family moved to Montreal and he quickly climbed hockey's sandlot ladder, winding up with Lachine, a powerful team in the Canadien-sponsored Metropolitan Junior League.

NHL scouts had heard good things about the little kid with the big part in his hair, but they really took notice after the final game of a Lachine-Verdun series. Yvan's club was trailing by one goal with less than a minute remaining in the deciding game, when he captured the puck behind his own net. Bobbing and weaving, he skated around the opposition and shot the puck past the Verdun goalie. Then he scored the winning goal in sudden-death overtime.

Cournoyer soon graduated to the Junior Canadiens, a regal teenage version of the parent club. Claude Ruel was his coach then as he is now. "I could tell right away," says Ruel, "that he had the same scoring knack as the Rocket. I told him to shoot even more, to strengthen his shot."

Yvan went home to his father's machine shop, probed around for some scrap steel and designed himself some homemade shot-improvers. "I made a couple of steel pucks," he recalls, "about two pounds each. Then I went down to the basement and made an arrangement there so I could shoot the pucks at heavy carpets lined up against the wall." The exercise may have weakened the foundations of the house, but it strengthened immeasurably his wrists. "By the following winter," he says, "I had a much better shot."

This improvement was most timely, for the Canadiens were scanning the junior-hockey horizon for a future heir to Henri Richard and Jean Beliveau, the reigning French-Canadian scoring titans. They called Yvan up for a five-game tryout in the 1963-64 season and he scored in his first game. "He pounces on the puck like a cat," said captain Jean Beliveau. However, Montreal coach Toe Blake was less enthused. He gave Yvan only part-time work during his rookie year, 1964-65, and Cournoyer scored only seven goals. "But I never let down," says Yvan, "because when you let down you're finished. I said to myself eventually I would have my chance."

A season later he scored 18 goals but still was used almost exclusively on the power play. By 1966-67 he was up to 25 goals, but Blake remained critical of Yvan's defensive play. Then the coach decided to gamble and use him as a regular right wing and, surprisingly, Cournoyer's defensive ability immediately improved. "Toe kept harping at it," says Yvan, "and I kept working at it."

But it was his goal-scoring that earned him his keep. Cournoyer scored 28 goals in the '67-68 season, then took a giant leap up to 43 last year. In fact, he scored No. 40 with eight games still to go in the regular season, prompting some talk about the possibility of his joining the super elite 50-goal club. However, Yvan didn't even want to think about it. "If I had decided that I had to score 50," he says, "every time I missed a goal I should have scored I'd have brooded over it. That's no good. If you keep brooding you stop getting your chances. Each year I've always passed my record from the year before, so if I score 44 this year I'll be glad. As for 50, I don't like to think about it."

Ironically, one of Cournoyer's major assets—his skating speed—may have been responsible for his failure to score 50 goals. Last season in the Stanley Cup semifinal series against Boston, for example, he missed four breakaways because he was moving too fast. "I've had problems with goals I didn't get on breakaways," he admits. "But I have a theory about breakaways—the more time you have to think about what you're going to do, the more things there are to think about, and that's when you make a mistake."

Yvan made a mistake early this season, getting in front of a flying puck on October 25, at The Forum. The puck broke his nose and sidelined him for two weeks. If there was any consolation, it was that the accident enabled him to spend some time at the offices of the Norman Street Realties and Metro-Flame Oil Company in Montreal, which has a name plate on the desk reading, "Yvan Cournoyer, President." Apart from hockey, his business career is the major preoccupation in Yvan's life. "Right after practice I hurry to my office. There are many things to be done."

Cournoyer is a leader of men in his business; Montreal general manager Sam Pollock would like him to become a leader of the Canadiens in the post-Beliveau years now that the distinguished captain is considering retirement in the spring. Of course, replacing Beliveau is something like trying to follow Frank Sinatra's act at the Copa, a problem that has not eluded Yvan. "If the players want a guy and look up to him, he is the leader," Cournoyer says. "I don't know if that would happen to me, or if we'd all want somebody else."

A key criterion of leadership is self-confidence, and Yvan has a quiet, but growing faith in himself that sometimes surfaces in odd ways. Once, after a victory in which he had scored his sixth goal in the Canadiens' last six games, Cournoyer opened a soda bottle with the blade of his skate, prompting trainer Larry Aubut to warn, "Keep doing that, and it'll hurt your skating."

Cournoyer just stared, then said, "It hasn't yet and I'm not going to start doing anything different now."

Which was untrue. Cournoyer is doing something different now—he's hitting back when he's assaulted instead of just taking it. He first shed his pacifism early last March in Madison Square Garden, when Ranger defenseman Brad Park—five inches taller and 20 pounds heavier than Yvan—announced his desire to fight by skating into Cournoyer full speed.

"I'm not the kind who's going to hit first," the Canadien said, "but the guy dropped his gloves so I couldn't back up. I dropped my gloves and we started swinging."

The first blow was delivered by Cournoyer and it stunned Park. "I gave him a good shot," Yvan remembers, "I really liked it."

But Park landed the next punch and deposited Cournoyer on the ice. "My feet were too close together," he explains, "and I couldn't dig in. That's what happens when you don't know how to fight."

To most spectators it was just another hockey brawl, but Montreal *Star* sports editor Red Fisher perceived a deeper meaning to it. "Mark this down as the day a growing boy became a man," said Fisher. ■

THE SPORT SERVICE AWARD

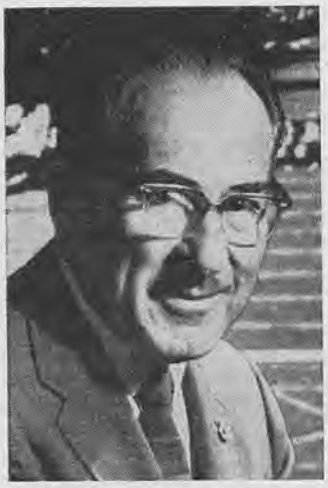
CHARLES MANCUSO

If there is one man who has done more than his share to make the people of Omaha, Nebraska, sports-minded, it is Charles Mancuso. In charge of the Civic Auditorium for the city and Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce sports committee, Mancuso has been instrumental in acquiring a Triple A baseball franchise for the city and has worked diligently to bring NBA and major-league baseball exhibition games to Omaha. He has also worked on bringing indoor tennis and track and field meets to Eastern Nebraska. Mancuso takes a break from all this by using much of his free time to talk and travel, telling the story of eastern Nebraska as a sports center.

CHARLES LAUER

The executive director of the Huntington, West Virginia, YMCA, Charles Lauer coordinates city-wide programs in Little League baseball (eight leagues), Babe Ruth League baseball (four leagues), swimming, junior bowling, junior tennis, buddy basketball and numerous other sports. Lauer has been at the "Y" for 26 years, and with the help of an annual $150,000 membership drive (which he conducts), his programs continue to grow. Huntington now has one of the finest YMCA sports programs in the East. He's always available to listen to the smallest of problems. Most people feel that Lauer is the one man who has held the community's sports program together.

LATHROP K. LEISHMAN



As chairman of the Football Committee of the Tournament of Roses Association, Lathrop K. Leishman has had a heavy hand in building the Rose Bowl into one of the nation's top sports spectacles. Leishman was the catalyst for $400,000 in improvements made on the Rose Bowl in preparation for this season's game. He's also liaison with the NCAA, the Pacific Eight and Big Ten conferences and was instrumental in bringing the two conferences together for the annual game. A member of the Rose Bowl association since 1929, Leishman has seen all but two of the 55 games. He is director of the Children's Home Society and has served on the boards of the YMCA and Salvation Army.

PAGLIACCI OF THE ORIOLES

(*Continued from page* 51)

Almost all of Cuellar's teammates admit that although he plays the clown, it is always the kind of clowning that draws attention to the act, but never to the man. Earl Weaver, who has managed often in South America during the winter and who prides himself on his ability to understand his Latin ballplayers, finds Mike Cuellar an enigma. "Oh, he jokes around with his teammates," said the Orioles' manager, "but he doesn't like any strangers laughing at him. It's partly because he's embarrassed about his language difficulties. Probably some SOB laughed at him when he first came to the States. He should be proud that he can speak two languages, but he hasn't learned to accept it as a gift yet. That's why he's pretty withdrawn with strangers."

Hendricks says Cuellar is just as withdrawn with his teammates. "After the game no one sees him. He goes back to his apartment and draws or listens to music, and that's it."

If Mike Cuellar sounds like a modern-day Pagliacci, a clown on the one hand and a serious introvert on the other, it isn't difficult to understand why. Mike has too much pride to be made a fool of when he's trying to be serious. He'd had enough of that when he first came to the States. So his solution is very simple. Never be serious. If you're always a clown then people will always be laughing with you, never at you.

The trouble is, such an attitude also encourages neglect. For years Mike Cuellar pitched well, but without anyone becoming aware of it. He spent eight years in the minors, first a property of the Reds, then the Cards, and most of these were respectable years. In 1966, winning 12 and losing ten at Houston, he fashioned the second best earned-run average in the National League, 2.22. But most people remembered only the No. 1 ERA man, Sandy Koufax.

That performance was not a fluke, either, because in his three other full seasons with the Astros, he had ERAs of 3.54, 3.04 and 2.74—a four-year average of 2.67.

His 36-32 won-lost record and his 511 strikeouts in 614 innings with the lowly Astros marked Cuellar as a pitcher to watch, especially after a 16-win season in 1967. But in 1968 he came up with a sore arm and most people stopped watching. Except for the super scout of the Baltimore Orioles, Frank Lane. "I've been watching him since he broke in with the Havana Sugar Kings 12 years ago," Lane said. "But it wasn't until this past year that we got a shot at him."

The reason the Orioles got a shot at him was logical enough from the Houston point of view: Thirty-one-year-old pitchers whose bread and butter is an arm-wrenching screwball are about as hot a property as Egyptian tank commanders. So the Orioles sent Curt Blefary to Houston for Cuellar with only the most modest expectations about the sorearm southpaw. "We just hope he'll

become the fourth or fifth starter we need," said manager Earl Weaver in spring training. And while everybody glued their eyes to the McLains, Marichals and Gibsons, Mike Cuellar went to work in shadowy anonymity. Like the fine craftsman he is, he added a brushstroke here, another there, a slow curve, a sinking screwball, a sneaky fastball, and lo and behold he had painted a masterpiece.

He started slowly and was 10-9 by the All-Star break ("We weren't getting him any runs," says Frank Robinson), when he suddenly ripped off a 13-2 streak that made him the second winningest pitcher in the American League, the third winningest in baseball and the best southpaw alive. His 2.38 ERA was third best in the American League, and he led the Birds with 182 strikeouts and a 23-11 record. In November, he and McLain tied in the voting for the American League Cy Young award.

Not bad for a guy who started earning his bread by painting Teddy Bears on baby cribs.

Now that Mike has finally established himself at 32, he is no longer considered (like those aging Hollywood starlets with creeping crowsfeet around the eyes) "a prospect". Rather, he is a property. And people are asking one another how come he became such a helluva pitcher all of a sudden.

Well, for one thing as you already know, it wasn't so sudden. For another, it was his assortment of pitches. He's always had a decent fastball, an adequate curve and good control, and in 1964 he developed his screwball, his "out" pitch. But the screwball is a novelty that wears off if not offset by another pitch. Cuellar has made it by being greater than the sum of his parts, rather than a Sam McDowell who is less than the sum of his parts. Mike has come on, like a fine wine, with age.

His Oriole teammates appreciated what Cuellar meant to the team in 1969. Just before Baltimore's first playoff game with the Twins, I caught up with Frank Robinson in the locker room. "He works so hard when he's pitching," Robinson said, "that it's a pleasure to play behind him. Like early in the year when we weren't getting him any runs, he didn't complain a bit. He just pitched his best every game. You know you felt sorry for him, struggling like he does, and you couldn't help but play a little harder for him."

When Robinson finished dressing and the talk turned to Mike Cuellar's personality, he laughed and threw up his hands. "Now that's something else. I've played against him for four years and with him one, but I still don't have the faintest idea of what makes him tick. He's an interior guy. He doesn't reveal much."

In the hope that personal inspection would reveal more, I went out on the field to watch Cuellar and perhaps talk to him. Elly Hendricks was standing by the batting cage and he talked about Cuellar the superstitious. He explained how Cuellar refuses to finish warming up before the opposing pitcher does, and how he won't let anyone bring his glove out to him if he's left on base at the end of an inning. "There are lots more like those," he said.

Just then Cuellar, brandishing a thick bat over his head like a machete, jumped into the batting cage to take his swings. He shouted something in Spanish to Elrod and they both laughed.

A dozen reporters stood around the batting cage watching Cuellar take his swings. Mike glared at the batting practice pitcher, coach Billy Hunter, then took three mighty practice swings. "Come on peetch that theeng," he dared Hunter. The reporters smiled and watched. Cuellar, with those thin slits for eyes, and high cheekbones, looked like some furious Aztec warrior.

When Hunter threw the ball Mike swung so hard he twirled around and almost screwed himself into the ground. He missed the ball by a foot. It bounced off the screen onto the plate in front of him, and he began jumping up and down, swearing at the ball in Spanish, and chopping at it with his bat as if trying to kill it.

The reporters and the few players around the cage laughed heartily. Mike had a huge grin on his face. He shouted again to Elrod and Elly shook his head.

"That Mike, man, he's a real clown."

Just then Frank Robinson stepped out of the dugout and the reporters left the cage and went over to him. Cuellar looked around and saw he was alone. The next pitch Hunter threw he took a surprisingly level swing and lined the ball to right field. He pursed his lips and squeezed the bat more tightly, and then proceeded to line shot after shot into the outfield, his bat ripping the air smoothly.

But no one noticed this Mike Cuellar, intense, dedicated. And a few days later, when he lined a run scoring single in the first game of the World Series, all the reporters in the press box smiled. They remembered only the clowning Mike Cuellar in the batting cage.

Cuellar pitched a fine game against the Twins, making only two bad pitches—a fourth ball and a home run slider to Tony Oliva. That ninth-inning blow sent him to the showers trailing 3-2, but the Orioles pulled it out in the 11th on a fine relief chore by Dick Hall and a squeeze bunt by Paul Blair. After the game, in the victors' locker room, I tried to get Cuellar to talk about himself. It was a mismatch.

"Well, Mike," I opened, "you pitched a fine game today."

He nodded.

"Yes . . . . well, how did you first get interested in baseball, Mike. . . . as a career, I mean?"

"My father."

"Oh, I see. Did he play minor-league baseball?"

"No."

"Did he play semi-pro baseball?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Cuba."

"Does he still live in Cuba?"

Mike nods.

"What does he do in Cuba, Mike?" By now I was beginning to feel the heat of the locker room.

"Works."

"At what?"

"A job."

"What kind of job?"

V.D. can be prevented

An epidemic is ravaging America—needlessly. The U.S. Public Health Service estimates there were almost 1.8 million new cases of venereal disease last year, well exceeding the medical definition of an epidemic. More Americans caught gonorrhea last year than caught the measles. And half of all new V.D. cases are in the 15 to 24 year old age group.

Tragically, V.D.'s strongest ally is simple ignorance. A few basic methods of prevention will effectively combat both syphilis and gonorrhea. The necessary information is readily available from physicians, clinics and public health groups. And your local pharmacist is the best source for medically recommended products to prevent V.D.

Youngs Drug Products Corporation

Manufacturers of "Trojan" brand prophylactics—sold only in drugstores.

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"I don't remember."

The Oriole brass explains Cuellar's reticence by saying, "You know, he's got family in Cuba. He's gotta watch what he says. He won't tell you how he hates Castro, but he really does."

The only time Cuellar seemed to loosen up was when the talk shifted from his personal life to his career. For instance, he never tires of telling how happy he is since joining the Orioles. "I know most of the guys at Baltimore before I come here," he said. "Hendricks, Frank Robinson, Don Buford, Marcelino Lopez. They are my friends. It is important to play on a team with friends . . . besides," and he smiles, "the Orioles get me runs, and then I know I win with them."

Dick Hall, who bunks next to Cuellar, has played a number of years in Latin America. He explained just how important friends can be when living in a strange country. "You miss a lot in a foreign country. Not only because of the language problems, but that's the worst of it. You can't even talk to a girl you might like. You don't understand the movies, papers, menus, nothing. There are other things, too, like social customs, living conditions, climate, food, a million things. And even though he's well-adjusted now," Hall said, "it isn't the same as being home. . . . You withdraw a little. But you've gotta give Mike credit. He didn't quit like a lot of guys. He has guts."

Of course what Hall fails to mention was that after 1961 there was no home for Cuellar to return to even if he wanted to quit. Castro had taken over Cuba and most of the athletes who were used to the freedom of the States would have found it intolerable to go back to live under Communism.

Whenever Mike is asked if he ever did think of quitting he always denies it vehemently. Then, he lets his Pagliacci mask, his mask of imperturbability, drop just a bit.

"Never. I never would quit," he says. "I just try and try and knew someday I make it. All I needed was a chance, and in America they gotta give it to you. I know that."

But he knows, too, that one never really has it made, not even in America.

"Even when I was traded to Baltimore, I knew I'd have to prove myself all over again to get into the starting rotation. Everywhere you gotta prove yourself, and here's no exception." He shrugs. "But it's always like that."

It's only when his guard is down that Mike will drop hints as to the difficulties he had when he first came to the States.

"Sometimes when you're young you lose control," and he laughs a little, and you know he doesn't mean control of his curveball. "People don't understand me. I might say something that hurts somebody and I don't mean it. Then soon you learn, you don't say anything at all."

But despite his long period of adjustment to a new way of life, Cuellar seems to have found at least some happiness in the States. "It's a nice easy life," says his friend Elrod Hendricks. "He makes good money and in the winter he can go to Puerto Rico (Cuellar lives in Arecibo) to play winter ball."

Mike says he plays winter ball to keep in shape, and he cites as an example 1967-68 when he didn't play and promptly came up with a sore arm. But Elrod believes there's another reason, too. "I think it's to get it all out of gut, all the stuff he has to hold inside. In Puerto Rico he can play with his own kind again and relax a little."

Cuellar certainly wasn't very relaxed at the World Series, especially after the first game that had made him a minicelebrity. When he came into New York he found himself hounded by the press and he took to hiding. Before the Birds' first game at Shea Stadium, he played pepper with the other pitchers in the visiting team's left field bullpen. Then a mob of photographers and reporters converged on him. He ran toward the batting cage, pleading, "I gotta hit, fellas." He took a few half-hearted swings and when he saw the horde still waiting for him he began to run the bases. When he got to second, the reporters ran to third base to wait for him. So Cuellar stopped and ran into the outfield. He stayed there until it was time for the press to clear the field.

After the game, after the Mets beat the Orioles to go two up in the series, Cuellar was found taking a whirlpool in the trainers' room. And there, just for a moment, he let his mask slip again.

"It's no good to be too serious," he said. "You know what I mean? You gotta be happy, fooling around. You can't think too much about bad things. Just got to live and be happy. That's all there is to it."

He closed his eyes and let the warm water swirl over his shoulders.

"It's funny . . . you pitch all those years in the minors and every day you dream about pitching in the World Series. You dream and dream and you know it should happen to you and you believe it will . . . but sometimes . . . you don't really believe it will." He looked up as if a little confused, afraid you might not understand. "You know what I mean?"

The next day Cuellar pitched another fine ballgame against the Mets. He gave up only one run through seven innings, but the Orioles could not score and so he was lifted for a pinch-hitter. He didn't like that at all. He took off his batting helmet and slammed it to the ground. He picked up his warmup jacket and stalked out of the dugout and into the locker room. The Mets went on to win the game in the tenth inning, and the next day they won the Series.

It was the Mets' destiny, really, and no one, not Mike Cuellar, not Juan Marichal, not Walter Johnson incarnate could have stopped them.

Afterwards it was revealed that Mike Cuellar had the best pitching record in the Series. He had struck out 14 batters in 16 innings, walked only four, with an earned run average of 1.13.

But very few people noticed. ■

Next Month

SPORT's 23rd Annual

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Award

And The

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1. DATE OF FILING: Oct. 1, 1969. 2. TITLE OF PUBLICATION: SPORT. 3. FREQUENCY OF ISSUE: MONTHLY. 4. LOCATION OF KNOWN OFFICE OF PUBLICATION *(Street, city, county, state, zip code)*: 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017. 5. LOCATION OF THE HEADQUARTERS OR GENERAL BUSINESS OFFICE OF THE PUBLISHERS *(Not printers)*: 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017.

6. NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF PUBLISHER, EDITOR, AND MANAGING EDITOR: PUBLISHER *(Name and address)* Macfadden-Bartell Corporation, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017; EDITOR *(Name and address)* Al Silverman, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017; MANAGING EDITOR *(Name and address)* Fred Katz, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017.

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	Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months	Actual Number Of Copies of Single Issue Published Nearest to Filing Date
A. TOTAL NO. COPIES PRINTED *(Net Press Run)*	1,299,303	1,315,444
B. PAID CIRCULATION		
1. SALES THROUGH DEALERS AND CARRIERS, STREET VENDORS AND COUNTER SALES	232,716	207,285
2. MAIL SUBSCRIPTIONS	929,078	972,709
C. TOTAL PAID CIRCULATION	1,161,794	1,179,994
D. FREE DISTRIBUTION *(including samples)* BY MAIL, CARRIER OR OTHER MEANS	5,527	5,159
E. TOTAL DISTRIBUTION *(Sum of C and D)*	1,167,321	1,185,153
F. OFFICE USE, LEFT-OVER, UNACCOUNTED, SPOILED AFTER PRINTING	131,982	130,291
G. TOTAL *(Sum of E & F—should equal net press run shown in A)*	1,299,303	1,315,444

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THIS IS JOE GARAGIOLA

WHEN OLDTIMERS TALK about a sports great of the past, they usually end by saying, "You should have seen him; he was really something." Well, there's a whole list of people I wish I could have seen in action, but there are two men in particular—two of the greatest characters I've ever heard of.

One of them was John King, who played the outfield for a lot of minor-league teams, most of them in various leagues in Texas. He had one of the great throwing arms in baseball and was tremendously fast. The thing that kept him in the minor leagues was his inability to hit lefthanded pitching. The longer he had trouble with lefthanders the more frustrated he got. Out of that frustration came some great stories. Once, while playing with Longview of the East Texas League, he came to the plate with the bases loaded and was struck out—by a lefthander, of course. He walked back to the dugout, broke his bat on the top step and marched to the water bucket. He filled up the dipper, held it high over his head and hollered loud enough for everyone in the park to hear him, "John King, you'd like a drink of water, wouldn't you? Your jaws are dry, and there's cotton on your tongue, and your taste buds need sprinkling. But you're not gonna get any water. You're not gonna drink one swallow, til you get yourself a hit off that varmint of a pitcher out there."

Late in the game he finally got a hit and got a drink of water.

Several years later, after John had been released by another team, he wired the Boston Braves, who once were supposed to be interested in him. The wire read, "AM LOOSE AND GOING GOOD." The Braves wired back, "STAY LOOSE AND KEEP GOING."

So King went back to playing. One day, with two strikes on him, he stepped out of the batter's box, pointed a finger at the lefthander on the mound and announced, "I'm old John King, and men walk around me like I was a swamp. I'm gonna hit your next pitch and drive it into the next state. As I go around the bases I'm gonna undress all the infielders with my spikes. Then, if you're not already running, I'm gonna chase you out of the park." With that he stepped back into the batter's box and struck out.

John King struck it rich after he was through playing, thanks to the discovery of oil on his property. During the war somebody told King that Adolf Hitler was lefthanded. King said later: "I bought a hundred thousand dollars worth of war bonds before I found out he was right-handed."

The other athlete I wish I could have seen in action was Mysterious John Montague, one of the truly great golfers when it came to a bet. He was called mysterious because nobody really knew much about him, and that suited him perfectly. He wasn't looking for a reputation. The Montague theory was that he wanted you to find out what kind of a golfer he was *after* the bets had been made for the day.

One day a hustler came up to Montague and said, "John, the only real edge you've got is your driver." Montague said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll play you one hole for a thousand dollars and swap balls after the drive." The man agreed. Montague hit first, and drove the ball about 300 yards right down the middle. The shark hit his ball about 15 feet off the tee. Montague said nothing. He hit a big fairway wood and finally managed to get a bogey. But the shark, thanks to the big drive, got a par. Montague suggested another try—this time for $2000. The shark agreed and, really trying this time, hit the ball about 180 yards. Montague teed up and hit a beauty, even farther than his first one. However, it was in the opposite direction from the green. Then Montague turned and said, "Now pay me or I'll break you in half."

John Montague also made one of the wildest bets in golf history with Bing Crosby. Montague agreed to play with a baseball bat, a shovel and a rake, playing for $20 a hole.

Montague started off by fungoing the ball almost 300 yards into a trap. From there he gave a terrific heave with the shovel and threw his ball up on the green. Then he lay down, took the handle of the rake like a pool cue and ran the ball in the cup for a birdie. Crosby holed out in five, paid Montague and went home.

Joe Garagiola

SPORT BOOKSHELF

THE RUNNING BACKS

By Murray Olderman

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If you've still got some last-minute Christmas shopping to do and are in doubt what to get for a rabid football fan, doubt no longer. *The Running Backs* makes a superb (if expensive) Christmas gift. In this large-size, comprehensive volume, you will find over 150 photos of the game's greatest runners, past and present, plus 32 pages in full color, plus diagrams of the runners' favorite plays. Plus words. The words are very good, with biographies on all the great runners from Thorpe to Sayers, and a fascinating section on techniques used and how the techniques evolved over the years. The author interviews hundreds of players, ex-players and coaches to flush out the innermost secrets of running with a football. He presumably found out enough to rate the ten greatest runners of all time. The No. 1 man? Jim Brown, as you might have guessed.

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A running mate to *The Running Backs*, *The First 50 Years* is the sprinter of the entry—flashy and fast, but with no real staying power. Produced by NFL Properties to celebrate the league's 50th season, it is a beautiful book, designed in advanced Madison Avenue style. Leafing through it is like attending an Antonioni movie, or watching one of those mannered television documentary specials. Indeed, the book (as does pro football itself) owes much to television. "Football," someone writes in the opening chapter (there is no author identification), "is a complex, patterned sport, a visual image well-suited to the changing glow of a television screen." And this book is well-suited to the TV viewer, the casual reader whose keenest sense is sight. It is a little pretentious, but it also gives a quite substantial rundown of the glow of the NFL these past 50 years.

Please write directly to the publisher of each book if you wish to place an order Do not write to SPORT.

THE GIANTS' FUTURE IS IN BONDS

(*Continued from page* 31)
late in the 1969 campaign when the Giants threatened, at long last, to shuck their bridesmaid gowns and put on the real thing. Bobby Bonds is used to life in the pressure pit. It began back in sunny Phoenix, in spring training. Bobby Bonds would be—it was loudly proclaimed—the new Willie Mays, the next great outfielder of our time. He could do everything, and do it superbly. Etc.

That's pressure, when you've played exactly 81 big-league games.

Yet that was nothing, compared to the urgency built up around Bobby Bonds. Not only would Bonds someday be the next Willie Mays, but the someday meant right now. Once the Giants had been rich in outfielding talent. Last year expansion had snatched away Ollie Brown, Jesus Alou and Ty Cline. Past years had seen other men lost—Felipe Alou, Matty Alou, Orlando Cepeda. Manny Mota. Now the superfluity had shrunk; now they were down to bone—Willie Mays, Jim Hart, Bonds, plus a cast of journeymen. And the bone creaked. Mays was old, and soon would hurt himself. Jim Ray Hart, that strangely fated young man who is eroding away his talents, hurt himself and never got untracked. Nor was it just the outfielders who got hurt or old. McCovey's knees pained him dreadfully, and then so did his hip. Marichal sneezed, and tore a rib-cage muscle. Catchers Dick Dietz and Jack Hiatt hurt their hands; Hiatt came down with bleeding ulcers and lost 32 pounds. Bob Bolin hurt his back, Sadecki his groin. Dave Marshall, a sub in that injured outfield, tore a groin muscle and hurt his back. On and on it went. First, they were the walking wounded; then they were simply the wounded.

Bonds stayed in the lineup, the pressure piling up. Day in and day out, in ragtag lineups and in rare healthy lineups, you would find Bonds. He, too, suffered his aches, pains and illnesses. He has recurrent bronchitis, and suffered a debilitating attack in June. All it does is make him want to pass out. He sat out two games. He was struck on the left forearm by the league's fastest pitch, a Bill Singer flame. The arm swelled; for two days Bonds couldn't flex his fist. And when his hand could barely close on the handle of a bat, he went back into the lineup. He played far more often than any teammate. When Bonds had batted 600 times, no Giant had batted 500 times. McCovey supplied the power, Mays supplied the glory, and Marichal the arm. But Bonds gave the club its stability. You could count on him to be in there.

That's pressure.

And Bobby Bonds is used to it, because he has never been permitted the luxury of growth. He started working when he was eight years old. He married his childhood sweetheart at 18, and raised a family on minor-league salaries. He plays baseball on a set of ankles so frail he could snap them any time he slides into second base, and end his career. He has an odd blood condition; if he takes a drink, doctors have told him, the alcohol may clot his blood and stop his heart. He is not a drinker, but he has his very infrequent drink. Man shall not live by dread alone.

So when Bobby Bonds says, of the pennant race of 1969, of the pressure and the strikeouts and playing with a system full of penicillin and other antibiotics to fight off the flu: "I sleep good; I can't afford to be nervous," it is more than words of reassurance. Bobby Bonds has been there before. In the 1970s, he'll be there some more.

Bobby Lee Bonds was born on the Ides of March, 1946, in Riverside, California, some 50 miles east of Los Angeles. Bobby has two brothers and a sister. For a while, his sister was the most famous Bonds. Rosie Bonds, 20 months older than Bobby, set track records in dashes and hurdles events. Bobby Bonds, who has run the 100 in 9.5 and the 220 in 21 flat, could not lick his sister Rosie in 50-yard sprints when they both were growing up.

Bobby's father was a building contractor, his mother a hospital nurse. Today, Bonds' father has suffered two heart attacks, and his mother has a deteriorating bone condition in her hip. "My mother is real tiny, 5-1 or so. We kid her about her hip condition. It seems to shrink her. 'Mom, you can't get any smaller than that!' " So the Bonds family knows about pain and illness, and it knows how to take them. When Bobby Bonds was in the second grade, he woke one night with a fierce stomach ache. He began to cry, but somehow he fell asleep. so the ruptured appendix was not discovered until the next day. He almost died; he was laid up in the hospital for 31 days. How bad was it? "Not bad," Bonds says today. "Like getting shot in the head with an arrow."

This is not a sad story. Bobby Bonds was a big healthy kid. By the ninth grade, he stood 6-1, and weighed 160 pounds. (Today he is still 6-1, and weighs 188.) He played baseball from Little League up. He played basketball and football, and he ran the dashes, high-jumped, and broad-jumped. But he also cleaned out houses when he was eight years old. Later he stacked groceries, stocked equipment in a sporting goods store, worked as a plasterer on his father's construction jobs. "My father would take me and my brothers and Rosie to the job site and pay us $1.00 an hour." Withal, life was fun. Especially so because pretty Patricia Howard lived right next door, from the sixth grade on. They were married while in high school.

Baseball was the staff of Bobby Bonds' life. "Baseball is what I always wanted to do," he says today. In high school, he pitched and played center field, and the scouts came around. He batted .407 in his sophomore year, and .387 his junior. But he developed tonsilitis in his senior year and sagged to .295, so the bidding was not exactly furious. Giant scout Evo Pusich liked the boy and after Bonds had graduated from high school in 1964,

Pusich signed him to a contract, with no bonus.

In 1965, the Giants sent Bonds to their rookie camp. Max Lanier, managing a Giant farm in Lexington, North Carolina, eyed the youngster and asked that he be assigned to Lexington, in the Class D (now A) Western Carolinas League.

Bonds had a superb season at Lexington, batting .323 with 25 home runs, 86 runs batted in and 33 steals in 35 attempts. He led the league in runs scored, with 103.

But it had its grisly side, for black Bobby Bonds. The discrimination that exists in southern California toward middle-class Negro families is usually subtle, seldom blatant, barely discernible. At Lexington, and on the road, in 1965, it became shrill, open, ugly. "I had to eat in backdoor kitchens. We didn't have to worry about where I'd sleep on the road; we commuted to ballgames on a team bus and slept at home. There was a toilet on the bus, thank God. Fans called me names. Other players called me names. Even on my own team. The fans were the worst. 'Don't hit that ball, you so-and-so!' "

What words filled in for so-and-so? Nigger? Coon? Black bastard?

At each epithet, Bobby Bonds nods solemnly.

"I was the only Negro on the team. There had been another Negro, but he was dropped."

So Bonds was a lone and obvious target for the obscenities of southern fans. And some ballplayers. How did Bonds respond?

"When they yelled, 'Don't hit that ball, you so-and-so!' I took it out on the pitcher and on the ball."

It wasn't totally awful. The Giants brought up another black player, so the loneliness was shared. And on the club was a young pitcher named Mike Corkins, a blue-eyed Irish lad, who'd become friendly with young Bobby Bonds. "We were close as brothers," Bonds says today. Careers entwine and unravel, and then twine again. On one of the happiest nights of Bobby Bonds' life, Mike Corkins' pitching for San Diego, threw a fastball low and inside, and Willie Mays hit it into the leftfield seats for his 600th home run. Earlier that same game, Mike Corkins threw a curveball to Bobby Bonds, and Bonds swung and missed, and struck out, for the 176th time of 1969, and a new major-league record. So it goes.

And so Bonds went, from Lexington on up. In 1966 he played at Fresno. Says Bonds, "It was real smooth from then on."

He hit just .262 at Fresno, but he also belted 26 home runs and drove in 91 runs. A post-season scouting report on Bobby Bonds reads: "A hustling youngster and above average in all departments, especially in hitting and throwing." He stole "only" 18 bases at Fresno, but then he'd run into problems. "The man hitting behind me said I was making him swing at too many bad balls." Bonds stopped running. In succeeding seasons, he hurt his ankles, so his base-stealing potential, indicated that first year at Lexington, remained unrealized until 1969. Today Bonds will show you his ankles, slim as a girl's. The ankle knob is large, and the bone slips out of its socket at the slightest wrong pressure. He tugs at the skin behind the bone and in front of the Achilles tendon. "See? No meat." There's more meat on a chicken's throat.

He had a pretty good season at Waterbury, in the fast Eastern League. He also had his wife and two young sons, Barry and Ricky, at Waterbury. "People had said, when I was thinking of getting married, 'Don't get married. You're too young. It'll never work out.' Well, we got married, and it's worked so far." It became a sort of challenge to Bobby Bonds, a man who eats up challenges. Back in the minors at Waterbury, living in a furnished apartment, he'd sworn: "When Barry is old enough for school, I'm going to own a house." In the fall of 1969, Barry Bonds entered school, and Bobby Bonds moved his family into a three-bedroom house in Redwood City, below San Francisco.

It is part of the philosophy of Bobby Bonds. "I can't just wait for things to happen. I have to prepare myself so they do happen. I have goals. I am very conscientious and I work hard."

He worked hard in the minors, and kept moving up. In 1968 he jumped to Phoenix, in the Pacific Coast League, a whippet-lean, whippet-swift young man, just 22 years old. At Phoenix, Bonds batted .370. He belted three grandslam home runs. He stole 12 out of 15 bases, to make his minor-league record an astonishing 88 steals in 101 attempts.

At Phoenix Bonds roomed with shortstop Tito Fuentes, a bit like mixing disaster with catastrophe. One day when Bonds was pitching batting practice, Fuentes rifled a wicked shot back off Bonds' leg, decking him. The next day, Fuentes stood behind a batting screen and pointed to a hole about as large as a small grapefruit. "I bet you can't hit a ball through," Fuentes said, and Bonds instantly ripped a baseball at the screen where, naturally, it threaded the hole, struck Fuentes' leg, and laid him up. Shortly after, Bonds slid into base and hurt his other leg. The next day Fuentes slid into base and broke a leg. "I will never room with you again," Fuentes announced loudly. But in 1969, after

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LEW ALCINDOR'S LIFE AS A PRO

Much more, too, in February SPORT On Sale January 15

Frank Johnson left the Giants and Fuentes rejoined the big club, the Giants threw Fuentes and Bonds together. They are still knocking wood.

Hitting .370 at Phoenix, Bonds had to come up. On June 24, 1968, Rosy Ryan came into the Phoenix locker room and called Bonds over. "I had gone 2-for-4 that night, so I wondered what I could have done wrong."

Nothing.

"You're going to San Francisco," Ryan said.

Bobby Bonds played for the Giants the next night, against the Dodgers in Candlestick Park. The first time up, he grounded out. The next time, he was struck on the left forearm. Bonds gets hit often by pitched balls. He crowds the plate, bending over in the Frank Robinson manner, demanding every inch of space he can claim from the pitcher. He knows he is going to get jammed, but he welcomes it. "I like that high inside fastball." The third time Bonds batted, the Giants had filled the bases, and young John Purdin threw the fastball at Bonds.

Bonds drove the ball over the left-field fence. A rookie had hit a grand-slam home run in his first game. In the dugout the Giants shook his hand and said the usual, "Way to go. Keep swinging," but Bonds did not think it was anything so unique. After all, he'd hit those grandslams at Phoenix earlier.

"What I'd done didn't dawn on me until the next day, when people kept congratulating me and telling me I was only the second man ever," he says. "Today I have to say it is the biggest thrill of my career."

Bonds never set the league on fire in 1968, but he had a fine season, batting .254, with nine home runs in 81 games, and 16 stolen bases, the most for a Giant player since Mays stole 19 in 1964.

So that was the quick look at Bobby Bonds, when 1968 closed down. A closer look revealed problems. He threw like Mays or Clemente, but he struck out like Dave Nicholson. In 81 ballgames, he fanned 84 times. It became apparent that the young man could cream the high fastball. So they threw him breaking balls, low and away. When he waited patiently and went with the pitch, or tried to hit it through the middle, he did not strike out so often. But too many times he flailed furiously at those breaking balls, and came up with another K.

For all the talk of power, he was a line-drive hitter, not a home-run hitter. At least, that is how it looked to Willie McCovey, as recently as March of 1969, at Phoenix. McCovey said, "Bobby Bonds can hit a ball as far as anybody on any given pitch, but I do not conceive of him as a home-run hitter." He had had nine home runs, but eight of them had come at Candlestick, where the wind blows out and carries pop flies over the fences.

That was the background, and the talk, as 1969 opened. The outlandish claims should have been tempered with common sense. Bobby Bonds was, after all, 23 years old, on March 15 of 1969. He had played half a year of big-league ball. He was green as Astroturf.

But public-relations men don't worry about common sense. Clyde King eyed his young sensation, whom he had seen the year before when King managed Phoenix, and King said rosily, "Nothing should stand in Bonds' way. He could be a .300 hitter and play 15 years or more." Today Bonds squints when told of King's appraisal. "I'll hit .300 at least once, but I don't know about those 15 years. That's a long time."

The season began, with pressures enough to derail a half-dozen green kids. The Giants opened on the road, and promptly lost three games to Atlanta. Bonds batted third and went 2-for-12. The club shifted to San Diego, where they reversed gears and won three, and Bonds had four hits in the series. But he wasn't showing much power, and after his first week of the new season, he was hitting .231.

Back in frosty Candlestick, he began to warm up. In the fourth inning on April 17, the Giants trailing, 2-0, Bonds and McCovey hit back-to-back home runs. Later Bobby had a second hit and scored a second run. The Giants beat San Diego, 5-4. Then Bonds hit his second home run—not in windy Candlestick, but in cavernous Dodger Stadium—and he hit it off Don Drysdale. The hits now came in a stream, and with them the stolen bases. It seemed he was always on base—base hits, walks, hit by pitchers. In a game against Houston, he went hitless in five attempts, but then beat out a bunt to open the twelfth inning of a tied 8-8 contest. Mays and McCovey then walked, and Jack Hiatt hit a grand-slam. Bonds began to run wild; pitchers started to fret once the young man got on. On April 28, batting leadoff—he loves to lead off; he loves to swing at that first pitch—he belted Tony Cloninger's first pitch into the seats. Later he reached on an error by Tony Perez, and promptly took his long lead. Cloninger threw the ball away, and Bonds scooted to third. Ron Hunt singled him home. The Giants won their seventh straight, 4-3.

He had some huge days, for all his striking out. He stole 13 bases before Jerry Grote cut him down one day in May; then he quickly rattled off a new string. Three times catchers pitched out while he was running. Each time he beat the play.

He hit home runs in clusters as well. On July 4, he hit two home runs in a doubleheader sweep over the Braves. Two days later, as the Giants again swept Atlanta, Bonds was nearly the entire offense. The first game, he doubled and homered, to drive in all the Giant runs in a 3-1 win. The second game he hit his 16th home run with a man on. The Giants scored eight runs all day; Bonds drove in five of them. When the long series had ended, Bonds had five home runs in six games against Atlanta.

Still, he said to San Francisco writer Pat Frizzell, "I don't consider myself a home-run hitter. I can hit a home run, but I'm a line-drive hitter when I'm going good." It was his day for declarations. He also said, "And I'm not going to set a strikeout record. I'm not going to strike out 170 times."

He struck out for the 175th time on

September 21, to tie Dave Nicholson's major-league mark set 16 years earlier.

But he didn't let the mounting strikeouts cut down on his swing or his confidence. He and McCovey put on an awesome show against the Phils at San Francisco, late in August. In a 13-4 win on August 26, McCovey drove in six runs, and Bonds drove in five, with home runs 26 and 27. The next day he hit his 28th with McCovey aboard, to tie the Phils, 2-2, and then he opened the tenth inning with a single, stole second, and scored on Jim Davenport's pinch single. Bonds went 3-for-5 that day, and McCovey 3-for-4. In two days, McCovey drove in ten runs, and Bonds drove in seven. Two days later, as the Giants won their ninth straight, 5-0, over the Mets, Bonds drilled his 29th home run with two on. Two days later the Giants took over first place as Bonds scored three times, stole a base, and singled and doubled in four at bats.

Those were some of the big days. In between he had his small days, the hitless days, the strikeout days. He developed the flu in September, but he wouldn't come out of the lineup. The pressure mounted. Extra pressure came from well-meaning friends. Bonds did not know how exclusive the 30-homer, 30-steal club was, until people told him. The steals had already exceeded 30; the home runs suddenly stuck at 29. "I hadn't been thinking about No. 30 or any number," he would say later. "Now I had it on my mind. If I hadn't been told, it might have come a lot sooner."

It came. On September 13 he belted a Jim Maloney pitch into the seats, with a man on, and he was over the hump. Within a week, he hit No. 31, plus a single and a double, and drove in three runs in a big win over the Dodgers.

But the happy days began to dwindle down in the Giants' usual September song, and Bonds spoke of his nerves: "The beginning of the season, I had butterflies. It was my first full season. I always had butterflies when I ran track, even against guys I always beat. But not now. Now I can't afford to be nervous." And he spoke of his strikeouts. "I get in the habit of pulling everything. Then I strike out. If I concentrate on hitting the ball up the middle, I won't strike out so much." Though it was apparent most pitchers were throwing him breaking stuff, low and away, he refused to guess with the pitcher. "When I guess, I strike out more often. Some people guess right. I guess wrong."

He sought help. "I get batting advice from Willie, from McCovey, from Jim Davenport. When we're in Candlestick, Hank Sauer helps out. Or anybody. One day Wes Westrum said, 'You're locking yourself in.' So I opened back up and I began to hit again. Or I will ask Willie to watch me, and he'll say, 'You're wrapping the bat,' or, 'You're starting too soon.' "

Mays' presence, in 1969, buoyed Bonds in many ways. If you ask Bonds who his boyhood hero was, he'll answer, "I'm playing next to him right now." How does Bonds feel when he is spoken of as the Giant replacement for Willie Mays in the '70s?

"It's a great thing to hear people say. It makes me feel proud and good inside. But as to being another Willie, forget it. He is the greatest I've ever seen. Somebody will someday play center field—maybe it will be me, maybe it will be Ken Henderson. But there'll never be another Willie Mays."

No. But there will be a Bobby Bonds in the 1970s, playing the outfield for the Giants. You got a preview of him those final days of the 1969 season, with the Giants going up against the Dodgers, who were loose as water. In the first inning of the first of the three games, Bonds ripped a basehit off Don Sutton, and two runs scored. The Giants won, 2-1. The next day Bonds doubled to open the Giant second inning, but his teammates could not advance him, and the Giants lost by one run. The next day, time running out, Bonds came up with the score tied, 1-1, and the bases loaded, and he looped a single over Wills' head for the go-ahead run. The Giants were never headed. Bonds had kept them alive.

That is Bobby Bonds, who couldn't afford to be nervous in those nervous-making days late in 1969. They threw him into the pressure cooker, and he came out a genuine star. You ask Bobby Bonds who has influenced his life the most: has it been a schoolyard chum, a high-school coach, a scout, an early manager, a teammate, Willie Mays, McCovey, who? Who, among all the people he has known, has helped him most get to where he is today?

Bobby Bonds thinks a moment, and then he looks up and he says quietly:

"Me."

A good investment, Bonds. ■

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"The one hollering, 'Stick it in his ear.'—That's mother."

MEAN JOE

Cleveland Browns' veteran All-Pro guard Gene Hickerson, who was voted the NFL's best blocker last year by his fellow players, is usually a tough, silent, no-nonsense guy on the football field. But when he plays against Pittsburgh Steelers' rookie defensive tackle Mean Joe Greene, something happens. "Aw, to be perfectly frank with you, we act like kids out there," Hickerson said. "We're always kidding each other. If I get a good block on him I rub it in a little bit, and if he blasts me good he rubs it back a little. We're always talking to each other out there."

Talking and hitting. "Greene's one of the best, most aggressive linemen to come into this league in a long time," said Hickerson, as good an authority on defensive tackles as there is in the NFL. "He hustles, he doesn't give up—he's just a hard-charging lineman. He's big, strong and quick. Most people don't realize that this character covers punts and kickoffs in addition to playing his regular position, which is a good indication of how quick and agile he is for his size (6-4, 270 pounds). He's gonna be a great one. In fact, he's one of the outstanding tackles in the league right now."

Mean Joe, Pittsburgh's No. 1 draft choice out of North Texas State, is a top candidate for defensive Rookie of the Year in the NFL. He has Merlin Olsen-like strength, Bob Lilly-like speed, and, as Hickerson indicated, an Alex Karras-like mouth. "I like to talk out there," Greene admitted. "It helps me stay up for the game. I didn't talk much last week and I had a bad game. I don't say anything to make them angry, I'm just being sociable. I might say, 'Watch the knee,' or 'You hit kind of low that time,' or maybe, 'Nice block,' or 'You fooled me that time.' "

He doesn't often get fooled. Seldom has a rookie made a smoother transformation from college to pro ball. "You need more concentration to play pro ball," Greene said. "The guys are bigger, but they're slower. Basically, I try to play my game all the time. I'm concerned about the offensive guard's weaknesses, but most of the time I'm going in the same way no matter what. I put it here and you try to beat it. I try to use finesse and quickness because I don't have the strength to overpower my opponents. Those guys in there are no patsies, you know."

That hardly sounds like a Mean Joe talking. "Naw, I'm not mean," Greene said, innocence dripping from each word. "I try to be a little aggressive and sometimes people take it the wrong way."

"He's mean," said Giants' center Greg Larson. "He wants to hurt people. Some guys slow down and get out of the way if they think they're out of the play. But Greene keeps coming, and he knows how to use his elbows. But that's part of the game. His meanness is one reason why he's so good. He likes to give the guards a hard time. I remember in our exhibition game that whenever I had to help out blocking on him, he'd say, 'See, it takes two of you to stop me.' "

In his first regular-season meeting with the Giants, Mean Joe got a little too mean for his own good and was ejected from the game for hitting quarterback Fran Tarkenton after the play. "Honest, I didn't see the guy release the ball," explained Greene in his best Eagle Scout tones. "When I got thrown out, I was so surprised I was speechless. And you know it's unusual for me not to have anything to say."

CONDITIONS AND COMMENTS

Pittsburgh pitcher Bob Veale's inscrutable analysis of baseball: "Good pitching beats good hitting, and vice versa."

Atlanta Falcon defensive end Claude Humphrey came up with the excuse of the season when explaining why he was offsides a couple of times against the Rams. He was playing against Ram offensive tackle Bob Brown, a vigorous gum chewer. "When he chews, his helmet goes up and down," said Humphrey. "I was keying on him and I'd move when I saw that helmet move. An official said it wasn't illegal motion."

"The other day I read where (Tom) Seaver's wife said everytime somebody gets a hit off Tom she feels like a pin's been stuck into her," Oriole reliever Pete Richert said at the World Series. "If my wife felt that way about me, she'd be walking around with more holes than a pincushion."

Denver offensive guard George Goeddeke on being elected the Broncos' alternate player representative: "I am now known as Spiro."

New York's Mayor John Lindsay on baseball and politics during this fall's mayoral campaign in New York: "My opponents accuse me of using the Mets for political advantage. This is completely false. If you don't believe me, just ask Deputy Mayor Hodges or Judge Seaver."

Michigan State football coach Duffy Daugherty on his team's triple option play: "It's really a quadruple option the way we do it. We hand the ball off, pitch it out, pass it, or maybe just leave it lying there on the ground."

MY BUDDY

Our Great Rivalries story beginning on page 32, "Bobby Layne vs. Otto Graham," brings to mind a story Layne tells about his old Detroit coach Buddy Parker, who was a fanatically superstitious man.

"Buddy was like a wild man when he saw the figure 13 or any combination of it," Layne said. "Once we played a game on the road and the business manager carefully assigned Buddy to room 19C in the motel. Buddy screamed like a stuck pig when he saw the number and ran down to the lobby and grabbed the business manager by the throat.

" 'Are you trying to ruin me?' he yelled. 'Get me another room.'

"The man didn't know what had gotten Buddy so upset. 'What's the matter with 19C?' he asked. 'One and nine are ten.'

" 'And C is the third letter in the alphabet and that adds up to 13,' Buddy hollered. 'Get me out of there or I'll call off the game.' "

FAN CLUB NOTES

These people report they have fan clubs for the following: John Howell and Scott Phillips, 336 Overlake Drive, Bellvue, Washington 98004: **Art Shamsky.** Steve Rigazzi, 410 West Cherokee, McAlester, Oklahoma 74501: **Ted Simmons.** Fred Plotkin, C/O Price, 160 West End Avenue, New York City, New York 10023: **Mickey Lolich.** Ken Ross and Don Freedman, 66 Village Green, Williamsville, New York 14221: **O.J. Simpson** and **Tom Day.** Susan Faiella, Box 169, Livingston, New Jersey 07039: **Joe Namath.** Susan Riehl, 7213 Ballard Way, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15206: **Fred Patek.** Liz Caffrey, 5942 Deering Avenue, Parma Heights, Ohio 44130: **Chuck Hinton.**

PARDON THE INTRUSION

To find out why his team had trouble scoring once it got inside an opponent's 20-yard line, Washington State football coach Jim Sweeney consulted psychologist William R. Berkowitz. "The guy says there's a theory that defense of territory is instinctive and the defense gets tougher as the invasion threat increases," Sweeney reported. Furthermore, the offensive team "experiences a form of guilt over its intrusion," which leads to fumbles, interceptions, penalties and all kinds of mistakes.

Now only one thing bothers Sweeney. "How come those other guys didn't have any guilt complex about coming across our goal line?"

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(*Continued from page* 25)
wouldn't do that."

In a game two seasons ago, Oakland's 6-7, 275-pound defensive tackle, Ben Davidson, broke Namath's cheekbone. Before that game there was acrimony between Namath and the Raider defense, and there still is. But Davidson told me that neither he nor anyone else on the team would ever try to hurt Joe so badly he would have to quit. In fact, Davidson said, he himself disagreed with what he called the "bloodthirsty" view that the defense should try to injure the opposing quarterback and force him to leave the game.

"The only way to physically get the quarterback out of the game is to hit him in the face or knock him out," Davidson told me, "and you can't go around doing that because someone is going to hit you back or knock out your quarterback. I have always felt that the best thing to do is rattle the quarterback mentally, swarming all over him, making him throw the ball away because he knows he will get hit if he doesn't. It's a psychological thing rather than a physical thing."

But Big Ben, if anything a pragmatist, conceded there can be special circumstances when it might be better to go for the quarterback's body rather than his mind. "I will say," he said, "that when we played the championship game in New York last season, we certainly weren't above getting Joe Namath out of the game with all that at stake. But it didn't" —he laughed—"work out."

One reason it didn't work out, Ben said, was the ethics involved in hitting the quarterback. "If I wanted to get Joe Namath out of a game early," Ben explained, "it would be a fairly easy thing to do. Even after he has thrown the ball, you could run in and jump on his leg. But you never see that; you just can't do that sort of thing."

Most of the players thought that Namath is hit far less often than most quarterbacks. "I think Tom Flores is hit more than anyone else because he prides himself on holding the ball so long," said Jim Hunt. "Joe gets rid of the ball so quickly it's almost impossible to get to him unless he is throwing the long bomb."

"Unless your backs are putting great coverage on Namath's receivers," said the Chargers' Russ Washington, "and he can't find anyone open, he releases the ball long before you are close to him. Even if you make a fantastic move and get close to him while he still has the ball, he will dump the ball out to a hot receiver."

Nearly all the players believe that Namath gets extra-special protection from the officials—"for the economic good of the league," one rival quarterback said, laughing. "You can't get near him when he doesn't have the ball," said the Chargers' Ron Billingsley. "You hear the officials yell, 'Don't touch him!' "

Namath helps his own cause, too, said Billingsley, by appealing to the officials. "He'll yell at an official after he has been tackled, 'Hey, how about that one?' He keeps the officials on their toes."

Most of the players said they would not want to be the one who ended Joe Namath's career. "I don't think anyone would want to be the one to finish any quarterback's career," said veteran San Diego linebacker Chuck Allen. "Whether it's John Hadl or Lenny Dawson or Joe Namath, you want them out in the game against you, so you can stall their offense. But you hope they're back in there the next week against someone else."

Yet none of the players said he would feel any sense of guilt if he were the one who finished Namath. "I have one bad knee myself," said Houston tackle Carel Stith. "If I should get hit, that could be the end of me. Those are the chances you take out there."

There would be a sense of guilt, though, said several players, if they hit Namath illegally. "If I hit him after he had released the ball," said San Diego's Bob Briggs, "and then I saw him on the ground, his knees pulled, and the official's flag down, then I don't think I would want to be the one."

A few of the players thought that instant fame would come to the defensive lineman who ended the career of Joe Namath. "You would certainly be remembered in New York," said Russ Washington, who plopped all 300 of his pounds atop Namath in a game this season. "I would imagine that the next time you played in New York, the fans might boo you and I guess the Jets might make you the point of their attack." He laughed.

But most of the players doubted that any player who did end Namath's career would be remembered very long. Boston's Houston Antwine made this point: "Do you remember the name of the guy who racked up Y.A. Tittle and finished him as a ballplayer? I don't even remember who it was, so I don't imagine many fans do." (It was Pittsburgh's John Baker.)

Among the Jet players who guard Namath, though, there was a unanimous feeling that if their man slashed Joe's vulnerable knees for the last time, they would never forget the play nor forgive themselves. "We've been living with this ever since Joe first came to the Jets," said center John Schmitt. "I remember at our first meeting in Joe's rookie year, the line coach told us: 'If your man gets to Joe and hurts those $400,000 knees, don't bother to walk back to the huddle. Just keep right on walking out of the park.' "

"Those are the most expensive knees in football we are guarding," said Randy Rasmussen. "When Joe gets hit it's the most helpless feeling in the world for me. You can't say, 'Sorry, Joe,' when he is lying there, trying to catch his breath. When he got hit in Denver earlier this season, it ruined the entire western trip for me."

Guard Dave Herman's face clouded when I mentioned to him the possibility of his man hurting Namath. "Hell," he said, "we cheat and foul to prevent that happening. I'll take 15 yards anytime to prevent that happening. I'd rather have 15 yards than no quarterback."

Several Jets told me of twisting and turning through a sleepless night, nagged by a vision of their man evading a block and ending Namath's career in a cloud of swirling red dust. "I'll tell you what it feels like when your man hits Joe," said tackle Winston Hill, invoking the husband's protective instinct again. "It's just like if someone were to walk up to your wife and punch her right in the face."

The Jet offensive line has every reason to worry about Namath, said Charger offensive tackle Ron Mix. "The quarterback is the meal ticket of the entire squad—the offense and the defense," he said. "If one takes his responsibility seriously, he has to be seriously affected when he falls down on the job. If I should fall down on my job and an injury ended John Hadl's career, I would be depressed."

But Mix doubted that the memory would haunt himself or any of the Jets for the rest of their lives. "Like all things it would pass away," he said. "First of all, the quarterback, like the rest of us, enters the game with the full knowledge he can be hurt. Secondly, I don't think any player should feel responsible for an injury to another player. When Jack Kemp was our quarterback, my man beat me and the finger of Jack's throwing hand was broken. It finished Jack's career in San Diego, and I felt bad, but it hasn't haunted me."

Namath himself seems to accept whatever happens to him with his characteristic coolness and almost cynical realism. Asked this season if other teams were out to get him, he replied, "Of course. That's the name of the game. Get the quarterback. His replacement won't be as good. We play the same way. We go after the quarterback, too. That's the only sure way to stop a passing attack. No one intentionally wants to injure a quarterback. You just want to rack him up before he throws. And that's sometimes rough on tender knees."

Namath does not seem to bear any ill-will to the people who might destroy him as a football player. After that game in Buffalo this season, when Bob Tatarek danced happily over his body, Namath met Tatarek as they were both leaving the field.

"Good game, Bob," he said to Taterek.

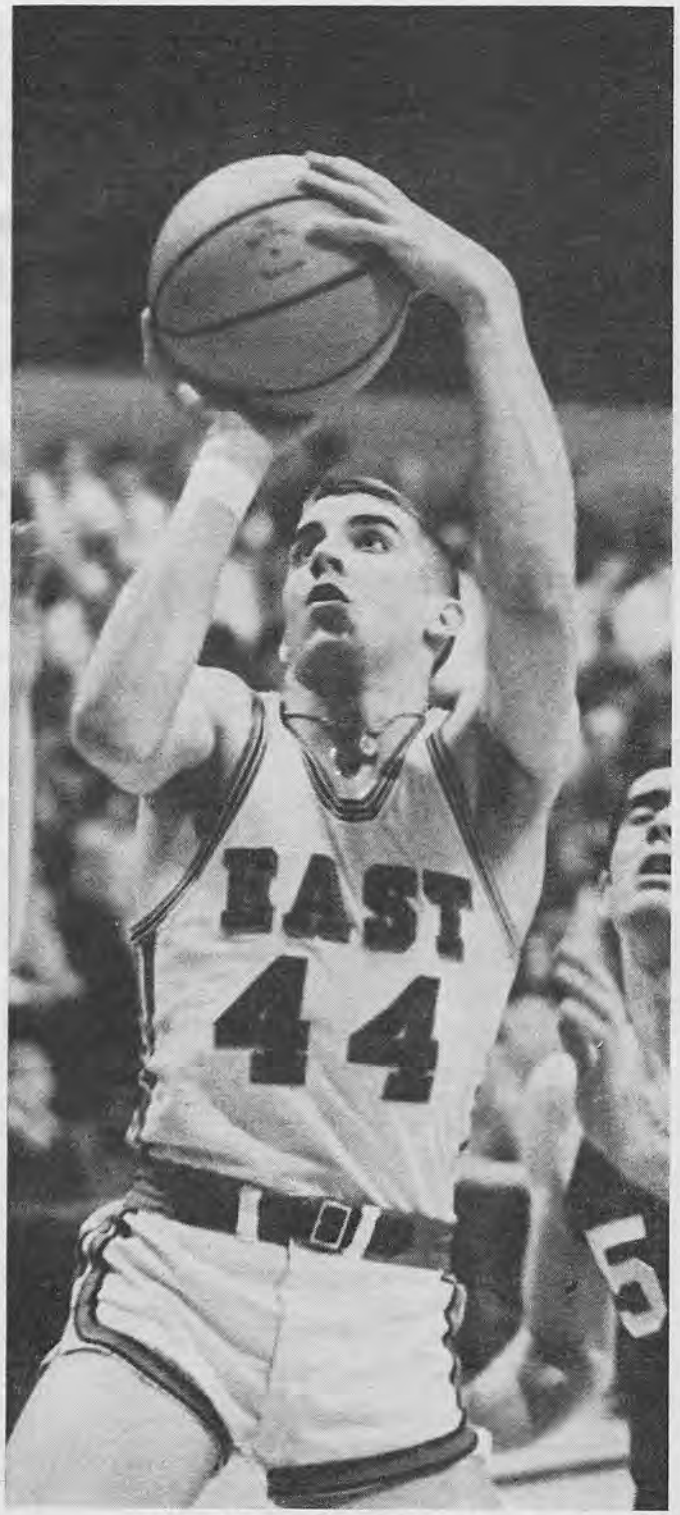
"Thanks, Joe," Tatarek said.

Yet the war goes on, the war for Joe Namath's body goes on today. And it can end only when Namath retires—or in a final act of violence. ■

PHOTO CREDITS

David Bier—62. Martin Blumenthal—16 (2), 18, 20 (2), 38, 40, 41. Fred Kaplan —48. Darryl Norenberg—48. Manny Rubio —55, 57, 59, 60. UPI—18, 20, 26 (1), 30, 32, 33, 34, 35, 61. Wide World—10, 16, 27 (1).

TEENAGE ATHLETE OF THE MONTH



TOM KIVISTO East Aurora (Illinois) H.S.

ANOTHER MARAVICH

"OH, HE'S A GOOD coach all right, a very good coach, the finest high-school coach anywhere around." Crew-cut Tom Kivisto of Aurora, Illinois, paused and chose his words carefully. "Of course any time the team looks flat in practice, like we did before the state tournament last season, he's likely to come down hard on the players. Especially me."

If the coach of East Aurora High School criticizes his brightest star more than other members of the varsity, it's a relative thing. For the coach happens to be named Kivisto, too. He's Ernie Kivisto, a winner himself long before his son Tom helped carry the team to a fourth-place finish in the pressure-filled Illinois state tournament last year.

Plainly, a father-son relationship in a team sport can be difficult. College basketball's most famous father-son combination, Pete and Press Mavarich of LSU, have had a generally successful collaboration, though both have often talked about the difficulties involved. It is a tribute to Tom Kivisto, as well as to his father's training, that he understands the sometimes subtle pressures involved. "I know it must be tough for Dad sometimes," Tom says. "He doesn't want the other boys to think that I'm getting any preferential treatment, and so he lets me have it any time I don't measure up to what I ought to be."

The 6-3, 180-pound guard doesn't often fail to measure up. Like Pete Maravich, Kivisto is a player of many talents. His superb ballhandling and passing accounted for 262 assists last year, easily best on the team. His tenacious defense produced a team-leading 142 steals. And he made 53 percent of his shots on the way to a 19.6-point-per-game average, also tops on the strong East Aurora team. As a junior, Kivisto made the all-conference, all-tournament, all-state, and finally the high-school All-America teams. He is the biggest reason why East Aurora is favored to win the Illinois championship this year.

Like most great ballplayers, Kivisto was at his best under pressure last season. In a tournament game against Plainfield, for example, he scored 44 points and added 12 assists, thus having a direct hand in 68 of his team's points. In another game, against tall, muscular Elgin High School, he calmly swished in a foul shot with three seconds to play to win the game.

And young Kivisto refuses to slow down off the court. He is a B-plus student, a member of the National Honor Society, his class president and the president of the lettermen's club. He runs cross-country and competes as a quarter-miler for the track team. By the time he graduates in June, Kivisto will have won a total of nine varsity letters.

Tom's older brother Bob is on the varsity basketball squad at the University of Kansas, so people have naturally asked him if he plans to follow his brother out to the wheat country. "At this point I have no idea," Tom says, "although life would be a lot simpler if I knew exactly where I planned to go. I do know one thing: I'd like to become a dentist."

At last count Kivisto had 157 scholarship offers from all over the country, some of them quite extravagant. Tom has one advantage as he tries to decide which will be best for him. He knows his coach and his father won't disagree with each other. **ROBERT DEINDORFER**

BASKETBALL ALL-AMERICA PREVIEW

(*Continued from page* 29)
finest college player for the second straight year.

Leading our third team is Dennis Awtrey of Santa Clara, a 6-10 center who could have made the team on defense alone, not that his scoring and rebounding statistics aren't duly impressive. In leading the Broncos to a 27-2 record, Awtrey scored 21.3 points and pulled down 13.3 rebounds per game. SCU coach Dick Garibaldi says he's the "best player ever to attend Santa Clara," and that includes Ken Sears and Bud Ogden.

The least known of any of our first three team members is 6-5 senior forward Claude Virden of Murray State, who averaged 23.5 ppg last season. Player of the Year in the Ohio Valley Conference last year, Virden led Murray to a 22-6 record, the school's best since 1943. More prominent was Villanova's 6-8 Howard Porter, the Wildcats' leading scorer (22.4 ppg) and rebounder (14.5) last year as a sophomore. Dan Issel of Kentucky is the same size as Porter, compiled nearly the same statistics (26.6 ppg, 13.6 rebounds), and has the same heavy responsibilities to his team. A man with a far greater load to carry this season is Dean Meminger of Marquette. He's the lowest scorer on our three teams, hitting only 16.3 points per game last season, but he wasn't needed for scoring at Marquette last year. His primary responsibility was playmaking and he came through nicely, directing the Warriors into the NCAA tournament. Dean (called "The Dream," for the wondrous things he does with a basketball) should be putting it through the basket far more often this year.

Among the honorable mentions most likely to break into the All-America category are Jim McDaniels, a 7-0 center from Western Kentucky who many scouts are calling the next dominant center in college basketball; Marvin Roberts, an outstanding shooter from Utah State; Austin Carr, who was injury-ridden as a sophomore at Notre Dame last year; and Curtis Rowe, who was somewhat of a disappointment as a UCLA soph last year.

Among the sophomores to watch this year are Almer Lee of Arkansas, Henry Seawright of Manhattan, Billy Shepherd of Butler, Tom Riker of South Carolina and Steve Hawes of Washington. Lee and fellow soph Vernon Murphy are the first black varsity athletes in Arkansas history. Almer, a 6-1, 165-pound guard, averaged 25.2 ppg for Phillips (Arkansas) Junior College last year. One of the flashiest ballhandlers around, he could do for Arkansas basketball what Pete Maravich did for LSU. Seawright, 6-3, has been called the best freshman Manhattan has ever had. He scored 26.1 points per game and was the team's outstanding playmaker, rebounder and defensive specialist. Shepherd was "Mr. Basketball" in Indiana in 1968, an honor won by Rick Mount in '66. He set a Butler freshman record last year with a 28.2-ppg average, hitting better than 50 percent from the field and 83 percent from the foul line. He's only 5-10, but he's got the speed and hustle that remind people of Calvin Murphy. Hawes is a 6-9 center who hit 62 percent of his shots last year and set Washington records for field goals, shooting percentage, shooting average, and rebounds. He's got an outstanding hook shot, which reminds Huskies' fans of a former Washington great, Bob Houbregs. Riker is the man that coach Frank McGuire has been waiting for. The 6-10 center should help tremendously in moving the Gamecocks into national prominence. Last year he led the frosh in scoring with a 26.1 average and in rebounding with more than 18 per game. He could be a first-team All-America selection next season. ■

CALVIN HILL: THE MAN BEHIND THE POWER

(*Continued from page* 15)
the beginning of a fabulous career."

When the Cowboys opened the season against St. Louis, Calvin Hill was a fixture in the Dallas lineup. He rushed for 70 yards and threw a 53-yard touchdown pass to Lance Rentzel, a play that put the 24-3 game out of reach. The Associated Press named him NFL offensive player of the week.

A week later in New Orleans, Hill rushed for 138 yards, breaking Don Perkins' single-game record. In the dressing room afterwards, Landry was asked if he would trade Hill for O.J. Simpson. "I would have to think twice about it," Landry smiled.

By the third game of the season Calvin Hill was such an established menace that the Philadelphia Eagles paid him the supreme compliment—they tried to scratch his eyes out. By halftime Hill had a badly bruised foot and two facial cuts requiring a total of 20 stitches. The Eagle who gave Hill one of the cuts was Ernest Calloway, a teammate in the College All-Star Game.

Calvin joked about it: "After he hit me he said he was sorry. He said he was sorry he hit me in the chin instead of the eye. Later on he said he wished he'd knocked my whole head off. They're going for my face. I don't know why . . . I'm so passive." Hill sat out the last half, but the damage was done: 91 yards rushing, 71 yards receiving, one pass completion for another 44. Then Landry lost control. Ranting like a schoolboy at the fair, he said: "I wouldn't trade him for O.J. or Keyes or anybody. I think he will be a runner in the Jim Brown-style. He may be the finest runner I have seen in my 20 years of professional football."

Calvin Hill has become more than just a top running back. He has become a SuperSymbol for a football team that has operated on the fringes of success longer than Ted Mack. It's not just what he does, but how he does it. And when. It's his style, his sense of humor and his total effect. Recently, Landry observed: "When an offensive lineman knows that a back can break all the way, he really roots and drives, trying to give him a hole." Offensive line coach Jim Myers says, "It's not only my people—you ought to see the defense on the sidelines while Hill's in the game. There's a wild look in their eyes I've never seen before. They know we can go at anytime with him in there."

When the Cowboys had beaten the Eagles a second time and run their season record to 5-0, Craig Morton, who had thrown five touchdown passes in the first half of the game, talked about Calvin Hill. Said Morton: "You forget that he's a rookie. Most rookies won't say a word in the huddle. They kind of wait to see what's happening. But Calvin is a great competitor, he'll run back after he's been smacked and ask me to give him the ball again. I like that in a back. I know that in a crucial situation he'll make the play for us.

"He gives our offense something we've never had—he can break and go 95 yards. With Hayes, Rentzel and Hill in the game, and with as many formations as we have, there is no way they can consistently stop us."

Chuck Howley, the all-NFL linebacker, observed how well the Eagles defensed Calvin that afternoon. Using a safetyman instead of a linebacker to cover him on passes, the Eagles only gave up 42 points in the first half; Morton almost broke the NFL record for touchdown passes as his other receivers roamed about like critics in a museum.

"Hill is the most difficult back I've ever had to cover," Howley said. "He sort of lazies up at you, then all of a sudden he's on you and gone. I always take either an outside or an inside position to cover a receiver. I mean, if I figure him to run a route toward the sideline I keep to that side of him and stay alert for the break inside. If he goes outside like I figured, I got him. If he cuts inside I'm ready to move with him and at least make the tackle. But Hill moves to get you head-up—dead-on—and when he does start to make his cut you've *got* to guess with him. Guess wrong and it's six."

Earlier that day, in the press box, the PA announcer watched Bob Hayes catch his first pass of the season and Freudianly identified the receiver as Calvin Hill. Because of a freak shoulder injury Hayes missed the first four games of the season, and most of the preseason. Hill, who has a knack for doing the right thing off the field as well as in a game, visited Hayes in the hospital, and there ensued a discussion of the fact that Hayes had dislocated his shoulder in pregame warmups when he was not wearing shoulder pads. "You better believe I'll wear them from now on," Hayes said. Hill frowned and protested: "Aw, no—that's one of the neat things about being a pro, the

feel you get taking warmups without pads."

Hayes delights in telling the hospital story, which says something about Calvin Hill's boyish enthusiasm. Because Calvin can take a joke as well as he can make one, the players love to kid him. They tease him about being from the Ivy League, and about his Ivy League clothes. "I wore Ivy League clothes about 12 years ago, in high school," halfback Les Shy needles Hill, "and that's about when they went out of style."

Hill laughs. At the next team party he shows up in a Yale practice jersey. His style is contagious. The musical hit of training camp was Hill, standing on a chair, doing 13 repetitions of "Boola, boola . . . Bulldog, Bulldog, bow-wow-wow." He even broke up Roger Staubach, the elderly (27) rookie quarterback from Navy whose idea of a good joke is submarine duty. Complimenting the quarterback on his open-field escape of an Eagle linebacker, Hill said: "It was beautiful, Roger, the way you made a fool of that man in front of all those people."

Hill, who carries a Bible with him on all road trips and attends SMU's Perkins School of Theology three mornings a week, describes himself as "ecumenical" —meaning universal in extent or influence. When I first met him the day before the second Philadelphia game I had been forewarned by Tex Schramm, who said: "You have to see him to believe him. Even then it's hard."

In the room he came, this 22-year-old man. He called me by name and asked if I wanted a cup of coffee. Then we were talking like old friends. I asked him about being a preacher, seeing that he didn't look like one, and he was off and rapping, trusting a stranger but, more than that, trusting himself.

He was saying: "They say God is dead. They're confusing God for the church. The church is a lot of people more interested in helping themselves than helping others. They aren't interested in being humanitarians, they want to be doctors, lawyers, accountants. They want to make money. It is very interesting to see how they regard the hippies—they *believe* the hippies when the hippies say that *they* don't believe, and that's wrong, the proof is they do believe. But you can see why they fear the hippies. They are so Christ-like. Jesus Christ himself loved, he took abuse, he loved some more, he wore long hair and a beard, and when they hassled him he taught more love. And love was a sign of weakness to the Empire. But He didn't just talk about it, He *did it!* He acted out his beliefs. 'You are what you are when you act'. Simone Devereux said that. In other words, talk is cheap. I don't know who said that." It wasn't a bitter tirade, he saw irony in hypocrisy. That is a beautiful quality for any man.

The Rev. William Sloan Coffin Jr., the Yale chaplain who was convicted, along with Dr. Benjamin Spock and three others, of "conspiring" to counsel, aid and abet violations of the Universal Military Training and Service Act, is a close friend of Calvin Hill. Coffin was at the game in Atlanta. Calvin explained what he truly admired about Coffin:

"Here is a man *from the establishment.* His uncle was president of Union Theological. The Sloan in his name comes from the famous Sloans of department store fame in Manhattan. It would have been extremely easy for him to acquiesce. Instead, he has chosen to follow his beliefs and buck the system."

Oddly enough, Calvin Hill has not yet bucked the system of which he speaks. He has prepared himself within the system. Yale has that advantage. It allows, even encourages, dissent. Dallas is a long way from Yale, as I could not help thinking as we talked. When he mentioned hearing LeRoi Jones, Bobby Seale and other black militants on the same program, I asked how he felt when he heard them preaching black segregation. He said that he felt good. "It is a cultural revolution," he said. "Black art, black theatre, black history, it draws black people together. It is totemic."

Hill shares an apartment in Dallas with another Yale alumnus, a medical student. They live a simple life, which means that Calvin saves most of his money. "It's really strange," he says, "I lose sight of the fact I'm playing for money until my check comes in the mail. I've never seen that much money in my life." Being a celebrity is nothing new: he was a celebrity at Yale. He was big in New Haven. In the afternoon paper a gossip columnist reports: "That casual guy at Shakey's Pizza Parlor, wearing a Hawaiian shirt and Bermuda shorts, was Calvin Hill." Calvin Hill laughs, understanding this is how it is.

"We're entertainers," he says.

The thing is, he continues, you have to be cool. It is one of life's unbending lessons. Be humble, be cool. When he was a kid growing up in Baltimore he was a Colt fan, though he never saw them play. On his wall was a picture of Raymond Berry, now a Cowboy coach. When the Cowboys played Baltimore in a preseason game, Hill has to admit, he was a little tight there at first.

Then:

" . . . I started out on this end run. I had to cut it up pretty quickly—it was a play where I just had to stick my head down and get what I could. Lenny Lyles was in on the tackle and as I got up he said, 'Way to run in there.' I got a charge out of that. It was a nice thing for him to say."

That is another thing he will have to get used to. They will be saying nice things about Calvin Hill for a long time. ■

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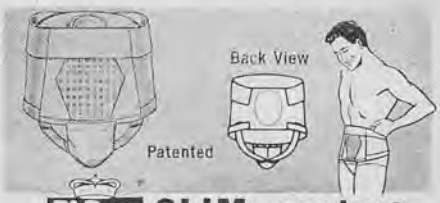

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TALK TO THE STARS

CLIFTON McNEIL: *How can a youngster improve his pass-catching ability?*

—Vince Kenny, Rockaway Beach, New York

McNEIL: The main thing you have to do is develop a positive attitude before stepping on the field. I've learned that if someone believes he's capable of being a success, then that's the first step in being successful. Another thing about being a pass-receiver is that it requires tremendous concentration. You have to be able to watch the ball until you've caught it, even if you know you're going to get hit. Also, a ballplayer looks at his weaknesses and bad habits, like trying to run with the ball before he catches it, and has to work hard getting rid of them. I think that mental conditioning is the most important part of pass-receiving. Physically, it's good to keep your legs in shape. Do a lot of running.

ED GIACOMIN: *What do you have to do to cut down the shooting angle of an opposing player?*

—Robert Bovienzo, Bridgeport, Connecticut

GIACOMIN: Well, I come out of the goal and cut the angle down according to the way he shoots, from his left or from his right. I have to try to make him shoot for the far corner of the net, what we call the "long side." I can't let him shoot to the "short side," or near corner. I've just got to watch the way he shoots. Some players that shoot with their right hand will come at me from the left; they want the "long side." Others, like Yvan Cournoyer, will score to the "short side" if I don't come out far enough.

GAIL GOODRICH: *What is your secret for playing against taller men?*

—Rocky Venema, Kearney, Nebraska

GOODRICH: I depend a great deal on my quickness and I try to be as active as possible during a game. Although I handle the ball a lot, there are times when I'm free and I have to be active, to utilize my quickness, to keep the offense moving. Also, I try to be smart, learning and studying as the game goes on: How is my man playing me? What do I have to do to get open? Of course I work pretty hard on my outside game. My jump shot is important. I guess I'm lucky. Many players come into the league having played forward in college and then they're converted into guards. They have to make a big transition. I've always been a guard. On defense I try for good body position, so my man can't penetrate.

ROBERT HOLMES: *Have you found the defenses keying on you more this year than last? How has it bothered your play?*

—Dave DeLapp, Irvine, California

HOLMES: I can't say that the defenses are keying on me more often than they did last year. I'm getting hit just as hard this season as I was in '68-69. I believe I'm playing the same way I did last year. It's true that I'm not picking up the same big yardage, but last year I think I was getting more breaks. I feel I'm making up for it by contributing to the team in other ways, though—like my improved blocking. I've tried not to push myself harder than last year because I know that I'm doing my best.

INSIDE FACTS

By Allan Roth

IN FIVE OF THE LAST six seasons, the first-string quarterback for the NFL champions has been over 30 years old, with 28-year-old Frank Ryan of Cleveland the exception, in 1964. . . In the last 12 seasons, the youngest quarterback to lead an NFL team to a title-game victory was Johnny Unitas, at the age of 25 in 1958 (in his third pro season). . . The youngest quarterback to win an AFL title game in the nine-year history of the league was 25-year old Joe Namath last year.

Bart Starr and Unitas are the only NFL quarterbacks who have led their teams to victory in more than one league championship game, Starr winning five times (losing once) and Unitas winning twice, in 1958-59 (losing once) . . . The only other active winners are Frank Ryan (1964) and Earl Morrall (1968) . . . George Blanda, Len Dawson and Jackie Kemp have each been two-time winners in the AFL.

There have been only two 300-yard passing games by AFL quarterbacks in title contests—401 yards by Daryle Lamonica in a losing cause for Oakland last year, and 301 yards by George Blanda for Houston in the first game, in 1960 . . . In the past ten years the only 300-yard game in the NFL was by Bart Starr, with 304 yards in 1966 . . . The NFL title-game record is 349 yards by Johnny Unitas in 1958.

In the last eight seasons there have been only three 100-yard performances in NFL championship contests, by Jim Brown (114 yards in 1964), Paul Hornung (105 yards in 1965) and Don Perkins (108 in 1966) . . . The title-game record is 196 yards by Steve Van Buren for Philadelphia in 1949 . . . The AFL record is 206 yards (in only 13 attempts) by San Diego's Keith Lincoln in 1963 . . . Other 100-yard rushers in AFL title games were Paul Lowe (165 in 1960), Cookie Gilchrist (122 in 1964) and Oakland teammates Hewritt Dixon and Pete Banaszak (144 and 116 in 1967).

The best performance by a receiver in an AFL title game was turned in by Oakland's Fred Biletnikoff last year, with a new yardage record (190) and seven receptions (tying record) . . . In the 1968 game Don Maynard became the first player to catch two touchdown passes in one game . . . In 1958 Raymond Berry set the NFL title game record for most receptions (12) and yardage (178) . . . Only one player has ever caught three touchdown passes in an NFL title contest—Gary Collins of Cleveland in 1964.

The best passing performance in a Super Bowl game came in the first one, with Bart Starr completing 16 of 23 attempts (69.6) for 250 yards and two TDs . . . There have been only two 100-yard rushing performances in the Super Bowl, both last year: 121 yards by Matt Snell of the Jets and 116 by Tom Matte of the Colts . . . The best receiving games were by Max McGee of Green Bay in the first contest (seven receptions, 138 yards, two TDs), and by George Sauer last year (eight receptions, 133 yards).

DAVE STALLWORTH: "I'M ONE LUCKY MAN"

(*Continued from page* 41)
they played halfcourt. They razzed me. Carl Williams, one of my closest friends, he'd say, 'Here comes the man with no heart.' "

After a while his friends seemed to lose their fears, and, in the 110-degree summer heat of Wichita, Dave started playing regularly with them. "I never really felt things were completely over. It was just one of those things—it happens. I feel no exception as far as people are concerned." During his second year after the attack, Dave coached the Wichita Builders of the National Amateur Basketball Association to a 28-0 record and the national finals, where they lost to Tacoma by one point. "I never really felt like I'd had an attack," Dave says. "That was the crazy thing. They told me I should feel tired and I never felt that. They said I should have dizzy spells and black out and that never happened. Just that little bit of pulling that time. I guess I just wouldn't get used to the idea that I could never play again—" His face set. "I mean, basketball was my whole life. You know?"

Then, about eight or nine months before the start of the '69 season, during the playoffs, Dave got the word he'd been waiting for: his doctors told him he was completely healed and could play again. "I felt like I could jump over a building. It was a crazy feeling deep down inside." Dave's smile shifted. "They told me I'd recovered one hundred percent, and that I could give it a try again. I called Eddie Donovan and he said come on down to New York."

Dave did, and after some more medical checkups, the Knicks gave him a contract. "They were very generous," Dave said, in his own typically generous way. "I wouldn't have hired myself for more than that." In the ten exhibition games Dave worked his way back into shape, and into the new Knick patterns. He averaged an even ten points a game, rebounded well, and worked his way back as a vital reserve forward. "From the day he got here," Knick coach Red Holzman said, "he's been treated like anyone else."

But New York fans refused to agree. When the season opened—31 months since his hospitalization—and the name of Dave Stallworth was announced in the Garden, the moment was electric. During the ovation Dave hung his head slightly while his teammates, lined up to either side of him, wore grins that were almost as broad as the one Dave would wear after the game. He was a bit tight in the first half—he was the first Knick sub to enter the game—but in the second half he hit on three beautiful jump shots, stole the ball three times, picked off six rebounds, and drew the longest gasp of the night on a gorgeous left-side drive where he suddenly stopped, and—his body still moving toward the basket, the defender caught flatfooted—he swished in a wide easy lefthanded hook shot.

The Knicks won easily, beating the Seattle SuperSonics, 126-101, and the locker room was a happy place after the game. Dave sat on his footstool, drinking from a can of orange soda, sweat dripping from him, reporters all around. He gave me a big hello when I came in. How did he feel when the crowd had stood for him, I asked when the other reporters were gone. He thought for a second, smiled, then furrowed his brow and thought some more. He stood up and threw out his hands. "I don't *know*—" he said, as if surprised. "I just don't know, Jay. You know what I mean?" It was crazy—and crazily delightful. He shrugged, smiled, sat down again. "I don't know." He fingered his medallion, a silver Mary and Jesus. I asked about it. "This—? Oh this goes way back—from a girlfriend. I've worn it ever since the seventh grade. It goes way back." He bit his lower lip, boyishly. "That was puppy love, Jay, real puppy love!" He laughed.

When the locker room had pretty much cleared out, we talked some more. The ovation had been unexpected; he'd expected one the first time he'd returned to the Garden, during the exhibition season, but he hadn't been ready for this one. Did he feel any different? His playful mood shifted. His eyes were clear. "I'll tell you," he said. "I think I know now more about what's important and what's not important in life. I feel a lot older. A lot. I know more what I want. You know what I mean?" Did he have any wishes? He grinned. "I'd like to be the first man to cut down the nets at the end of the season; that'd be real sweet, you know?"

And what about the future, his own future? Dave Stallworth's face seemed to grow darker, then lighter. He thought for a long time. "What I look forward to most is—well, I'd just like to be able to relax for a change. I just want to relax. You know what I mean? I just want to relax a little in this life." ■

THE SPORT BOOK BONUS: FAT CITY

(*Continued from page* 37)
the towel passed under his nose and he recoiled from the fumes of ammonia.

His lead sent a shower flying from Rosales' hair. He stepped away and Rosales hurled himself into the ropes.

"Go in! He's tired, he's tired, he's tired!" Ruben yelled, and Ernie realized he was tired too. He struck out and moved away. Backed into a corner, he was attempting to clinch when a blinding blow crushed his nose. Bent over with his arms around Rosales' waist, he became aware of the referee tugging on him. Locked together, the three staggered about, blood spattering their legs, until Ernie's grasp was broken.

Blearily he saw a gush of blood down his chest. The referee was holding him, looking up at his eyes. "I'm okay, I'm okay," Ernie said through a throbbing nose and began to understand that something was wrong with him. Afraid the fight was going to be stopped, he pushed toward Rosales, there openmouthed behind the referee, his gleaming body splashed with blood. He was blocked. He lunged, but the referee, his face fat and red above the black bow tie, was pressing him back, his fingers fumbling for the mouthpiece. Ernie turned his head from side to side, dodging his hand and protesting through the rubber: "I'm okay. God-damn it, I'm okay." Then Ruben was in the ring, holding him by the shoulders.

"Tilt your head back. Breathe through your mouth."

He was being sponged in his corner when his opponent, now back in the red robe, came over, mumbling, to hang an arm briefly around his neck.

"Look to me like he butted you," whispered Babe after Rosales had gone back across the spotted canvas.

"I don't know what it was."

"Sure he butted you. Because he can't punch," said Ruben, and he went to the referee.

With his hand on the back of Ernie's neck, Ruben complained loudly up the aisle to the dressing room, where Buford Wills sat lost in the folds of a royal-blue robe and Wes Haynes stood waiting in gloves, white shoes and jockstrap.

"You lose, huh?"

"He wasn't hurt at all. It should never been stopped."

Ernie's gloves were pulled off and the handwraps cut away with hasty precision. A gray-haired manager came and peered at his nose.

"You want to get a note from the doctor before you leave. You can get that nose set tomorrow and it won't cost you nothing."

"He was butted. They should throw that kid out of the ring."

Ernie removed the trunks and cup and they were given to Wes Haynes. Grumbling, he put them on. "They all bloody," he objected to Ruben.

"That's all right. It's not your blood."

Ernie was left standing with his head tilted back. Blood still trickling over his lips, he went to a mirror. His nose looked like a boiled sausage about to burst. He went into the shower room and, feeling the pulse of splintered bone, stood with closed eyes under the spray.

* * *

Confidence, Ruben Luna believed, was the indispensable ingredient of success, and he had it in abundance—as much faith in his destiny as in the athletes he trained. In his own years of battling he had had doubts which at times became periods of terror. With a broken jaw wired into silence, he had sucked liquid meals through a tube, wondering if he were even sane. After a severe body beating and a bloody urination in the dressing room, he had wondered if the big fights and large sums he had thought would be coming but never came could be worth what he had already endured. But now Ruben's will was like a pure and unwavering light that burned even

ASK THE EXPERTS

Marv Albert does New York Knick basketball games and New York Ranger hockey games on WHN/radio/1050 in New York

Who holds the record for the longest field goal in pro football?

—Dan Salomon, Ronan, Montana

Going into this season, the Baltimore Colts' Bert Rechichar held the record. He kicked one of 56 yards in 1953.

What were the franchises of the now defunct American Basketball League?

—John Butkovich, Pueblo, Colorado

The ABL lasted a season and a half between 1961 and 1963. The league began with franchises in Hawaii, Los Angeles, Chicago, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Washington, Cleveland and Kansas City. For the ill-fated second season, Philadelphia came in while LA, KC and Washington dropped out.

Ernie Harwell, who is in his 21st year of airing big-league baseball, does the Tiger ballgames for station WJR in Detroit

What National League pitcher has had the most consecutive 20-victory seasons?

—Norman Fetzer, North Miami Beach, Florida

Christy Mathewson won 20 or more games every year from 1903 through 1914.

List the active players who have been in the AFL since its inception.

—Richard Quon, Stamford, Connecticut

Only 17 of those who began with the league in 1960 were still active at the start of the '69 season. Alphabetically they were George Blanda, Billy Cannon, Gino Cappelletti, Len Dawson, Larry Grantham, Wayne Hawkins, Jim Hunt, Jack Kemp, Jacky Lee, Paul Lowe, Paul Maguire, Bill Mathis, Don Maynard, Ron Mix, Jim Otto, Babe Parilli and Ernie Wright.

Ron Hewat can be heard twice daily on station CKFH in Toronto. During the hockey season he does a show before Maple Leaf home games

Who holds the NHL record for penalty minutes in a season? In a career?

—Henry Gong, New York, New York

Howie Young of the Red Wings sat out 273 penalty minutes in 1962-63 to become the season leader. Ted Lindsay, with 1808 penalty minutes, is the all-time champ of the NHL.

What is the longest winning streak by a professional football team?

—Jim Garlit, Detroit, Michigan

In the 1933-34 season and again in 1941-42 the Chicago Bears won 18 consecutive games, including post-season games. The regular-season record of 17 consecutive victories was set by the Bears in 1933-34.

This is a regular feature. Send questions to Ask the Experts, Sport, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017. Selected ones will be used.

in his sleep. It was more a fatalistic optimism than determination, and though he was not immune to anxiety over his boxers, he felt he was immune to despair. Limited no longer by his own capacities, he had an odds advantage that he had never had as a competitor. He knew he could last. But his fighters were less dependable. Some trained one day and laid off two, fought once and quit, lost their timing, came back, struggled into condition, gasped and missed and were beaten, or won several bouts and got married, or moved, or were drafted, joined the navy or went to jail, were bleeders, suffered headaches, saw double or broke their hands. There had been so many who found they were not fighters at all, and there were others who without explanation had simply ceased to appear at the gym and were never seen or heard about again by Ruben, though once in a while a forgotten face returned briefly in a dream and he went on addressing instructions to it as though the intervening years had never been.

With a passive habitual smile, Ruben worked to suffuse them all with his own assurance. At times it was impossible for him to control the praise and predictions that issued from him like thanks, and he was aware of exaggerating; yet he felt a boxer needed someone who believed in him, and if it were true that confidence could win fights, then he could not be sure his over-estimates were really that at all.

Guiding Ernie Munger down a long aisle in the Oakland Auditorium, Ruben felt a prescience of victory. Ernie had won his last three fights—by decisions in Watsonville and Santa Cruz, by knockout in Modesto, where his opponent had been overcome as much by his own exertions as by Ernie's blows. Now under this great ceiling, in the midst of this large crowd at an annual event sponsored by the Oakland Police Department, Ruben no longer was fretting. He thought only of his posture, of maintaining his position beside Ernie, of the steps he was mounting to the ring, of the ropes he was then spreading, sitting on the middle strand as he raised the rope above for Ernie and Babe to duck under. As he bustled, administered and directed, he was functioning at his best and he felt again the soaring, yet controlled, excited wholeness, periodically his, that he thought of as his true self. Smiling, he dabbed at Ernie's brows and stroked a Vaseline stripe down his broad dented nose, regretting its disfigurement though believing that it was just as well for Ernie to start his career with the nose he was sure to have ended with anyway. At least he would not be preoccupied with protecting it.

At the bell, Ruben was standing behind Ernie just outside the ropes, facing a short Negro with bulging arms and a Mohawk haircut. Then, sitting on the ring steps beside Babe, their heads on the level of Ernie's dancing feet, Ernie's new gold-trimmed white robe still over his arm, Ruben experienced the first waning of confidence. He saw in the Negro's opening blow a power that was undeniable, that was extraordinary. It was a wide hook slung to the stomach under Ernie's jab; and as instantaneous

strategic adjustments were occurring in Ruben's mind, Ernie was struck under the heart with a right of resounding force. Ruben then felt a foreboding. Though Ernie maneuvered with a degree of skill, there was an aspect of futility in it all. When he reached out with both gloves to block a left, Ruben's hand went into his sweater pocket for the ammonia vial and a right swing landed with an awesome slam on the lean point of Ernie's chin. He went down sideways along the ropes, toppling stiffly in the roar, and hit the canvas on his back, his head striking the floor, followed by his feet. His eyes stared momentarily, then closed as his body went rigid.

Ruben was on the apron cutting Ernie's shoelaces with surgical scissors when the count began. But the referee did not complete it. He signified the obvious with a wave of his arms and bent down to remove the mouthpiece. Ruben left the shoes, ducked into the ring, cut the laces of the gloves and jerked the gloves off. He was on his knees cutting away the handwraps when the ringside doctor came through the ropes. The doctor pulled up his trousers and squatted. With a long pale index finger he lifted one lid and then another from the brown motionless eyes that gazed sightlessly up at the circle of faces. Hands shaking, Ruben waved the ammonia vial under the dented nose. Babe, pressing a chunk of ice against the nape of Ernie's neck, pulled his ears, and the referee stretched the gold waistband up from Ernie's abdomen as it heaved in desperately rapid respiration.

A minute must have gone by. The Negro, in his green robe now, came and stood with his seconds over the prostrate form, and still Ernie had not moved. His legs had quivered for an instant after he had fallen and that had frightened Ruben as much as the rigidness that followed. He was clear of blame, but he was terrified. He felt the same vertigo he had felt several years before when Jaime Guzman collapsed in the gym. He had not been clear then, and he had suffered the remorse of one warned a hundred times yet who had persisted. Barely able to stand, he had told solemn doctors and indifferent hospital attendants about the protective headguard and the 16 ounces of padding in each glove, of how Guzman had got up after the knockdown and even shadowboxed before going to the locker room. He repeated it all to Guzman's crying wife in the waiting room, and after Guzman died in surgery he explained it to a reporter on the phone, naming the other man who had been in the ring, telling of the brief time Guzman had been in training, once more describing the knockdown and once more omitting the other that had come before it and omitting how he had chided him and made him go on despite the look he had seen briefly in his eyes, until he had gone down the second time and the look was clear to everybody in the gym. Ruben had felt he was finished then, but he had also speculated that Guzman might have been hurt in one of his bouts in the navy before he had come to him. In the gym after the funeral there was no mention of the other knockdown, and he devoted himself to the benefit fight that raised for the widow ten percent of a $1600 gate. Gradually he overcame the memory of the face in the casket. With a toupee over the shaved skull, it had resembled no one he had ever known anyway. But now under the ring lights Ruben experienced the same dread, and as he massaged Ernie's arms with unhurried hands, his face distressed but not frantic, he felt the hopeless folly that was his life.

It lasted until Ernie's lids at last began to flutter. As his eyes opened, blinked, squinted and closed again, Ruben struggled to contain his joy, afraid it too was error.

"What's your name?" asked the doctor in an imperious tenor, and Ruben passed the ammonia again under Ernie's nose. This time there was a slight recoiling. "That's enough of that," said the doctor, but Ruben felt he was the superior in experience and moved the vial once more past the nostrils. Ernie grimaced. Twitching, blinking, he tried to raise his head.

"What's your name?"

Ernie squinted up at the faces.

"Where are you?"

"Did I get knocked out?"

"What's your name? Tell me what your name is. Can you do that?"

"Ernie Munger."

"What town are you in? Hum?"

"Oakland. What round is it?"

"It's all over. How many fingers do you see? Can you see my hand?"

When Ernie sat up, the Negro bent down to him for the belated gesture of sportsmanship, his face framed by a white towel. "Good fight. You all right now?"

Ernie looked at him dully. Babe rose, patted the victor's back and hoarsely whispered to his seconds: "Real good puncher."

Helped to his feet, Ernie stood with one shoulder hunched while Ruben and Babe tied the robe around him. His arms across their necks, his shoes gaping, he was conducted up the aisle and around a vendor shouting: "Cold beer!"

In the dressing room, Ruben held ice at the back of Ernie's neck, sending Buford Wills out for his fight accompanied only by Babe. "I'll be right out," he said. "I'll catch up with you." He was conscious of the minutes going by as he roughly toweled Ernie's body, as he helped him on with his clothes, gave him a drink of brandy from the medical kit, studied his eyes and draped the robe over his shoulders as he sat shivering on the rubbing table. He heard the bell as he was taking his pulse. "How you feel now?"

"Head hurts. Can I have some water?"

Ruben heard the shouts of the crowd and felt the pull of the fight like a physical compulsion. He ran for another manager's water bottle, covered with grimy adhesive tape, and as he was returning with it, the door hurled open and Babe was in the room again shouting inaudibly. "He's cut!" Ruben saw the lips say before the croaking sounds registered, and he ran to the medical kit. With the water bottle still in his other hand, he ran past Babe out into the cavernous auditorium, soaring with that grave yet turbulent completeness down the aisle toward the square of glaring light where Buford Willis, small and frail and black, with a trickle of blood down his face, was battling a tattooed Mexican. ■

© SPORT MAGAZINE

". . . . and why my daughter had to marry a hockey player I'll never know! !—a lout!—a roughneck! !—when I think of all the handsome, wealthy suitors that came calling! ! . . . but, no!—she wouldn't listen to her mother! . . . .

THE SPORT QUIZ GRADE YOURSELF 15-16 EXCELLENT 13-14 VERY GOOD 11-12 FAIR

1. With the exception of one year, there has been a World Series annually from 1903 to the present. In which year was there no Series?
a. 1904 **b.** 1919 **c.** 1942

2. This NFL quarterback once led the league in punting four consecutive years:
a. Sammy Baugh
b. Sid Luckman
c. Bob Waterfield

3. True or False: Going into this season, no AFL player has ever led the league in interceptions more than once.

4. He spent a record 16 seasons as an active player in the NBA:
a. Carl Braun
b. Frank Ramsey
c. Dolph Schayes

5. Name the NHL goaltender who holds the modern era record for the most shutouts in a single season. What is the record?

6. On January 1, 1961, the Houston Oilers defeated this team, 24-16, in the first AFL championship game:
a. Oakland
b. Los Angeles
c. Dallas

7. Only three NBA players scored more than 2000 points last season. Elvin Hayes and Earl Monroe were two. Who was the third?
a. Billy Cunningham
b. Jerry West
c. Oscar Robertson.

8. As a college player he kicked a record 36 field goals in three varsity seasons:
a. Lou Groza
b. Jerry DePoyster
c. Charlie Gogolak

9. Besides the Astrodome, the only other stadium with an artificial field in pro football is:
a. San Diego Stadium
b. Franklin Field, Philadelphia
c. Atlanta Stadium

10. The first player to win baseball's Triple Crown was:
a. Rogers Hornsby
b. Babe Ruth
c. Ty Cobb

11. He has been disqualified on fouls more times than any other active NBA player:
a. Bailey Howell
b. Hal Greer
c. Len Wilkens

12. Only one of the following NHL players was among the top ten scorers in the league last year. Which one?
a. Norm Ullman
b. Frank Mahovlich
c. Bobby Rousseau

13. Match these pro basketball rookies with their teams:

Larry Cannon	Celtics
Butch Beard	Warriors
Bob Portman	Floridians
Jo Jo White	Hawks

14. True or False: The last winless team in the NFL was the Dallas Cowboys of 1960.

15. He won more games last season than any other expansion team pitcher:
a. Bill Stoneman
b. Wally Bunker
c. Gene Brabender

16. The man pictured below is college football's all-time leading pass receiver:
a. Howard Twilley
b. Fred Biletnikoff
c. Ron Sellers

FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 90

Jimmy Dudley is now a sportscaster for the Seattle Pilots over radio station KVI. He had done Cleveland Indian games for 16 years.

Ken Coleman joined station WHDH, Boston, as Red Sox announcer in 1966, after ten years with the Cleveland Indians and Browns.

Gene Elston broadcasts the Houston Astros' baseball games and special sports events on KPRC radio and KTRK-TV in Houston.

Bob Elson, the dean of active major-league baseball announcers (he's a 30-year vet), covers the White Sox over WMAQ, Chicago radio.

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8297—Moon Globe Set $4.98

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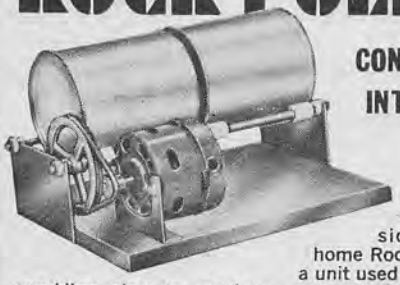

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THREE VIEWS OF THE METS IN THE WORLD SERIES

(*Continued from page* 21)
Ken flies out.

Later, Boswell gets a single and scores a run as the Mets win, 5-0. It is the day of Tommie Agee's two spectacular catches, one of which I see while sitting next to Walt Karmazin high up among the New Breed of the Upper Deck. Up here the field is in miniature, but the fans are larger than life. Walt Karmazin sits among friends made on day-and-night ticket lines after the Atlanta playoffs. Here, where the white top of the left-field foul pole just barely reaches the bottom of the Upper Deck; here, where each passing Eastern Airlines shuttle from nearby La Guardia screams low overhead; here, where Walt Karmazin huddles a bit from the cold but is terribly warm inside: "It's actually hard to believe I'm watching the Mets play the World Series on *that* ground . . . you know it looks *good* after the way we tore it up after the Atlanta game. Oh that Hodges! Manager of the Year? *Forget* it. Manager of the Century!" To warm his head, Walt wears a small black hat with a wide band out of which peek tickets for Mets' games going back to 1965, including the two Series games in Baltimore: "Some guys from up here suggested that this hat should be put under glass!" When Agee makes his second great catch, in the seventh, Walt quietly affirms: "He got it. He got it." No need to shout the obvious virtues of his Mets; as a *true* fan, nothing amazes Walt about the Mets by now. "The Birds are simply finding out that the Mets are for real!" he laughs. Shortly after the catch, people start using the Seventh Inning Stretch as a cover for leaving for the warmth of home, but Walt spots the cheaters. "Well, there go the types who say, 'Hey, I saw a Series!' Usually, I'd go down, get a rain check and sit in their seat, but not today."

After the game, Hodges meets the press in a crowded, cinder-block storehouse room. Howard Cosell has modestly positioned himself two inches off Hodges' profile, giving his canary careful inspection. Without a flinch he pounces with his usual *bonhomie:* "Gil—now tell . . . did-you-observe-or-notice-any-activity-in-Baltimore's-dugout?" It is a left-field attempt to rekindle Sunday's headlines, but Hodges puckermouths it cold: "Nothing unusual. I probably looked over from time to time."

Meanwhile, Boswell stands in the center of the dressing room, a towel wiping his face. For Games 1 and 2, he had stayed near his locker, but now, with an honest sweat, he can roam afield. His single in the sixth "came off a fastball, Palmer was only throwing fastballs for strikes. I've seen him much better than this. He didn't have good control, couldn't get his curve over."

Some of the "chipmunk" writers have gathered about Boswell. For them, the carefree Boswell is as much a "happening" as a source of quotes; just enjoying his delight at having played in the Series is enough. Across the room, Tommie Agee is surrounded by most of the writers and Boswell smiles with delight. He and Agee are close friends; they almost roomed together this winter, and they double-date at discotheques. Ken tells the chipmunks all about Agee and his great catch, and then one of them kids him. "This just might be your last Series game!" "Yeah," he says, grinning back, "This just could be *it!*"

Minutes later, Hodges is receiving the press in his spacious private dressing room. He speaks with a studiously bored voice, separating his phrases as if the silence between will drive the writers away. His feet are shod in white rubber shower-sandals and as the hour wears on, his toes curl and uncurl like tide lapping on the beach, his big toe does a solo and his left hand taps a cabinet lightly with finger-tips. The questions ebb and flow and then a writer settles in Hodges' leather swivel chair. The manager turns in mock surprise: "Oh, it's *your* seat!" There is a certain honest, shaming charity in this gesture. Finally Hodges and writer Dick Young walk two steps into a bathroom as the manager laughs an apology: "I've got to talk to my ghost here!" Young is writing Hodges' daily Series column for the *Daily News* and the bathroom door clicks shut on Gil and Ghost. The writers remain.

GAME 4 Shea Stadium/October 15

Last night, Boswell celebrated his Series day by having steak and clams casino with Bobby Pfeil and his wife. After that, the Knick opener, because he is a great basketball fan. And now it's batting practice again, on a day when Boswell will be back to the sunflower seeds and cheering for Weis-o.

Someone observes that when Ken talked to the Oriole second-baseman yesterday, that it was a Boswell-Johnson exchange, and then he tells Ken Boswell who James Boswell was. Ken is amused, and when writer Dick Young adds that "You could define a 'Boswell' as a 'spokesman,' " Ken Boswell heads for the batting cage with a grin: "Oh, and all the time I thought it was a guy who could hit but couldn't field!"

I watch the game in the Upper Deck as Tom Seaver makes up for the first game he pitched. When it's over—which means that pinch-hitter J.C. Martin has been hit on the wrist by the ball while running to first and Jerry Grote has scored from second for the winning run—Walt Karmazin sums everything up: "You could tell Seaver's fastball was working by the way they kept fouling off those balls into the Upper Deck. By the way, I found a Standing Room ticket for tomorrow's game on the subway platform. If I can sell it for enough, I'm rushing down to Flushing to buy champagne for after the win tomorrow!"

In the locker room, Boswell isn't too responsive. Perhaps he's feeling a letdown after playing yesterday. "No, I didn't expect to pinch-hit in the tenth. Shamsky and J.C. are our two best hitters off the bench . . ." He doesn't say it, but clearly he expects the Mets to win tomorrow against McNally and end it all, which means no more chances to play.

In Hodges' office the writers are manufacturing all sorts of interest in The Great Wrist Controversy, and one asks, "Gil, now that you've run out of former White Sox players like Agee and J.C. Martin to win your games, what's next?"

"Koonce."

"Oh."

"Was it a good bunt, Gil?" asks another writer.

"It was a *very* good bunt, a *terrific* bunt, a GREAT bunt!" he satirizes with impatience as the pens fly away.

GAME 5 Shea Stadium/October 16

Boswell has recovered his cheer. "I had breakfast with Sham (Shamsky) at a small coffee shop and you could hear everyone talking about the game, he says. "No one recognized me—Sham was at the bank getting a check cashed—but when *he* walks in, some 88-year-old guy starts yelling: 'Hey, it's Shamsky!' and the two of us didn't get out for an hour! I don't mind *not* being recognized: if you *are*, well, *that's it* for food!"

Later, Boswell grabs a Stadium cop's hat, puts it on and runs into the batting cage where he belts the ball with authority as delighted photographers snap away. Told that the tabloid *Daily News* likes shots like that (they did—they ran it the next day), he laughs: "Aw they won't print it. They'll throw the film away or send it to some dumb *underground* smut sheet. And you *know* that's got to be my ambition in life, being in the centerfold of one of *those*! . . . Come to think of it, *Playboy* might be O.K. for the image! I mean, as Will Rogers once said, 'I haven't met a Bunny I didn't like.' "

Boswell's carefree style continues as he stays on the field to needle some Oriole friends as they take batting practice. And then, in that way he has of shifting moods, he gets serious, making a rare prediction: "We're going to win today. If I didn't think so, I wouldn't say it." And then he jogs off the field to change uniforms so he can sit in the sun on the top dugout step and spit sunflower seeds one last time. . .

In the bottom of the seventh, with the score tied at 3-3, it is cold, windy and grey in the Upper Deck, but Walt Karmazin and the New Breed know that the Mets will win. Down 3-0, the Mets had pulled even on home runs by Donn Clendenon and Al Weis and, as Walt had observed yesterday, "all year long the Mets have scored the majority of their runs in the seventh inning." So now he waits for the inevitable as Cleon Jones leads off. Jones hits a solid double and Walt, his friends, the Upper Deck and all of Shea starts chanting "We're Number One! We're Number One!" as if things have already happened.

Walt stands, shaking a tamborine frame; with his black hat full of tickets, he is now a French revolutionary with a tocsin and Liberty cap. Clendenon is

up and he is out, but the New Breed and Walt keep chanting. Swoboda hits a double, the Mets take the lead, and Walt and his friends hug one moment, then skitter down the steep steps of the Upper Deck. At the top of the ten ramps down to the field, they wait for me to catch my breath, then yell "Charge!" and by the time I have reached the Box Level, Walt and his friends have blended into a huge swelling mob of kids running around behind the box seats. At 3:45 Cleon Jones catches the last out and the kids tear the turf one final, victorious time.

Hodges' dressing room has become a little bit of Flatbush as Gil's wife Joan, their children, their friends, Mets' owner Mrs. Joan Whitney Payson and her friends all join in the champagne party. Joan Hodges massages her husband's neck and wipes his brow, concerned about the strain on him now, coming less than a year after a heart attack. For once, the newsmen seem relaxed: no "angle" is needed to describe the indescribable.

The phone rings and CBS newsman Sal Marchiano answers it. "The President calling? *What* President—Mrs. Payson's right *here!* Oh, er, you mean *The* President!" So Presidents Payson and Nixon chat on the phone, she with a finger stopping her free ear so she can hear the word from The Oval Room. Next it is Hodges' turn. He runs his hand through his champagne soaked hair and comes up with a *beau geste* for the occasion.

He neatly, firmly, puts on his baseball hat, and then he picks up the phone.

After the call, he reports the conversation to the reporters: "The President just wanted to express his congratulations to all the players for the fine job they did all this season. He also reminded me that I had caught the final out when the Dodgers won their first Series in 1955. I reminded him that he was always a big sports fan and I thanked him for that."

"God bless you, Gil!" whispers one writer.

For the cameras, Hodges kisses Mrs. Payson. "I'd be honored," she blushes. "My pleasure," he replies with courtly style.

Later, a television reporter asks him the inevitable: "Gil, is this the beginning of a dynasty?" Hodges is laconic in triumph: "A dynasty? I think it's the beginning of a real fine New York Met ballclub that could be in contention for the National League pennant this coming year."

The last view of Hodges is his patiently answering "one more question" about Cleon Jones getting hit in the foot and Hodges producing the shoeshine ball as proof, all of which set up Clendenon's home run. At first Hodges had refused to answer, but then—with the winter lying ahead—well, why not? So he begins: ". . . now it's a difficult play for an umpire to call, how he did the proper . . ."

In the happy Met dressing room, Boswell sits on a stool in front of his locker, studiously drinking champagne from a paper cup. At the Division Clinching he had spilled champagne all over the rug; at the Pennant Clinching he had sipped the stuff from a bottle, and now, at the Everything Clinching, he has graduated to a paper cup. "Well, what *can* you say after *that?*" he laughs.

Leonard Koppett of the *Times* gives his best wishes, and notes Boswell probably has 15 years left to play. Boswell teasingly replies, "Oh, I guess I'll retire now; *everybody* seems to be doing that! Anyway, I could live *forever* on twenty thousand in Austin! Maybe I'll buy my old man a beer truck instead! We could call it Boozy Beer and its motto, like my great fielding, could be 'You gotta spill some . . .'"

Vic Ziegel of the *Post* comes by. He kids Boswell about going to the ballet during the winter, then Boswell suddenly stops Ziegel: "Vic . . . you know it's hard . . . The *World Series.*" At once one remembers Boswell throwing his arms about this same Ziegel, shouting "We won, Vic! We won!" after the Division Clinching. From spilling to sipping champagne—Boswell is more thoughtful as the Series' victory confirms the team's excellence. The Division Clinching was a delightful surprise; the Series a final judgment.

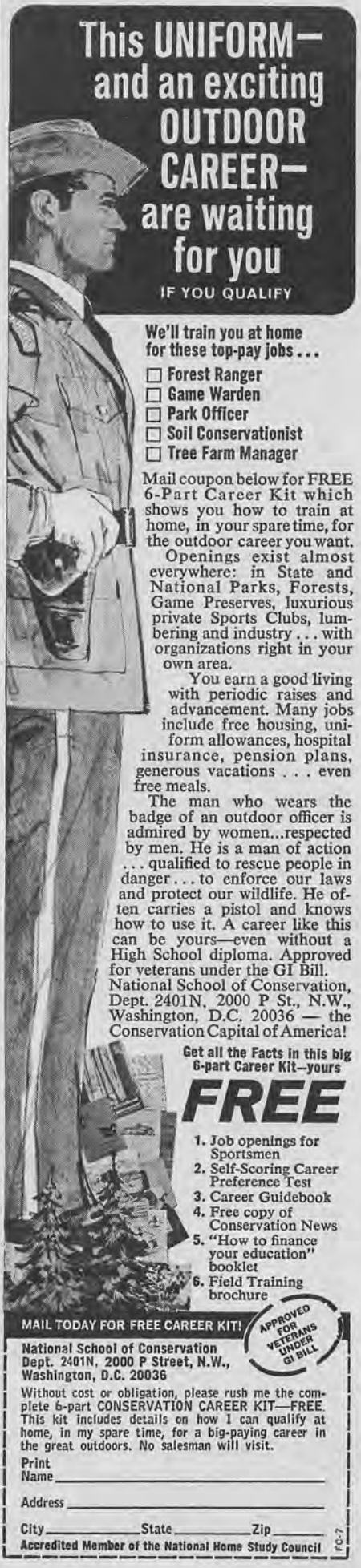
Al Weis passes by and Boswell notes: "He never says a word; oh this Series has been so *great* for him!" And then, a lovely, innocent fantasy: "You know, I had the Series all planned *my* way. I'd be in the field, I'd drop a ball, the score would be tied, and guess who would untie it with a big homer!"

Two cops from Long Island drink champagne with Boswell. They had guarded the dugout the past two days, and Boswell told them: if we win today, come down for a drink. The smaller cop tells Boswell now, "You ever get stopped by a cop in Suffolk County, just mention my name!" Then the cop adds, "You guys are the *greatest*—I won a hundred off the game! Like I only make two-fifty a week!"

Claude Boswell joins the men now. "Oh's he *your* son?" asks the tall cop, who is somewhat of a cynic. Claude Boswell nods and the tall cop suddenly grins like a kid. "Hey he's *real* people!" Everyone drinks to that and the short cop adds, "Look, Mr. Boswell, when we were in the dugout, Ken here was the one guy who took time to talk with us. Harv here, he's taking a bottle of champagne home to his old lady—and just guess who got it for him?"

Ken Boswell stands there sipping champagne, the only man in the clubhouse with a father and two cops to drink with. The cops and Claude Boswell have put in hard hours, and so has that former five-year-old who stands beside his father: that five-year-old who used to break down and cry when they didn't throw the ball his way down in Austin, that Legion ballplayer who ate all he could eat in that prison with Hank Thompson, and that young man now who sits on the top step of the dugout, spitting sunflower seeds—his cap off, his body poised on the edge of the field and ready to get into the game.

And now, for this moment, and for these men, Ken Boswell sips champagne from a cup. ■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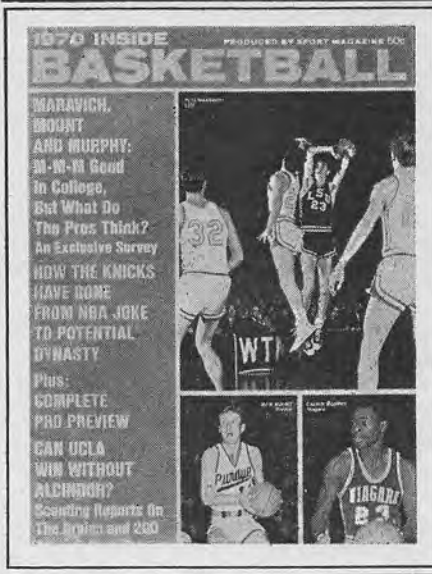
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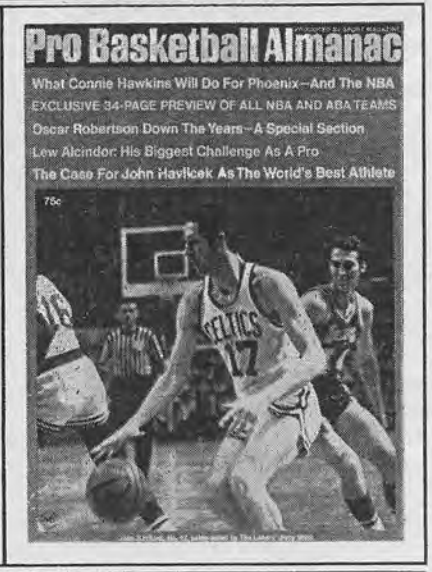
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JACK IS NIMBLE, JACK IS QUICK

(*Continued from page* 49)

for the ultimate victories. We barely missed winning everything the last two seasons, have a great chance to do so this season, and I want to do all I can to help all of us gain that goal."

A Super Bowl championship would make Snow's already beautiful life just that much sweeter. Aside from good looks, growing wealth and the admiration of his peers, Snow also has a lovely wife named Merrie Carole (she was born on Christmas day), three children and a fine, fancy house in Seal Beach.

Jack, by his own admission, is a loner with no close friends on the Rams. Dick Bass grins and says, "He goes his own way. He's quiet. Drinks Cokes. But you got to watch those quiet guys." Snow grins and says, "I guess I don't like crowds." Still, he has made himself an integral part of this tough Ram team because he has been willing to pay the often harsh price of success. "You study films and practice plays and plan all week," he said as he and the other Rams prepared for an important mid-October meeting with the Green Bay Packers. "If you do it right and are good enough, maybe you win on Sunday. If you're good enough, you have to win every Sunday. We're getting very good. Gabe is getting to be great, which gives me a chance to be very good. But it's all a struggle, studying details and suffering physically. I'm not a monster, but this is a game of monsters. I wish I was 6-5. I also wish I had three hands. I used to weigh 225, but I found out I was faster and better lighter, so I make do. I've had my nose broken and I broke an ankle at the end of the '67 season, but so far I've survived. We'll see about Sunday."

Sunday brought the Packers to a crowded Coliseum. Herb Adderley and Bob Jeter, two of the best, double-teamed Snow. On the second series, Gabriel sent Snow to the left, outside. He ran his pattern so perfectly that both defenders went with him, opening up the middle. Running back Les Josephson showed up in the vacant area, Gabe hit him with a pass and Josephson ran half the length of the field for a touchdown. The Rams were on their way.

Snow kept them moving. Twice on critical third-down plays, he was supposed to be the decoy, but he kept working to get open just in case, and both times Gabriel wound up going to him for first downs. On another third-down play, Snow seemed smothered near the sidelines, but Gabe threw low and outside where the ball could not be intercepted and Jack made a magnificent diving catch for another first down. In the end, his five receptions added up to only 55 yards, but he had been a key figure in the Rams' 34-21 victory.

"The biggest play I made, I didn't even catch the ball," he said later in his cramped cubicle in the dressing room. "I ran my butt off to draw the defenders to me on the TD pass to Josie. I got no cheers for it, but I'm happy with it."

So are the Rams. ■

GREAT RIVALRIES NO. 3: LAYNE VS. GRAHAM

(*Continued from page* 35)
sive break as well when a punt by Cleveland's Horace Gillom traveled only 22 yards and gave Detroit possession at midfield. Layne, showing how he could take advantage of an opponent's psychological letdown, quickly passed for ten yards. Then he called one of his patented rollouts; he wasn't fast, but he could pick his spots like an agile mule climbing a mountain trail. He went 13 yards, to Cleveland's 27. Pat Harder added a couple of yards and then Layne passed to Bill Swiacki on the two-yard line.

Parker, who smoked two packs of cigarettes a game, was so excited he wound up holding two lighted butts. But he nearly swallowed them when Detroit was ruled offsides.

"I almost murdered the knucklehead who jumped the gun," Layne says, "but Doak Walker got the distance back for us on a crack over tackle." Layne kept the ball on the next play and scored the touchdown on a submarine sneak through the jammed middle.

Cleveland came back strong after halftime and shook Harry Jagade loose for a 26-yard gain to the Detroit 24. But Doran again put on so much pressure that Graham's next pass was underthrown and intercepted by Jim David.

Detroit again took advantage of the break. This time the hero was Doak Walker, Layne's old high-school buddy from Dallas. Walker was normally the Lions' best runner, but had not scored a touchdown all season and had been out half the year—all because of an injured knee. Now, though, Layne called on him and Doak seemed fully recovered. He cut back through tackle and ran 67 yards for a touchdown.

"Somebody in the pressbox said that was the first play we had run from the split T formation in several weeks, and a lot of sportswriters repeated it," says Layne. "I don't know what brand of booze they were drinking. Maybe I ought to sample it when I want to see things that don't exist. Doak's run was our standard 47 play that we'd tried at least four times earlier that day. The thing that made it go all the way was a great block by Box on the linebacker and a sharp cut by Doak that caught the defense sliding the wrong way."

Graham, who was to complete 20 out of 36 passes for the day, helped Cleveland put together a sustained drive for the first time. He connected on four straight passes to different receivers, then emulated Layne by running for 12 yards to Detroit's seven. Jagade took a pitchout and went wide behind a wall of interference into the end zone and it was a ballgame again, 14-7.

Cleveland threatened to tie it soon after. Graham hit on three straight passes for 36 yards and the veteran Marion Motley, a devastating runner in his prime, turned back the clock and blasted for 42 yards to Detroit's five. At that crucial point Doran again blitzed Graham for a 12-yard loss, to end another threat.

Later Cleveland had further problems when it misplayed a punt. As the ball rolled toward the Browns' goal line, it took a weird bounce and brushed against Cleveland's Ken Carpenter. Detroit guard Jim Martin recovered in a wild scramble near Cleveland's ten. "That's the kind of play that turns coaches' hair gray," says Graham. "You tell your men to get away from a rolling punt that will not be returned, run up into the stands if necessary, but someone gets careless once or twice a year and puts you in the hole."

Martin was knocked out in the scramble for the ball and Detroit tempers flared. One of the Lions slugged the Cleveland lineman who had decked Martin. Detroit was penalized 15 yards. Layne, figuring that a field goal would be as good as a touchdown at this point, stayed on the ground and maneuvered the ball in front of the goal posts for a kick by Harder. It was good from the 36 and Detroit led, 17-7.

Cleveland roared back and advanced 77 yards to Detroit's eight on Graham's pinpoint passes. "For a split second I thought we were within striking distance when my fourth-down pass was caught by Ray Renfro in the end zone," Graham remarked. "But the officials ruled that Renfro was an ineligible receiver because the ball had grazed Derrell Brewster's fingertips. Two men on the offensive team can't touch a pass. That was our last gasp."

Not quite. In the closing minutes three fights broke out on the field, fanning the feud that built up to eruptions in the next two playoffs.

The loss to Detroit, coupled with the defeat by the Giants in the last game on the regular schedule, marked the first time a Paul Brown pro team ever had lost two in a row. "Brown was in a fury over the scoring opportunities we had missed," Graham recalls, wincing with the memory. (Cleveland had had 22 first downs to Detroit's ten, and 384 yards to Detroit's 258.) "Brown never accepted defeat philosophically. Once we won or tied 28 straight games in the All America Conference and when we finally lost to San Francisco, Brown carried on as though we hadn't won a game in six years. There wasn't much he could do about losing to Detroit because the season was over, but he didn't let us forget that game from the first day of training camp in 1953."

The Browns went through the '53 season with the toughest defense in the NFL, and Graham was named the Most Valuable Player. Detroit's main strength was the opportunism of Layne and his accomplices, but it seemed an unreliable weapon to offset Cleveland's balance as the playoff game approached.

The game was an important milestone for pro football, marking the first time it was presented to a nationwide TV audience. But one precaution was taken: Commissioner Bert Bell, anticipating trouble, ordered the camera crews to turn away from roughness penalties and fights on the field.

Meanwhile, the Lions, figuring the same thing as Bell, took a precaution of their own on the opening kickoff to protect Layne. "I was doing the kicking off because the other guys who usually handled it had bad legs," Bobby says today. "We knew the Browns would take a good shot at me as soon as I connected with the ball, so Leon Hart, our 250-pound end out of Notre Dame, was appointed my bodyguard. He tried to throw a block on Tom Catlin, the Browns' center, after I kicked but he had to hit him from an awkward angle and he was out for the rest of the game with a wrenched knee."

Hart's replacement on offense was Jim Doran, the unsung hero of the '52 game and who had been playing defense exclusively in 1953. Hart's loss seemed a bad break at the time for the Lions, but no one would feel that way by the end of the day.

On the second play from scrimmage the Lions set the tone for the slam-bang tackling that was to prevail all afternoon. Linebacker Joe Schmidt hit Graham so hard that Otto fumbled and Les Bingaman recovered for Detroit on Cleveland's 13. Six plays later Doak Walker hit the line for a touchdown.

Soon after, it was Layne's turn to get racked up. As he retreated to his one-yard line to pass, he was hit by Don Colo, a 260-pound tackle, and was knocked out. Bobby continued to play, but he was on automatic pilot for ten minutes until his head cleared.

Cleveland had been penalized 15 yards for Colo's tackle, which was ruled roughing the passer. Did Layne consider it dirty football, or just an exuberant play? "Colo was known around the league as a headhunter," Bobby says with a straight face, "but when he nailed me his knee accidentally hit me in the head. As long as guys didn't pull any dirty stuff—and there's a lot less of that than most people believe—I took my lumps as an occupational hazard. Hell, what would football be without hard hitting? That's the name of the game."

With the Lions now deep in their own territory, Detroit fullback Bob Hoernschemeyer fumbled and Cleveland defensive end Len Ford recovered on the Detroit six. But, like last year, the Browns couldn't crack the Lions' defense and had to settle for a field goal by Lou Groza.

The Detroit crowd of 54,577 went wild in the second period when the Lions seemingly pulled off a razzle-dazzle touchdown. Walker took a pitchout from Layne, ran wide and was trapped for a big loss—until he heaved a pass back across the field to Layne, who trotted into the end zone unmolested.

"I was strictly a spectator on the play after getting rid of the ball," Layne says, "and I was the most surprised guy in the joint when Doak passed to me. I kinda suspected it was an illegal play and I had the team line up in a hurry for the extra point before Cleveland could raise a beef. But Graham ran out on the field and cited the rule that says the quarterback can't receive a pass if he touches the ball first. We didn't argue with the referee because there was no question Graham was right."

Detroit settled for a field goal by

Walker, boosting its lead to 10-3, and that's how the half ended. But Detroit knew Paul Brown's tongue-lashing in the locker room would bring out a charged-up Browns team for the second half. "Brown really chewed us out when we were lousy," says Graham "He spared no one's feeling. He'd go around the locker room, blasting your mistakes in front of the entire team."

Detroit received the kickoff, but Cleveland intercepted a pass and marched 51 yards in eight plays, all but one on the ground. Jagade went off tackle to score, and Groza's kick tied it, 10-10.

The momentum now had swung to Cleveland. While the Lions were unable to mount an attack, Graham kept his running game moving and twice more brought the Browns within scoring range. The first time they got to the Detroit seven, where Groza kicked a field goal to give the Browns the lead, 13-10. The second time Graham and Brown continued their ball-control game to help consume the clock. When Groza made his third field goal, from the 43, there were four minutes to go in the game.

"I told the guys only one thing," Layne relates, "before we put the ball in play from our 20: 'Everybody in the park knows I'm going to put the ball in the air. Give me enough protection to get rid of the ball.' "

Meanwhile, on the sidelines, Graham was muttering to himself, "Smear Layne before he kills us. Smear him." Explains Otto: "I always was apprehensive of Layne. There never was a better money player."

The Lion line did what Layne asked of it and he moved the team 80 yards in less than two minutes. All but two of those yards were gained on passes, and three of the passes went to Doran.

"The second was a big play," says Layne. "We were third and 12 in our own territory and Doran jumped for the ball in a crowd and came down with a hook pass that just made the first down. If he hadn't hung onto the ball we would've been forced to kick and Cleveland could've run out the clock."

A pass to Box carried to Cleveland's 34. Then, says Layne, "Doran came back to the huddle and told me Warren Lahr, the cornerback, was playing him tight to stop a sideline pass. I told Doran to take Lahr into a wet part of the field, then run a down-and-out pattern."

Doran maneuvered his man into position, then made his move. Lahr slipped on the damp turf, Doran picked up speed and Layne arched a perfect pass to him. For the second successive year Cleveland was beaten, 17-16, by a man who had not made a touchdown all season.

A story later was circulated to the effect that the Lions had noted Lahr was overplaying Doran early in the game but waited until the clutch to exploit him. Layne, however, shakes his head in disbelief. "How dumb can sportswriters get?" he says. "If we'd waited to sucker Lahr, the Browns might've spotted and corrected his mistake, or he might've been hurt and replaced by someone who played Doran differently. As it was, we scored too damn fast. There was still a little more than two miuntes left, plenty of time for Graham to move the Browns into scoring range for another field goal by Groza. We didn't breathe easy until a pass was intercepted in the last minute of play."

The interception was an appropriate climax for what Graham considers the "lousiest game" of his career. He had completed only two of 15 passes, for a net gain of four yards. What happened?

"I wish somebody would tell me," Graham says with a rueful smile. "I wasn't rushed too hard and my passing lanes opened up pretty well. After a man has been playing for 15 years his passing doesn't vary much from one game to the next. I felt I was throwing the ball well. I was like the pitcher who says he had good stuff but it was smacked for homers."

In 1954 the Browns and Lions met twice—one week apart. Because the Indians had been in the World Series, an early-season game scheduled for Cleveland's Municipal Stadium was postponed until December 18. By the time that date arrived, the game seemed totally meaningless, except as a preview of coming attractions in the playoffs. Both teams already had clinched their divisions, so the game had no bearing on the final standings. But the rivalry between them was so intense that Layne (who had been out for three weeks with a broken nose) and Graham (who could have used a rest after a physically rough season) both played the entire game. And Doak Walker, who needed 12 points to lead the NFL in scoring, sacrificed his chances by volunteering to play defense as well as offense. He wound up with 55 minutes playing time.

"Buddy Parker felt that winning what amounted to an exhibition was as important as winning the big one," Layne explains. "After clinching first place we had been lousy in two games. In fact, we lost to the Bears the previous week. Buddy never had been beaten by Cleveland and he wanted to keep them on the hip psychologically."

Cleveland took a 7-0 lead after recovering a fumble on the Detroit six. Layne tied it with a 26-yard pass. Groza put Cleveland ahead with a 43-yard field goal and that's how it was with two minutes left. Then Layne, completing six out of seven passes, drove Detroit 74 yards, hitting Jug Girard with a pass for the last 16 yards at :50.

The final play of the game underscored the bitterness between the teams. Cleveland had the ball on its 44 with 15 seconds left. Graham took the snap from center and held the ball while the Browns ganged up on Gilbert Mains, a first-year tackle who had been accused of taking cheap shots at Graham. Graham professes today to have no recollection of the incident, but Layne remembers it well enough. "Mains was a headhunter and I suppose he had given Graham a going-over," Bobby says, laconically.

For Paul Brown and the Browns, it was the eighth straight loss to the Lions, a situation that had even Graham wondering if something supernatural was going on. "Ordinarily," he says, "I don't believe in hexes or the Indian sign and that sort of thing, but I've got to admit that the Lions turned me into a fatalist."

Early in the 1954 playoff game, the Lion mystique seemed to be working once again. They got off to a quick lead, 3-0. But then things suddenly began to happen—in Cleveland's favor, for once. After the Browns had punted from midfield, Harley Sewell, a second-year guard, was called for running into punter Horace Gillom and the Browns were awarded a first down on Detroit's 35. Graham promptly threw a pass to Ray Renfro for a touchdown, Otto's first in three playoffs against the Lions.

"Parker outsmarted himself on the punt," Layne says of his coach. "Sewell never had played on the offense, but he was switched to the defensive unit for that game because he was very fast and Buddy thought he might block a punt. The trouble was that Sewell went straight in on Gillom and couldn't stop his momentum. The only way to block a punt is by cutting in from the side, at right angles to the kicker, so that you don't bang into him. The penalty wasn't Sewell's fault. Nobody had ever told him the right way to rush the kicker."

The break built a fire under the Browns. Graham passed for a touchdown following an interception and a 33-yard runback. Graham scored on a sneak after a 46-yard runback of a punt. The Lions pulled themselves together and got back into the game, 21-10, with a score set up by Lew Carpenter's 52-yard run. And then they were stunned by a play from which they never recovered.

Layne faded for a pass, holding the ball with both hands against his body while he looked for a receiver. Mike McCormack, a Cleveland rookie guard, dived over a blocker and picked the ball out of Layne's hands. Can Layne today explain what happened?

"Not without embarrassment," he says, grinning. "The ball simply disappeared on me. I saw McCormack coming with his hands clawing at the air and the next thing I knew I didn't have the ball. McCormack never laid a hand on me but there he was with the ball. It was the damnedest thing I ever saw."

The Lions collapsed defensively. Graham scored standing up on an eight-yard run, then hit Renfro with a 31-yard touchdown pass for a 35-10 lead at halftime.

Layne, forced to play catch-up, put the ball in the air on practically every play and, although he gained 195 yards, six of his passes were intercepted for deep penetrations in his territory. The game degenerated into a brawl in the fourth period with fights all over the field. Charley Ane of Detroit and Carlton Massey of Cleveland were thrown out for swapping punches.

"We weren't seven touchdowns better than the Lions," Graham muses, 15 years later. "Everything we tried turned to gold. One touchdown pass was batted around by a couple of the Lions and tipped into the receiver's hands. Renfro got a pass on his fingertips and stumbled into the end zone with it. Luck and momentum are tremendous factors."

That 56-10 victory was originally to

have been Otto Graham's last game, and after the game he said that the ovation he had gotten from the crowd would "last me the rest of my life."

"The thing that got me was the mental pressure that built up the longer I played," he says now. "Some mornings before a game I got up thinking how wonderful it would be if I could drive off in my car and never come back. I'd had it up to here." He drew a finger across his throat. "I thought it was smart to quit when I was on top. I'd always admired Joe Louis and I felt sorry for him when he tried to come back and all the glamor was stripped from him.

"I half promised Brown I'd return in 1955 if George Ratterman, my backup man, was hurt and a good rookie didn't turn up. Brown's first draft pick was a quarterback from Georgia, I think his name was Bobby Freeman. Well, the kid signed two contracts, one with a Canadian team, and the court ruled that he belonged to the other club. Brown called me just before the first two exhibition games on the Coast and reminded me of my promise. He said he'd try to make a trade for a quarterback but asked me to help him out in the meantime.

"My first game was an exhibition against the Bears. Brown said he'd keep me in there for only one period, just to get me tuned up, but I played the entire game. I strongly suspect Brown didn't try to make a trade, but once I got into the swing I was glad I came back. I had a good year."

He did indeed. He led the Browns to the NFL title again—over the Rams this time—and was named to the All-Pro team for the fifth consecutive year. That, finally, was his last year.

The Browns and Lions collided again for the championship in 1957. Bobby Layne was still in Detroit but was on the sideline for this one, his leg having been broken in a regular season game against —of course—the Browns. This time it was the Lions' turn to roll, 59-14. It was the worst defeat ever inflicted on a Paul Brown team.

Today, both Graham and Layne are doing better than all right. Graham was displaced as coach of the Redskins after last season, but still has seven years to go on his contract and can take his time considering other coaching offers.

Layne, meanwhile, is the quarterback coach of the Houston Oilers, and owns bowling alleys, farms, assorted properties and a few oil wells in west Texas. And then there's an interesting tract of land he owns, bought with his first playoff check.

"Back in 1952, we got $2274 apiece for winning the championship," he says, comparing it to the $15,000 each winning Super Bowl player gets. "Cloyce Box, who had studied geology in college, told me there might be some minerals on a tract in Loving County, Texas, and we could lease 40 acres for $2500. Each of us took half our cut from the playoff and bought the property. It's returned a helluva lot more than the Super Bowl and it's still paying off."

As they used to say in the NFL, Layne always will find a way to come up a winner. ■

"CHARLIE FOR GOD! . . ."

(*Continued from page* 46)

Scott had a typically hectic summer, a combination of basketball, work in the ghetto and school. He was an instructor at Rick Barry's Basketball Camp in Greensboro, North Carolina, and at the Davidson Camp in Davidson, North Carolina. He worked as a counselor for the Job Corps in Portland, Oregon, and still found time for a speech and education course back at Chapel Hill to make up some credits he missed when he went to the Olympics. In the beginning of fall, he began to prepare himself for the law boards in December, and, of course, tried to sharpen his basketball game.

If Charlie's summer and fall activities seemed like a heavy load, they were a vacation compared to the 18 months that preceded them. He had begun his first year of varsity ball in October 1967 and his year-and-a-half "season" didn't end until the Drake game last March. In between he: 1) helped take the Tar Heels into the '68 NCAA finals against UCLA; 2) rested then attended the Olympic basketball trials, where he made the team; 3) toured Europe and Russia for a series of exhibitions; 4) came home for pre-Olympic training camp; 5) went to Mexico City, and was an Olympic star; 6) returned to North Carolina just in time to start another college season. By the Drake game it seemed miraculous that Charlie still had the strength to lace up his sneakers.

But on the floor that night it was the rest of the North Carolina team that seemed lethargic, while Scott somehow managed to retain his enthusiasm and brilliance. "I wanted to win badly," he says now. "I thought some people had the wrong idea of our team after our loss to Purdue. And I had some individual points I was trying to prove to some of those ACC writers."

The game's opening minutes revealed an overall pattern. Drake scored the first two baskets, North Carolina made the first two of a final total of 36 turnovers, then Scott hit two shots to tie the score. Meanwhile, Scott was trying everything to wake up his teammates. He wheedled, he implored, he hollered. But they simply wouldn't, or couldn't, respond.

Despite this, a long jump shot by Scott and a length-of-the-court driving layup after a steal helped put the Tar Heels into the lead, 29-28. But that was the beginning of the end. With 5:01 to play in the first half, Drake led, 36-33, and Scott came out for what coach Dean Smith had planned to be a short breather. But there were no dead balls to stop play in the final three minutes, so he knelt in front of the scorer's table and watched Drake's lead zoom from three points to 11 before the half ended.

The Tar Heels couldn't rally in the second half and lost finally, 104-84. Scott wound up with 35 points, sinking 16 of 26 shots.

Scott stayed long enough to watch UCLA destroy Purdue in the championship game, then flew back to North Carolina with his wife Margaret. The couple had known each other two and a half years before they got married, and it was only after Charlie returned from Europe with the Olympic team that he decided to take the big step. "I think maybe it was Russia that pursuaded me," Charlie said, relaxing now in their four-room apartment in the Negro section of Durham, where Margaret is from.

Margaret, who works as a secretary at the University, ten miles away, perked up her ears as Charlie prepared to explain further.

"Well, Russia nearly drove me crazy," he said. "We'd all sit in our rooms. The feeling of loneliness would drive us up the wall. I really didn't enjoy Russia very much. I don't like to travel anymore because I found I couldn't easily adjust to other peoples' food. I'm not one of those guys who likes to go around trying exotic stuff. I don't know what they served in Russia. Some people called the meat steak, some called it horsemeat. I mostly ate ice cream."

Russian food made him propose? "No," said Scott, casting a furtive eye at Margaret. "There were times at North Carolina where things would really bother me and I felt like I had to have someone to talk it over with."

Margaret's lovely eyes lit up and she smiled. "Besides," said Charlie, "marriage is a challenge, and I can't resist challenges." Margaret hit him in the ribs.

Scott was kidding, of course, and yet in a sense, he wasn't. His whole life has been a series of challenges, right from the time he had to fight for survival as a boy in Harlem. "Yes, it was a tough neighborhood, and yes, I got into trouble," he said. "I wasn't any different from anybody else."

Growing up, Charlie played baseball or stickball, but for awhile was turned off by basketball. "I can remember the first basketball game I ever watched on TV," he says. "It was the Knicks against Philadelphia when Philadelphia had Wilt. I can remember that Kenny Sears made a shot from the corner and the Knicks won. Everybody got so excited, but I couldn't figure out why. It didn't mean anything to me. I was trying to get everyone outside to play stickball."

But all his friends were basketball fiends and soon Charlie got the bug. "And once you start playing basketball," he said, "it brings out all the competitiveness in you. I mean it's you against someone else. Each individual can do so much on his own . . ."

Individualism and competitiveness are among Scott's greatest assets now, but as a youngster they merely made him cocky. As a freshman at Stuyvesant High School in the Bronx, he decided that he was good enough to play varsity ball. After all, he had averaged 52 points per game in junior high. But the Stuyvesant coach said that freshmen play freshman ball, and even though the varsity went on to a 1-26 record, Charlie Scott was not allowed to try out. "I de-

cided that if I wasn't allowed to play varsity ball, then I wouldn't play any ball," Scott says. "I decided that I would transfer."

Scott wanted to switch to either Boys High or DeWitt Clinton High in the city, but was talked out of it by Jimmy Walker, now of the Detroit Pistons and back then a star at Providence and a schoolyard ball chum of Charlie's. Walker advised Scott to follow a route traveled by himself and the Boston Celtics' Sam Jones and enroll at Laurinburg Prep in Laurinburg, North Carolina.

The caliber of the Laurinburg basketball team was such that Charlie, now 6-3, played only half a game as a sophomore—and considered himself fortunate to get that much playing time. One all-city player from New York didn't play at all.

In his limited role he averaged 16 points per game, and raised it to 22 when he became a regular as a junior. Laurinburg lost only one game that year, to a Mackin (Washington, D.C.) High team led by Austin Carr, now a star at Notre Dame. As a senior, Charlie averaged 27 points per game and Laurinburg went undefeated. He was the *second* leading scorer on the team, which averaged 110 points per game.

Intellectually, Scott was also growing. He had always been told he had great potential, but it took the urging of Laurinburg president Frank McDuffy and his wife to turn the potential into achievement. Charlie graduated with a 3.95 average on a four-point system, was his class valedictorian, and left Laurinburg with the kind of long-range hopes he never even dared dream about as a boy in Harlem.

Scott received inquiries from close to 200 colleges. "I got to a point," he says, "where I didn't pick up my mail." He finally narrowed the choice to either Davidson or North Carolina, both of whom felt Charlie was the ideal Negro to integrate their basketball teams. At first, Scott leaned toward Davidson, which offered the same kind of quiet, small-school atmosphere as Laurinburg. But eventually the lure of North Carolina's hustle and bustle won out, and Charlie became one of approximately 100 Negroes in a student body of 15,000.

"Sure, I was apprehensive, but I was also excited," he says. "It was such a great challenge. You know people are going to be looking at you to see what you can do. You know they'll judge others by you. It had to be done by somebody."

And how has Charlie Scott met his great challenge? One North Carolina professor put it this way: "I think the more Charlie Scotts we have, the easier it will be for the South to change its mind about Negroes."

Scott himself says: "I've been treated exceptionally well—but maybe that's because I've been doing pretty well. Maybe if I had just been another basketball player on the team it would have been different. This school gets pretty excited about its sports, particularly basketball. The athletes are always treated well. But I've talked to some of the other Negro students and they're pretty happy, too. Chapel Hill is a cosmopolitan place, the people there are pretty liberal. In May, Chapel Hill elected a Negro mayor, thanks largely to the efforts of University professors and students. I've been called names in a few other ACC towns, but it only happened once or twice. I tried to ignore it."

As a sophomore, Scott averaged 17.6 points a game but the team's top player was All-America Larry Miller. Scott gained his first real prominence at the Olympic trials, where he led all candidates in scoring. He did not buy the arguments of militant blacks, who sent him letters asking him to boycott the Games. "Once South Africa was banned from competition, it removed my major objection," he says. "Then the Olympics became a challenge. You always want to know how you compare to the big-name players, guys like Rick Mount, Pete Maravich and Calvin Murphy. At the time I was just another player from another school who was lucky to be invited. Then once the team was chosen it was another big challenge to prove to all those people who were picking us to lose that they were wrong.

"Boy, I'll never forget how when we started to win games and get close, I'd say to myself, 'Let's just get to the semi-finals.' Then when we got there, I'd say, 'Let's just make the finals.' Then when we got there, I'd say, 'Well, let's win it all.' It wasn't easy. We could have lost if we hadn't come up with our best efforts. In the past, the foreign teams didn't think they could beat us, so as soon as anything went wrong they'd just lie down and die. But this time they never gave up. I guess they also read how we were supposed to lose."

Then it was back to North Carolina, where he led the Tar Heels to a victory over Duke that clinched the ACC tournament title, then in consecutive wins over Duquense and Davidson for the Eastern Regional championship.

Against Duke, Scott scored 40 points —28 in the second half—to lead the Tar Heels back from an 11-point deficit to an 85-74 victory. Against Duquesne, he scored 22 points in a 79-78 win, then hit for 32 against Davidson—23 in the second half—and won the game with a jump shot in the closing seconds. In the three games, Charlie sank 40 of 63 shots for 63.5 percent, averaged 31.3 points per game, was the second leading rebounder on a team that most often started three men 6-8 or bigger and played superb defense. He was, in coach Dean Smith's words, "the most complete ballplayer in college today."

Charlie has already thought hard about the years after college. He will certainly be a high professional draft choice, but he is not at all wedded to the idea of a pro career. "I wouldn't want to play pro ball just to be able to say I played pro ball," he said. "If I'm going to play, I want it to be productive for myself and my future. I want to get some security from it. I'm not saying I'm going to ask for a million dollars, but it would have to be pretty good money for me to postpone law school."

Scott has a 2.9 or B average as a pre-law history major. He became interested in a law career at Laurinburg after considering, then rejecting medicine. "I couldn't stand getting needles, so how could I give them?" he says with a laugh. "So by the process of elimination it was law. I also have a real good friend who's interested in becoming a lawyer, and we've talked about opening a firm together. I think law is a real open field for a Negro. It's a challenge. And that goes for politics, too. There are places, like North Carolina, for example, where Negro politicians are badly needed. They can do more because they're so much closer to the people and their situations."

In a small but significant way, he has already changed North Carolina, both the state and the University. A story in the New York *Times* observed that Scott, "gets fan mail, trophies, plaques, standing ovations and jubilant embraces from ardent white followers of campus sports—the Tar Heel fans all across the state who are unaccustomed to black heroes but who clamor for victory and somehow manage to resolve any tension when the two coincide."

A microcosm of the new respect Scott has engendered among some white southerners can be seen in the remarks of Joe Brown, a senior from Valdese, North Carolina, who roomed with Charlie last season. "You get real close to the guys you play with," said Brown, "so it's not like rooming with just any Negro. . . . No, wait, that didn't sound right. Listen, I'm not a predjudiced person. I have no second thoughts about rooming with Charlie."

North Carolina coach Dean Smith calls Scott, "a deep thinker." "He is always thinking about his future, the future of his people and the future of America," said Smith. "He is a student-athlete in the best sense of the term. It always amazes me how well he has adjusted to the University, considering that he came from almost an all-black background. I think the reason for his success is his pride. It drives him to be the best. He accepts the difficult challenge."

Challenge. It's a word that seems to be a part of Charlie Scott's being. He uses it teasingly and tenderly to kid his wife about marriage in the sanctuary of their apartment, but he also uses it in dead earnestness when he talks about the future of Charlie Scott—and America. "I can't see a utopia of integration and understanding, at least not in my lifetime," he said. "But that doesn't mean you should give up. It's a challenge to make things more peaceable between people. Life is a challenge." ■

THE SPORT QUIZ

ANSWERS

From page 82

1 a. 2 a. 3 True. 4 c. 5 Harry Lumley of the Toronto Maple Leafs—13 shutouts in 1953-54. 6 b. 7 a. 8 b. 9 b. 10 c. 11 a. 12 b. 13 Cannon—Floridians; Beard—Hawks; Portman—Warriors; White—Celtics. 14 True. 15 c. 16 a.

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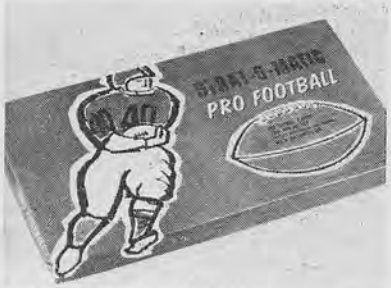

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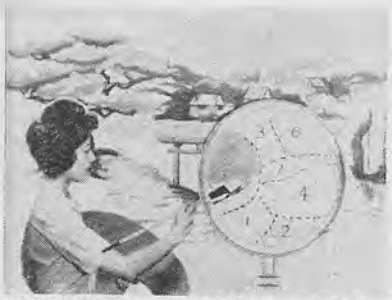

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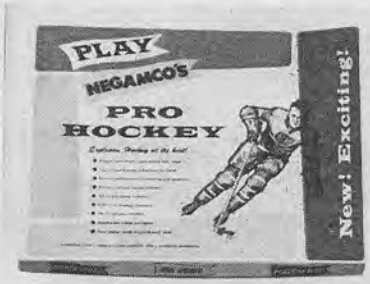

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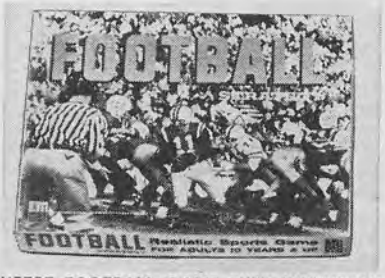

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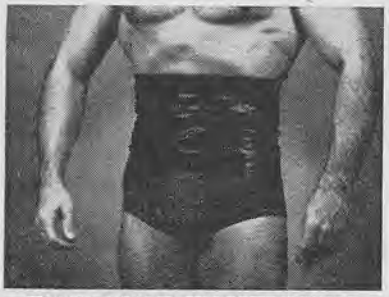

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TIME OUT WITH THE EDITORS

THE NCAA RIGHTS A WRONG

Last March, at the end of Oregon State's basketball season, the college's best player, junior Gary Freeman, went back to his old school, Borah High in Boise, Idaho, and played in an informal game between the alumni and seniors of Borah High. But before suiting up, Gary asked a number of local school officials if his participation would in any way effect his eligibility at Oregon State. He was assured that it would not. So Gary played. He played with the high-school kids against the alumni, for balance. It was really more of an exhibition than a game. No official score was kept, there were no paid officials and no admission was charged, though the hat was passed through the audience to raise money for the school's lettermen's club. Shortly afterward, Gary Freeman's world collapsed around him.

Another college in the Pacific Eight Conference heard about Freeman's participation in the high-school scrimmage. An official of the college wrote Oregon State and the Pac-Eight secretary, Tom Hamilton. Oregon State officials received the news in shock, for Gary Freeman had received bad advice from his old high-school pals. He had clearly violated an NCAA rule which prohibits any "organized outside basketball competition" after the end of the playing season. Oregon State did what it had to, it reported the matter to the NCAA. In August an 18-man NCAA council ruled that Gary Freeman was ineligible for his senior year.

Oregon State filed an immediate appeal but the NCAA turned it down. When the news broke publicly, tremors hit the states of Oregon and Idaho. The governors of both states protested the harshness of the ruling. Wrote Idaho Governor Don Samuelson: "Declaring him (Freeman) ineligible over such an insignificant event is like handing out a life sentence to a youngster who accidentally knocks a baseball through a window pane." Oregon congressman Wendell Wyatt wrote to Walter Byers, the executive director of the NCAA, stating, "Our Anglo-Saxon precepts of law and justice always have given weight to the question of intent of violating a law and to making the punishment fit the crime." Most authorities felt that there was nothing basically wrong with the NCAA's rule; it had been set up some years ago to prevent the practice in some parts of the country of players mixing summer jobs with basketball so that they were really being paid for playing. It was the harshness of the penalty that disturbed most people, and rightly so. Trying to justify its stand, the NCAA said that there had been 20 to 25 previous cases all treated the same way—loss of eligibility. If so, that's a lot of hangings for petty crimes, a crime where there was no *intent* to violate the rules of the NCAA.

But then things began to look up for Gary Freeman. Obviously, the public outcry was having some effect on the NCAA. Every school in the Pac-Eight supported Oregon State's latest appeal for clemency for Gary Freeman. What with congressmen, governors and United States senators getting into the act, the pressure piled on the NCAA. And so its council met again in October, and a miracle was worked. Freeman's eligibility was reinstated, as of December 21. Which meant that Oregon State's leading scorer and rebounder as a junior would miss only the Webfoots' first four games this season.

We think the NCAA made a sensible decision, a logical decision. The next step, it seems to us, would be for the NCAA to review its rule and perhaps at least amend the severity of the penalty so that the punishment fits the crime. But we congratulate the NCAA for its decency in correcting its error, for acting forthrightly to right an obvious wrong.

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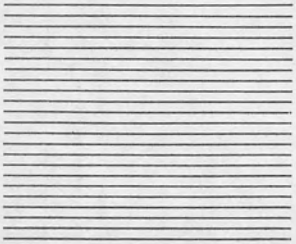

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